Liberty

APRIL 8, 1944 10c

BOOK:
THOSE WERE THE DAYS
Merry Memoirs
of People and Places

THE WAR'S MOST
CRUCIAL BATTLE

To Speed that Day...

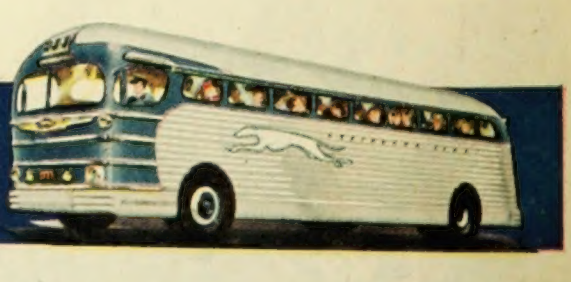
THIS HUMAN SEMAPHORE who swings a pair of flags on a carrier's deck is guiding home fighting planes in the far Pacific. ***He's speeding the day*** when he can again swing a tennis racket, or a golf club, or a casting rod at some sunny Southern resort in the good old U. S. A.!

He and his buddies all over the globe are ***speeding that day*** the hard and dangerous way. Nothing we can do or say can repay their sacrifices . . . but each of us who tackles his war job at home with all his strength (and keeps buying War Bonds) is helping them bring Victory nearer.

More than 17,000 men and women of the Greyhound system have their vital share in this big job. Their task is carrying manpower—to war jobs, on furloughs, to induction centers —on literally thousands of military and civilian missions. Over 4,000 of their Greyhound fellow-workers are now serving in our fighting forces all over the world.

And when Victory comes, Greyhound will help to bring 'em home—to their very doorsteps in big cities, small towns and farms all over the land. That kind of service, along 65,000 miles of highways, is Greyhound's specialty.

GREYHOUND



As good as the name they bear!

PRODUCTS OF GOODYEAR RESEARCH

NO OTHER SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE OFFERS YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES

1. *Twenty years' experience with synthetic rubber*
2. *Tough, sturdy carcass of low stretch Supertwist cord, built to prewar quality*
3. *Tested non-skid safety from time-proved Goodyear tread design*
4. *Maximum wear from scientific Goodyear design that keeps tread under compression*
5. *Greater experience evidenced by Goodyear's record in building more than 350,000,000 pneumatic tires — millions more than any other manufacturer*

Supertwist—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

JUST because these stalwart new Goodyear tires are built of synthetic rubber does not mean that they are hurry-up products rushed out to meet the emergency.

The fact is, Goodyear first began the search for a purely American synthetic rubber back in 1924, and patents featuring basic processes date from 1927.

From this early beginning, the Goodyear Research Laboratory steadily explored the synthetic rubber field and produced America's first *all*-synthetic passenger car tire in 1937.

So when war came, Goodyear was ready with the technique, the skills of synthetic tire manufacture. Only raw materials in quantity were lacking; a deficiency now miraculously made good through the pooled resources of industry, science and government.

That is why you will find these new Goodyears to be as good as the name they bear — a name that stands for quality so superior it has been true for 29 years "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

On the basis of extensive tests, we have no hesitation in recommending them to you as today's finest example of the art of synthetic rubber tire manufacture.

As a buyer, you are further assured of getting all the usefulness we have built into them through the competent service of Goodyear dealers — the largest and best-equipped tire organization in the world.

With tires as precious as they are today, the long experience behind these tough, durable, new Goodyear synthetic rubber tires is your best guarantee of satisfaction. The fact they bear the greatest name in rubber shows they have proved their merit!

ANOTHER REASON FOR CHOOSING GOODYEARS

Next to quality, competent service counts most in getting full performance from tires. Goodyear dealers comprise the largest, most efficient, veteran tire service group in the world.

Hear Goodyear's Two Great Radio Shows — WALTER PIDGEON in "The Star and the Story" — CBS — Sunday evenings. "HOOK 'n' LADDER FOLLIES" — NBC — Saturday mornings. See local paper for time and station.

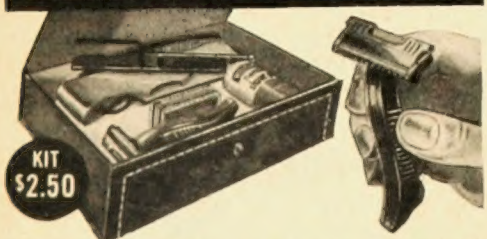
BUY WAR BONDS TO SPEED VICTORY

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND, AND HELP THE COMING INVASION!

SWITCH to ENDERS for SIMPLER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving... smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave.

Mail $2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER
Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Edward Hutchings, Jr., *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
E. A. Piller, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood Rep.*

Staff: Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker
William E. Rae • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler • Elizabeth K. Wylie

★ ARTICLES

Eddie Cantor Searches for G. I. Joe 10
Where Hitler Lost His War, *Mark Gayn* 15
We'll Still Use Ships, *Curtis Reed* 18
The Turbo Boys and the Magic Hotbox, *Keith Ayling* 22
Quick, Henry, the DDT! *George H. Copeland* 26
Goldwyn's Golden Touch, *Edward Hutchings, Jr.* 30

★ FICTION

Emergency Call, *William Tunberg* 16
Home Town—Short Short, *Kurt Steel* 20
Cajun Love Story, *Moran Tudury* 24
I'll Go My Way—Part II, *Isabel Moore* 28

★ BOOK

Those Were the Days—*The intriguing life-with-grandfather book by Edward Ringwood Hewitt—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 12
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* 46
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary *(Unabashed)* 52
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 63
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 66
Liberty Goes to the Movies 70
Crossword Puzzle 73

★ EDITORIAL

Unquiet Along the Potomac, *Paul Hunter* 74

Cover: A Weather Eye for Love
Painted by Del Holcomb

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, April 8, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 15. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you.

Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

3¢ A DAY HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

Your Hospital and Doctor Bills PAID

BUY WAR BONDS

LIBERAL CASH BENEFITS INCLUDE

HOSPITAL EXPENSES FOR ACCIDENT UP TO	$540.00
HOSPITAL EXPENSES FOR SICKNESS (Beginning 7th Day) UP TO	$540.00
DOCTOR OR SURGEON EXPENSE FOR ACCIDENT UP TO	$135.00
LOSS OF TIME FROM WORK UP TO	$300.00
LOSS OF LIFE BY ACCIDENT	$1000.00

WAR COVERAGE INCLUDED

. . . and many other valuable benefits: **AMBULANCE SERVICE EXPENSE . . .** *cash payments for* **PHYSICAL DISMEMBERMENT,** *etc.*

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW at low cost . . . *before it's too late!* The famous North American Plan provides that in case of unexpected sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid for you in strict accordance with Policy provisions.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

One individual or entire family (birth to age 70) is eligible. Unusual features of the North American Hospitalization Plan are its provisions for Doctor fees in case of accident and a liberal $1,000.00 Accidental Death benefit . . . seldom if ever available in ordinary Hospitalization Insurance Policies. Also, as a civilian, you get War Risk coverage at no extra charge. For solid, dependable, economical protection North American has won the approval of leading Hospitals and physicians throughout the United States.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

North American Hospitalization protection is sold direct . . . at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. Sickness and accident strike suddenly . . . BE PREPARED! Over 10,000,000 thrift-minded persons in this country are already enrolled under various Hospitalization Plans.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE DETAILS

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Dept. L4-4, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Fill in and clip this coupon. Mail in envelope or paste on penny postcard.)

Copyright, 1944

"Some things are INEXCUSABLE"

There's absolutely no excuse for unsightly stains and discolorations in the toilet bowl. You can get rid of them without muss or fuss, *without scrubbing*, for Sani-Flush makes toilet bowls sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. Use it at least twice a week. It also removes many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants are needed.

Sani-Flush is not at all like ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Doesn't injure septic tanks or their action nor harm toilet connections. *(See directions on the can.)* Sold everywhere—two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

QUICK
EASY
SANITARY

A FRAGRANT FACIAL CLEANSER—
GIVES your face youthful loveliness. Tingles refreshingly as it removes dirt grime. An excellent powder base. Buy AMBROSIA Liquid Beauty Aids at Drug, Dept. & 10c Stores
HINZE AMBROSIA, NEW YORK CITY

AMBROSIA

BUY A WAR BOND TODAY!

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢
TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

MORALS AND MORALE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Some time ago Mr. Grantland Rice, who had served as judge in a number of beauty contests, was quoted as saying that he thought them "unutterably vulgar." That is my opinion of Liberty's March 4 cover.

I am not going to be silly enough to say "Cancel my subscription," thus most certainly "cutting off my nose to spite my face," but I cannot help protesting against the bad taste and judgment in publishing such a picture in Liberty, the best family magazine in existence.—*Mrs. E. C. L. Goddard.*

HARTFORD, CONN.—Why do you give us a cover design like the one on your March 4 issue? Morals—as you know—are low during war, and yet you have nothing more inspiring to offer our poor boys than the naked belly of a buxom woman. I'm being ribbed by my friends for subscribing to such tripe. I can stand that, but I do protest against its effect on our boys in the service. If it's your policy to continue designs of this type, please do not renew my subscription.—*Mary A. McCarthy.*

What's all the shouting for? Our cover girl is very warmly dressed in a perfectly respectable bathing suit. In fact, this picture of her was passed by the motion-picture censors (and you know *them*) without a blink of the eye; it happens to be a scene from the film Cover Girl.—VOX POP EDITOR.

FROM ONE COOK TO ANOTHER

FYFFE, ALA.—Since Liberty has had so many portraits of our generals (which I appreciate), why can't we have more portraits like the Front-Line

Breadmaker on your February 12 cover?

Every Friday while I am baking for a lot of hungry farmers I look at that sergeant's picture, and I do feel that we have a lot in common. How I wish I could send him—and others—a box of my cookies!—*Mrs. Nellie Rucks.*

SUCH FINICKY PEOPLE

MAMARONECK, N. Y.—The reporter in Robert J. Casey's Such Interesting People, published in Liberty's February 26 issue, was a mechanical genius of the first water. He apparently knew a few things about the interior mechanism of typewriters that borders on the supernatural or maybe the fourth dimension.

According to Casey, he took a fellow reporter's machine apart, and changed the positions of the type bars so that the keys would not print the expected letters but would turn out gibberish instead. When the typewriter's unhappy owner returned and typed out his news story, I notice that whenever he hit the *b* key the letter *q* came out instead. That is, it did all through the first part of his copy, but then suddenly the

word "bowlegs" came out as Ogvstul.

Can you explain how the typewriter could have been fixed so that hitting the *b* key would sometimes produce a *q* and sometimes an *o*? I would like to know about this, so that I can avoid having it happen to my typewriter. —*Clayton Rawson.*

PINEY WOODS PLAUDITS

GREENVILLE, MISS.—"We Come to Git Educated," in the February 12 issue of Liberty, is fully appreciated by the people of this section, not only because of the excellent picture given of the Piney Woods School, but also because it gives the formula for racial understanding. Forward thinking leaders of both races know that all problems of the future can be solved in this same way.—*Mrs. Alvin Anderson.*

TUSKEGEE, ALA.—Allow me to congratulate Liberty upon "We Come to Git Educated."

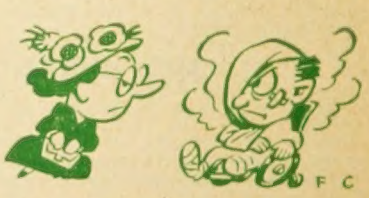
The attitude of Mr. Jones is typical among many of our race who are really doing something to help make our men and women better citizens and helping them win the recognition they do deserve.

We are doing much towards helping win this war. Yet we could do a great deal more if there were many more like Mr. Jones who would teach our young men and women trades.

Good luck to him and to others like him.—*Sgt. George O. Hardman, Tuskegee Army Air Field.*

PUSH-OVER

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Thank you for Liberty's February 26 cover design. I wrote to Old Sarge the other day telling him about a lady visitor who asked me how I won the Purple Heart twice. I told her each time I was picked up



saturated with blood and driven in an ambulance through miles of shell holes. The last time I left a portion of bone and flesh behind, and spent over a year in French and American hospitals.

"He used to make me break in his pipes 'til I got smart and gave him a Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked pipe."

DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

America's ONE and ONLY

Pre-Smoked
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PIPE

They're amazingly sweeter from the very first puff because Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine smokes every DR. GRABOW pipe... Yes... *Pre-Smoked* ... with Edgeworth tobacco... there's no bite, no bitter taste, no breaking in. If your dealer cannot supply you, remember that right now a large percentage of DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* Pipes go to service men overseas.

Fashioned by M. Linkman & Co.
Chicago 14, Illinois

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* DE LUXE . $1.50 DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* SUPREME . $2.00
DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* TRU-GRAIN $3.50

THE **Hollycourt** PIPE (WITH PATENTED GROOVE) HAS GONE TO WAR

RONRICO*

Best RUM *bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

BE PREPARED FOR
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT
Hospital Expenses paid, up to $540.00
FOR ACCIDENT
Doctor Expense paid, up to $135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed, up to . . . $300.00
Loss of Life by Accident $1000.00
WAR COVERAGE AND EXTRA BENEFITS
Childbirth Expense paid, up to $60.00

You know how easy it is to run into debt when sickness or accident hit. Under the Family Mutual Plan, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills, and in case of accident, doctor expenses, and you'll be reimbursed for loss of time from work. No matter where you live, your policy admits you to any hospital in the United States or Canada. In the hospital you may have the care of your family doctor. Simply present your Family Mutual card at the time of admittance.

MAIL COUPON TODAY • No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO., WILMINGTON, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co. L-19
Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

She remarked, "Is that all you do to get the Purple Heart?"—*Wilbur Moore, the Military Order of the Purple Heart, Blue Grass Chapter No. 146.*

EATING CROW

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—After reading The Japs and Their Women (January 15 Liberty) I wondered how much truth there was in it. So I went to the public library to look up statistics.

I found that it wasn't nearly as bad as Mr. Crow seems to think. In countries where men are very good to their women there are more girls born than boys and there's always a surplus of women. So, although the little women of Japan are sometimes bullied by their menfolk, they have a better chance of

getting a husband (for keeps, too) than the women of Scandinavia or England, where they are treated like queens.

The modern woman is becoming more and more selfish and lazy. The time is fast coming when there will be too many women unless the women of civilized nations take a hint from the Japs and stay home and raise children the way they ought to.—*Mrs. Jay Penoyer.*

FROM A JUNGLE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—The Japs and Their Women is the most warped and ill presented article that I have ever read. I refer in particular to that section concerning the relationship of children to their mothers, etc.

If Mr. Crow is an authority on Japan, so is that familiar character in Army circles known as Pvt. Snafu! Being of the extraction that I am, I leave it to you as to my qualifications as a judge on this matter.—*Sgt. Yukio Kawamoto, U. S. Army.*

LABOR FOR CROSBY

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Recently I had the pleasure of interviewing two hundred and fifty (250) people of the Republic Aviation Corp., Evansville Division, with regard to the popularity of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra.

Those interviewed were from all walks of life, and I do not believe any body of people in the world is more qualified to speak its mind on any subject.

They have come here to help build the greatest fighting plane on earth, and I feel sure the whole world is immensely proud of them.

Results of the poll are as follows:

Crosby	221
Sinatra	15
Undecided	14

—*Charles J. Huffman, Armament Inspector.*

SHANE DEPARTMENT

CLEBURNE, TEX.—Hitchhiking eleven miles for a copy of Liberty, in many instances, would be reasonable.

But hitchhiking that distance for a copy of Liberty just because it contained one of Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles, like Harry Hodgson says he did (March 4 Vox Pop), leads me to believe that Hodgson is nuttier than Shane is.—*R. L. Derryberry.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HE ISN'T AS SHY
as he looks in this picture, for when it was snapped Moran Tudury was concentrating on a picturesque phrase in Cajun Love Story (see page 24) then in his typewriter. He was born in New Orleans, so his familiarity with the Cajuns is first-hand.

After some free-lancing in Europe on sports stories (an odd place to go for them?), he returned to this country and settled down to editorial work.

At the present time his office enables him to go to the window and look out at Independence Hall and derive inspiration from it.

"I HAVE NEVER
found time to be bored," says William Tunberg, and to show you what he means we'll tell you the jobs he's held: laborer, film cutter, real-estate salesman, musician, orchestra leader, reporter, ghost writer, advertising copy writer, and motion-picture story editor—and he's turned out film scripts and songs. Quite a round for a lad in his early thirties. Writing runs in his blood. John Hay, statesman-author, was an ancestor. Against this, his wife, Jacqueline, holds up Arnold Bennett, who was related to her.

Their children—Bill, who is seven, and Karl, who is five—show the family trait by suggesting story titles for their father to use.

EITHER BEFORE OR AFTER
reading Where Hitler Lost His War, in this issue, you will be interested to learn that Mark Gayn, who wrote it, was born in China and spent twenty-five years of his life there and in Japan and Soviet Russia. His book, The Fight for the Pacific, which was published in May, 1941, predicted almost to the month the Japanese sneak punch on the United States. There's a new book of his on the way, Journey from the East, and it will be ready for your eyes in a few weeks. Make a note on't.

THE EDITORS.

NEXT WEEK

A BELL FOR ADANO

By John Hersey

Liberty's Book Condensation

The first great novel of this war, written by the man who gave us that stirring report of the fighting on Guadalcanal, Into the Valley (Liberty, June 5, 1943).

This is the story of an Italian-American major who took charge of one of the invaded Sicilian towns, of his work there, of a girl he met, and of the general who finally displaced him after a brief but bitter struggle.

AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL FUTURE

By Dorothy Thompson

The primary postwar problem is to ensure peace. And there's only one way to do it, according to this provocative article by one of our top political thinkers.

AT WHAT POINT WILL GERMANY COLLAPSE?

By William van Narvig

Germany's fighting ability depends on certain vital territories. When these go, she's finished. An expert, who has access to secret sources of information, tells where the break will come.

HOW IS YOUR POSTWAR PLAN?

By Burnet Hershey

We've been hit by a new national craze—postwar planning. You're behind the times if you haven't dreamed up at least one postwar scheme. Maybe you'll find yours here—in this collection of some of the fabulous postwar proposals.

CHINESE ARMY—AMERICAN STYLE

By David G. Wittels

The newspapers have been running stories of the exploits of a *new* Chinese Army. And here it is. Its training and equipment are American G. I., but its fighting qualities are strictly its own.

THE PRO AND CON OF GRADE LABELING

By Ruth McCoy Harris

Will it benefit or harm us to have our merchandise labeled with government grades? Is it feasible? Is it sensible? Here are the facts. You can find your own answer.

Hurry up, Private Pringle... it's chicken pot pie

. . . and soup and salad and all the trimmings. Private Pringle gets here on the 7:17 and has to catch the 7:55 to San Francisco. That doesn't leave much time for eating, but we'll see to it that everything's piping hot right on the dot so he can really *enjoy* his dinner.

Private Pringle of the U. S. armed forces has a tremendous appetite. We're serving tens of thousands of uniformed men and women *every day* in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars. Add to that our greatly increased wartime civilian patronage . . . plus food rationing and the scarcity of help . . . and you can see we have quite a job on our hands.

Despite these difficulties, we try to give prompt service to everyone. When that's impossible, we know our civilian patrons will agree that the man or woman in uniform comes *first*.

Our 6000 employees—some of whom have worked with the Harvey family through three generations—are thankful for the cheerful way you've accepted this temporary situation. We promise you the old-time Fred Harvey hospitality will be back again just as soon as Private Pringle's big job is done.

★ ★ ★

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, travel and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in Old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright 1944, Fred Harvey, Chicago

Eddie Cantor Searches for G. I. JOE

Who is the typical American fighting man? Eddie Cantor is looking for him—and when he is found he'll be richer by $5,000

SOMEWHERE among the enlisted personnel of Uncle Sam's armed forces is one guy who is typical of all the others. He may be a soldier, a sailor, coast guardsman, marine, or airman. He may be your son, husband, sweetheart, or buddy.

He is the sum total of all the boys who are fighting to preserve the American way of life.

To assure his welfare and security after the shooting stops, Eddie Cantor will place in trust Five Thousand Dollars to be presented to the man who is chosen by the judges from among those you nominate as the G. I. Joe who most nearly represents all his buddies in uniform.

There are no restrictions in this search. You may nominate any man in uniform, whether related to you or not. G. I. Joe may be a chap in camp in this country, some one overseas, afloat or aloft—any American enlisted man is eligible for the award.

Selection of G. I. Joe will be made by the board of judges listed here, from questionnaires and accompanying letters submitted by you.

Liberty Magazine is happy to cooperate in this search by publishing the rules and the official questionnaire form for your convenience. Clip it out and send it with your letter in accordance with the rules. For complete details listen to the Eddie Cantor show every Wednesday at 9 P. M. EWT on the NBC network.

Rules

1. Any person may nominate any enlisted serviceman, regardless of relationship, for the selection of G. I. Joe.
2. Mail the questionnaire form or a facsimile thereof, together with a letter of 100 words or less telling why you think your candidate is G. I. Joe to Eddie Cantor, Beverly Hills, California.
3. No communications will be returned, and all entries become the property of Eddie Cantor.
4. The decision of the judges shall be deemed final and equitable.

Judges

Warren H. Atherton, National Commander of the American Legion; Sergeant Alvin C. York, famous hero of World War I; Eddie Cantor.

THIS IS THE CONVENIENT QUESTIONNAIRE FORM FOR G. I. JOE

My Candidate Is:_____

Service _____ Rank_____

His Home Address (Street)_____ (City)_____ (State)_____

His Exact Age_____yrs._____mos. Height_____ft._____in. Weight_____

Is He Married?_____ If so, has he children?_____ How many?_____

How Long in Service_____months. Check where serving: U. S._____Overseas_____

Your Own Name_____ Address_____

ATTACH A LETTER TELLING IN 100 WORDS OR LESS
WHY YOU THINK YOUR CANDIDATE SHOULD BE G. I. JOE

Mail Completed Questionnaire and Letter to: **EDDIE CANTOR, BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.**

That pre-war taste tells why GILBEY'S GIN for nearly a century has been the world's choice for a great Martini

GILBEY'S

the International

GIN

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANAD

New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Externally little changed, the new P-38 flies faster, higher, and farther than ever and is capable of reaching Berlin whenever tactics require it.

Valuable Data on the Zero

Many Japanese Zeros were shot down in the savage battle for the Buna air strip, and the U. S. War Department has made good use of the "remains." Parts of five of the Zeros have been used by the Army Air Forces to reconstruct one of the planes, which is called the "Hamp." It is now at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

"The Hamp is a killer, a dangerous adversary in aerial combat, and a weapon in which no pilot has yet been reported to have made use of a static line in the cockpit which can be used to automatically operate a parachute in bail-outs," the Army said recently. "The static line is there, but the canopy cover of the cockpit has no emergency release and must be manually operated to permit egress by the pilot."

It seems apparent that the Jap plane is not nearly as sturdily constructed as U. S. warplanes. The metal skin covering is extremely thin, a factor which frightens most pilots when they fly the ship the first time. In flight, the wing surfacing wrinkles like tissue.

The Hamp's cockpit is small and uncomfortable, there is no armor to protect the pilot, and no warning lights in the cockpit to tell him when to switch over to auxiliary gas tanks. Gas tanks, incidentally, are not leakproof.

The plane is extremely maneuverable and packs lethal armament—two cannon in each wing and two 7.7 mm. guns firing through the propeller. The engine is a Nakajima Sakae radial, fourteen cylinders, and as far as the Army can determine, is a copy of the A. A. F.'s Pratt & Whitneys.

Magic Quilt

It weighs less than three pounds and you can use it as a sleeping bag, a life preserver, a pup tent, hammock, coat, or poncho.

This is the new "magic quilt" which the Army Air Forces has developed for combat flyers. It is made of water-repellent material, weighs only two and four fifths pounds, and is stuffed with chicken feathers, which not only give warmth but buoyancy. Folded lengthwise and tied around the wearer's waist, the quilt will sustain a man in water indefinitely.

Tie straps along the edges enable pilots to use the quilt as a pup tent or hammock. It also makes a cozy sleeping bag, and a slit in the center enables the wearer to drape it as a coat or a poncho. When packed in a compact bundle, the quilt is only twelve to fourteen inches square; when opened, it measures six by four feet. One side is the familiar olive drab, to make it inconspicuous for concealment, and the other side is brilliant orange, for signaling purposes.

Even the quilt's case is useful—it can be used for storing water.

International Aspirations

What the world air map will look like after the war is impossible to predict, but indications are that American companies are determined to be represented.

According to the most recent statistics, ninety-five applications for foreign air routes have been filed with the Civil Aeronautics Board by American air-transport interests, including those now in existence and those only "on paper." The routes asked for total almost 500,000 miles. One of the largest applications was filed by a company seeking to operate routes with dirigibles between Washington and South America, Africa, China, and Australia.

"Flying" Fish

Thanks to air transportation, whitefish and trout from our Great Lakes are now swimming around in famous Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world, in southern Peru. It was a strange air-cargo shipment that the domestic air lines and Pan American-Grace Airways carried from the Great Lakes to Peru—4,000 miles in four days. It consisted of 500,000 whitefish eggs from Ohio and many thousands of lake-trout eggs from Michigan. The fertilized eggs, a Good Neighbor gift, were shipped under special government priority.

Small but Deadly

The small unarmed Grasshopper planes—two-place sixty-five horsepower ships—are feared by the Germans almost as much as the Flying Fortresses. A wounded German officer, captured in Italy, said recently that the Germans call these light planes "Hell Raisers"—named after "our Unteroffizier von Dienst—the duty officer who inspects our barracks every day and always raises hell when he sees something that displeases him."

The "Hell Raisers" have proved invaluable in Italy, acting as the eyes of the artillery. Once, only a few minutes after one of the observation planes had appeared in the sky over the lines, a moving German convoy was destroyed by American gunfire. Although Nazi flyers have been able to shoot down or otherwise force down several of the spotter planes, there has been but one casualty to date, according to the War Department.

That resulted when a Messerschmitt clipped off a section of the American plane's wing.

It seems that "Hell Raiser" crews don't mind being unarmed. Said Staff Sergeant Frank L. Huttlin of North Hills, Pennsylvania, "Not long ago I was flying along when one of those Nazi machine-gun crews opened up on us with tracers. I got even in a hurry. I gave the position to the artillery and watched while the guns of a battalion wiped out that spot. Why throw anything at them when you can have the best artillery in the world do it?"

The War Department lists four types of liaison planes: Taylorcraft L-2, Aeronca L-3, Piper L-4, and Vultee L-5. The first three are known as Grasshoppers and the latter is called the Sentinel.

Super-Lightning

The Lockheed P-38 Lightning, which has been praised in many communiqués from the battle fronts, has been still further improved. The twelfth model of this plane has been in production for some time, it is revealed. The new model will carry two 1,000-pound bombs, double that of any single-engine fighter. Horsepower has been increased 30 per cent, from 2,300 to 3,000; rate of climb increased 100 per cent at altitude over 30,000 feet and materially increased at all altitudes; range increased to permit the Lightnings to accompany bombers on escort missions deeper into enemy territory than any other fighter; straightaway speed increased.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS. Defoe workers take more than 10% of their pay in War Bonds

The Toughest Man in the World to Please

THE "hard-to-please" attitude of the Defoe shipbuilder is not a war measure. It's a life-long Defoe tradition. Harry J. Defoe—who founded the yard nearly forty years ago—and his crew are old hands at building sea-going vessels. They know that even peace-time ships that go down to sea must be built to withstand battering that no land-bound structure receives.

Today this experience is paying extra dividends to the Navy in the form of sound construction, added protection for crews, and lower manufacturing costs. The fleet built for the Navy in the Defoe yards since Pearl Harbor numbers more than 65 fighting ships. And now a squadron of LCI (L) Landing Barges is taking form on the production line. These ocean-going invasion vessels are the spearhead of America's growing offensive. In making them, we pledge your sons all our skill and experience, all the Defoe tradition of safe, sound, deep-sea shipbuilding.

When Peace returns, Defoe's advanced manufacturing technique and skilled craftsmanship will provide quality products of greater value and lower cost for all Americans to enjoy.

DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Three White Star Renewal Citations now decorate the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.

SHIPS FOR VICTORY

Defoe

SERVANTS FOR PEACE

Said Professor McVitty, "Dear, dear, what a pity—
Now, *why* did I summon the War Bond Committee?"

"It seems I had something important to say,
But I fear I'm a bit absent-minded today—
And I can't for the life of me seem to recall
The reason for holding this meeting at all.

"Blue Ribbon Town's Bond Drive is crowned with success
So that isn't it . . . Ah, but is it? Yes, yes!
It comes back to me now—friends, the reason we're here
Is to toast our success with Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!"

* * *

33 FINE BREWS
BLENDED INTO ONE
GREAT BEER

There's 100 years of brewing skill in every delicious drop of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. *Full-flavor blending* from 33 fine brews gives Pabst its unchanging *goodness*—its matchless taste and flavor. Order it with confidence . . . serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

1844-1944
AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

Copr. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! STARRING GROUCHO MARX...FAMOUS STARS...COAST-TO-COAST CBS NETWORK...EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

WHERE HITLER LOST HIS WAR

BY MARK GAYN

SOVFOTO

The Wehrmacht's defeat in Russia. A crippled gun carrier in the Orel sector and the body of a dead German soldier.

The story of the war's turning point, based on original Russian material. Last summer before Kursk the Nazis threw their Sunday punch — and failed. Since then their course has been steadily downhill

IT was July, 1943—the hot, uneasy third summer of the war in the east. In central Russia the wheat fields lay heavy with golden grain, and in them men burrowed deep into the ground, laid mine fields, camouflaged their trenches and gun emplacements. When night fell, scouts crawled out into no man's land to seek out the enemy's intent. They returned with scraps of information, sometimes with prisoners. Then anxious officers pored over the reports, weighing them, striving to divide the chaff of German deception from the seed of German plan.

If Hitler was to attack at all, he had to attack now, while July was still young. In another fortnight it might be too late.

TO the *Verkhovnaya Stavka*, the Supreme Command, at the Kremlin this was a fateful, anxious wait. All that could be done had been done. Men had been trained, defenses built, weapons made ready. But all these would be in vain unless they were at the right spot. *Where* would Hitler strike?

Strategical thought—at least in Germany—comes in patterns. From von Schlieffen to Keitel a red thread runs unbroken. The men of Stavka guessed: If the thread held out, the German blow would fall at Kursk, the hinge between the Ukrainian steppe and the Moscow forest fronts. Here a Red salient jutted out into German-held territory. By cutting it off, Hitler would reduce the front's length, seize control of a vital railroad, gain a springboard for new thrusts into Russia's hinterland.

The Stavka made up its mind. To Kursk it sent its youngest, toughest, boldest generals. Most of these were alumni of the harsh school at Stalingrad, where they learned that men armed with courage, ingenuity, and dependable weapons could stop blitzkrieg. To learn this lesson the Red Army paid 46,700 lives—but the lesson was well worth the cost. Now the generals were to put the lesson to its severest test: they were going to let Hitler's summer offensive bleed itself white on stone-wall defense, and then strike when the enemy was exhausted.

In the fields, woods, and gullies of Kursk, two concepts would clash: attack vs. defense. It would also be a duel of two weapons: German tank vs. the Red gun.

The Red Intelligence service had worked without a flaw. Spies, aerial reconnaissance, guerrillas in the enemy's rear, German satellite deserters —each had contributed a piece to the jigsaw puzzle spread on the Russian staff tables.

The Russians thus knew that the enemy was suffering from "armor fever." All along the eastern front every German tank, gun, and truck was given an extra coat of armor. The Russians also knew that the Wehrmacht was massing in Russia a huge number of the new 70-ton Ferdinand self-propelled guns and the 60-ton Tiger tanks (Mark VI).

If defense was to win, chinks had to be found in German armor, in the Ferdinands and the Tigers. The men had to be taught to shed their fear of the steel-skinned, fire-belching monsters.

Russia's top experts on armored warfare went to work on the Intelligence data. It was discovered that the Ferdinand's skin, eight inches thick in front, was only three inches thick in the rear. Both the Tiger and the Ferdinand were found to be slow—ten to twelve miles an hour. Their tough skin was found to be vulnerable at many points to antitank bullets, special hand grenades, Molotov cocktails (bottles with inflammable liquid).

The experts distilled these findings. Then, almost within sight of the German trenches, the Red troops went into a sham battle. Soldiers armed with dummy hand grenades and Molotov

(*Continued on page 57*)

EMERGENCY CALL

Sometimes the will to live can be more powerful than medicine. Old Dr. Kennedy saved his patient by a tale of courage that could have been true

BY WILLIAM TUNBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"SO it is you, Mrs. Higbee," Dr. Kennedy laughed into the telephone. "I didn't recognize your voice at first—you sounded happy."

"I am happy," she replied. "There's a letter from Walt. Shall I open it?"

"I'm surprised you haven't already." His blue eyes twinkled under their heavy gray brows, and a smile softened the furrowed sternness of his face. "I've finished with Clint Smith's leg, so I'll be home in ten minutes. Maybe you can curb your curiosity that long."

Driving homeward, he knew a feeling of contentment, a contentment compounded of many things, warming subtleties of impression and mood which had to do with the past and present, himself and his son Walt. It was a feeling which had grown since the day Walt had decided to study medicine, thereby adding the bond of a shared profession to their father-son relationship. While Walt had been in medical college, he had built up the practice, their practice. Now he was proud of his ability, at the age of seventy, to keep things going at home while Walt served the country as a captain in the Medical Corps.

Mrs. Higbee met him at the door, clutching the letter to her ample bosom. She glanced at him, a mothering glint in her eyes, and said chidingly:

"Dr. Kennedy, you've forgotten your hat. You'll catch your death of cold—"

"Catch my death of talk, more likely," he snorted. "For four months, ever since Walt left, I've managed to carry on without disintegration setting in. Mrs. Higbee, you're a good housekeeper but a poor judge of a man's capacity."

He took the letter. "It's from overseas, all right."

Impatiently she motioned him to a chair and stood behind it, in position to read over his shoulder.

"Open it," she begged. "I'm dying to hear the news."

"I will—if you'll stop breathing down my neck—"

In sharp interruption, the phone rang. Dr. Kennedy stuffed the letter in his pocket and went to answer it.

"Dr. Kennedy—this is Candace Spalding—" The girl spoke haltingly, her voice thin with urgency.

"Yes, Candy," he said soothingly.

"It's Tom, doctor. He—he's shot himself—in the stomach—"

"Is there hemorrhage?"

"I don't know, but he's bleeding terribly—" The words came with effort, each one painstakingly enunciated.

For a moment Dr. Kennedy was silent, a tentative picture of the situation forming in his trained, alert mind. Stomach, in the language of the layman, generally meant the abdomen, and abdominals could be tricky. Hemorrhage indicated a probable need for transfusion.

"Candy," he decided, "our best bet is the hospital. Luckily you're not far away. I'll send an ambulance, and meet you there. Meanwhile, keep him as calm as possible."

He hung up the phone, the letter forgotten in his pocket. "Mrs. Higbee, listen carefully. I've got no time to lose. Call the Oakdale Hospital, and have them pick up Tom Spalding, 440 River Road. Emergency case. Tell them to reserve surgery for me."

"Oh, yes, Candy's husband. Before she was married Walt used to bring her to the house for dinner—"

"You'll pardon me, Mrs. Higbee," he said with some exasperation, "but this is no time for reminiscence."

"I'm sorry, doctor."

He watched her scurry to the phone, then went briskly out the door to his car.

Along the highway the familiar landmarks blurred past—the Allen place, the Winship farm, the homes of people who had been more like friends than patients, people who had rejoiced over his marriage, felt sadness when his wife had died, shared satisfaction with him when Walt became a doctor.

With no diminishing of speed he drove the car up the hill which blocked the town from view. At the crest was the house where Candace Spalding had lived when she was Candy Carter.

In those days, he recalled, the name Candy had fitted her eminently. She was small and prettily made, with sunshine-colored hair framing her vivid face. Walt had been one of many young men who had competed for her, and he had won out over the others. As time went on she had become Walt's girl, and every one, including himself, had expected them to marry.

Then, with no warning, Candy had eloped with Tom Spalding. It had been small-town drama, and the people of Oakdale had waited, full of suspense, for Walt to show his heartbreak. Walt, Dr. Kennedy remembered with pride, had given no outward sign of his feelings. He had simply continued his day-to-day activities as if nothing had happened.

He wondered if Walt still loved the girl. It was hard to tell, for they had never discussed the matter. The fact remained, however, that Walt had not shown interest in any other girl, and five years had gone by. . . . He stopped before the glass front of the hospital admittance office.

"Barney brought my patient in yet?" he asked the girl at the desk.

She nodded. "They've taken him directly to surgery."

As he approached the operating room he caught a glimpse of Candace, walking back and forth with worried little steps, her attention held by the double doors of the surgery room. To avoid questions he couldn't answer as yet, Dr. Kennedy turned into a side entrance, where a nurse was waiting to assist him in the wash-up process.

He washed thoroughly, and the nurse, without conversation, helped him into rubber gloves, gown, and mask.

He pushed open a door with his foot, gingerly holding aseptic hands clear, and stood in the surgery room, surveying its white severity to make sure all was in readiness. Tom Spalding was a white-draped length on the table; beside him was a nurse, and waiting with an easy indifference was Dr. Davenport, the young house physician who would act as his assistant. He noted the array of instruments on trays near the table, the transfusion paraphernalia of flasks, tubing, and filters within convenient reach.

Davenport accompanied him to the table and the nurse took up position behind the anesthesia equipment. Dr. Kennedy exposed the wound for examination. The bullet, he calculated,

(*Continued on page 48*)

A pebble struck his hand. He pressed himself to the ground, motionless with terror.

Dr. Kennedy gestured at the apparatus. "We'll have to use that."

WE'LL STILL USE SHIPS

Sure we're in the air age, but there'll still be freight and passenger traffic to keep our new ships busy. Come down to earth and look

BY CURTIS REED

WHEN this war is over, Americans will go down to the sea in ships on a scale never before imagined. True, some of them will fly the oceans in the glittering air liners that are so familiar in pictures of the future. But unless the leading shipping experts of the country are all wrong, their numbers will be relatively insignificant compared with the hosts of travelers who will go by ship. As for the ships, most of them, the American ones at least, will be medium-sized rather than huge, and they will not be so fast as to be uncomfortable.

You've heard and read a lot about transoceanic airplane flights in the postwar world. You've read that big planes will fly from New York to London every hour, making the crossing in six hours or so and flying in the stratosphere where weather, practically speaking, doesn't exist. There's no doubt these flights will be made and many of us will be among the passengers at least once. But the shipping men are serenely confident that the airplane will not drive the ocean liner out of business. As one man said to me:

"No doubt the air liner will get the ultra-expensive trade—the buyers going to Paris, who are on an expense account, and the celebrities, such as movie stars, who can't afford to be seen taking any means of transportation except the most de luxe. But the bulk of all travel is not in this category. So far as we can judge now—and we have studied it carefully—airplane fares after the war will still be pretty high, high enough to make you hesitate to pay for a trip out of your own pocket, unless you have a fairly large income."

Money, of course, is not the most important factor. If a relative is dying on the other side of the water, or a bride waiting, or an important business deal pending, people will naturally take the fastest transportation, no matter what it costs. But the average traveler on the ocean *is not in a hurry.* At least, he's not in such a hurry that three or four days are of vital consideration.

The other day I visited the office of an important executive in a large plant that is loaded to the hilt with war orders. Standing on a file across the room was a big and rather gaudy travel poster from the prewar era. It showed a ship sailing over a bright blue sea under cloudless skies.

The man noticed that I was looking at the poster, and he grinned.

"That's there to remind me that the war won't last forever," he said. "The minute it's over, I'm going to get on the first ship I can find and make the longest voyage they will let me. And when we reach our destination, I'm going to stay on board and come back home."

You would be surprised to know how many people are already writing travel agencies to inquire about postwar voyages. That is one reason why the leading shipping men of the country are looking forward, after the war, to the greatest volume of business they have ever experienced.

As Mr. R. H. Patchin, vice-president of the W. R. Grace Line, told me: "The war suspended normal passenger traffic almost entirely. This is particularly true of the travel of women, hardly any of whom have set foot on a ship since hostilities started. There is an enormous dammed-up reservoir of desire to travel, and when the dam breaks, it will require every cabin on every ship, as well as all available plane space for a long time to come, to satisfy the urge."

As a matter of fact, air travel and the use of ships supplement each other, rather than compete. In the Caribbean, for example, the airplane is used as a feeder for the ship line. A few small light planes can pick up passengers at remote and inaccessible points and take them to the chief port, where a steamer is available.

Some shipping experts believe that, ideally, ships and airplanes should be owned by the same companies and operated in co-operation with complete flexibility. Just at present certain government agencies seem inclined to disagree with them. But even governments have been known to change their minds. If, for instance, foreign nations should follow such a plan, and it is virtually certain that some will, their shipping firms would have a great competitive advantage, and the United States might be forced to follow suit.

Said one shipping executive, commenting on the attitude of the public toward ships and planes: "We know from careful studies made in prewar days that most people like to travel on ships. They regard the ocean voyage as the equivalent of a rest cure. And many of them are interested in the possible friendships they can make on shipboard. It's fun to ride in a plane, but there isn't time to make many friends. Why, you've no more than got your seatmate buttonholed, telling him Part One of your life story, than the trip is over."

The shipping people believe that the day of the great luxury liner is passing. It is even possible that some of the largest boats, which have been converted into troopships, may not be reconverted when the war is over. These great liners have always been a somewhat dubious financial proposition. Some of them, built abroad, have managed to earn a profit only because of heavy subsidies by the governments of their countries, which charged a good deal of money off to national prestige and advertising. These ships had to be tremendously fast. That meant that most of the hull was taken up with expensive engines, leaving little room for freight. They had accommodations for many passengers, but since these ships were built without any real attention to the passenger traffic available, they sometimes ran, with only a few cabins occupied, at great loss. Their terrific speed made some of them uncomfortable ships with great vibration, wet decks in stormy weather, and a tendency to pitch in a quartering sea.

The ship of the future, the experts feel, will be a medium-sized vessel of 15,000 to 25,000 tons. It will probably be slightly slower than the former ocean greyhounds, although new fuels and new types of engines developed during the war will give it substantially greater speed than did the fuels and engines of the past. These ships will be built to carry both freight and passengers—at least, the American vessels will. When the war ends, the world will have an enormous tonnage of such ships built during the emergency. It has been a fixed policy of Admiral Emory S. Land of the United States Maritime

Commission to have America's Liberty ships built to exacting standards, so that they can compete with newly constructed vessels in postwar trade. Now the emphasis has swung to the Victory ship, slightly larger and substantially faster than the Liberty ship. Moreover, the engines can be taken out of the Libertys and more powerful ones installed, bringing them up to the speed required for combined passenger and freight service.

It has now been demonstrated, they feel, that a large merchant marine is of tremendous value to any nation. It safeguards and develops foreign trade as nothing else can. It is of great value when war breaks out, as we learned by bitter experience after Pearl Harbor. The shortage of shipping has prolonged the present war. The shipping men expect to design vessels in the future that will be readily convertible from peacetime work to war jobs.

Some shipping men say frankly that they expect government aid in connection with their postwar plans to permit them to compete with foreign ships which have been subsidized by their governments. However, certain large operators declare that, in view of operating efficiencies now being developed and with the prospect of large and steady freight and passenger revenues, it will be possible to reduce subsidies in almost all cases and, probably, to do away with them in many. It seems not generally known, for instance, that only 25 per cent of the tonnage operated by the sixty-two member lines of the American Merchant Marine Institute has been receiving a subsidy.

THE American passenger ship of the future will differ sharply from the big ocean greyhounds of the past in that it will be a cabin (one-class) ship. The worst problem European ship lines confronted before the war was that of accommodating vessels planned for European ideas of class distinction to Americans, who by and large resent and repudiate such notions. In Europe, three classes of travel accommodations are considered standard. Americans, traveling abroad for the first time, would travel second and swallow their annoyance over the fact that the best part of the deck was closed to them. The great dining salon saw them not, and they got most of the vibration of the screw. College boys out for adventure traveled third among returning immigrants. Eventually, however, a great demand arose for one-price ships in which the man with only $150 to spend on a crossing would not come up against signs saying "Second Class Passengers Not Permitted Beyond This Point."

The cabin liner quickly proved highly profitable, and by the time the war began it was the only type of vessel being built here for the use of Americans. These cabin ships had fairly large third-class accommodations, but in the future these will not be important. The best judgment is that after the war there will be little or no immigration into the United States, and precious little emigration. The one-class idea, incidentally, fits in beautifully with the project for passenger-cargo vessels.

One thing that Americans have brought to ship design is a multiplicity of bathrooms. No other country in the world, or at least no other country that can afford to buy steamship tickets, shares our passion for daily bathing. No other country, either, feels

(*Continued on page 72*)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Shipping in war. A huge cargo vessel delivers supplies at a North African port.

When peace comes ships will again carry the leisurely and holiday-seeking traveler.

HOME TOWN

A glimpse of his home was all the kid wanted before he was shipped across. He got it, too, in a way neither he nor his buddy expected

Liberty's short short story

BY KURT STEEL

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

THE kid was curled up in a jeep at his end of the flatcar. He'd been asleep for two or three hours, since before they switched us off the Pennsy onto some branch line.

I figured sleep was the best thing for him. Maybe he could dream he was home. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad for a little while if he could dream he was home. I figured when he woke up we might be in Ohio or somewhere and he'd begin to get over the worst of it.

Homesick! You never saw a kid so homesick.

He'd been that way for a couple of months. In fact, the night before the outfit left Texas for the long haul to the boats, I'd caught him walking down the road away from camp. "Where you going, kid?" I asked him. But I knew. One look at him and I knew. "Listen," I said, "it isn't worth it, kid."

"I got to go home, Ravitsky," he told me. "I got to go home just once." And he went on walking down the road. He was only eighteen and he'd never been away from home in his life.

Well, I got him back to camp somehow, and I hung around with him all night, and the next morning I stayed close to him until the equipment was loaded and we highballed out.

"If I could only get home just once, Ravitsky," the kid kept saying.

When we hit Kansas City, he got excited and said it looked as if we'd be going through his home state on the way. I knew then he wouldn't be out of the woods until at least we crossed the Wabash. After that he might straighten out, but up to then anything could happen, and I was worried about him. He even mentioned the town he lived in, but I forgot it right away.

So I didn't wake him up when we began to slow down about three in the morning. We were going through some whistle stop on the prairie which they all looked alike to me, and it was raining so hard I wouldn't have waked up Noah himself to walk post.

Well, we rolled past the station and I got a quick gander at the name from a street light, and in another minute or two we pulled up with a jolt at a water tower out at the edge of town.

That did it. That woke the kid up. He came crawling out from under the tarp I'd dropped over him, and he wiped the rain out of his eyes and

jumped down beside me to walk post.

"Get back up there," I told him. "No use both of us drowning."

"What are we stopping for, Ravitsky?" he asked.

"Water," I said. "Go on back."

"Where are we, Ravitsky?"

"Search me," I said. "Some whistle stop. Now get back under that tarp before I boot you up there."

He was staring up at a big grain elevator alongside the track. He said, "This is the kind of place I lived in." Staring up at that grain elevator in the rain. "All my life, Ravitsky."

"Go on," I said and began to shove. I knew then what had hit him.

But he wouldn't move. He'd suddenly gone stiff.

"Ravitsky!" he said. He grabbed my shoulder. "Do you see a sign on that elevator?"

"Sure," I said. (Me, I couldn't see a thing in the rain.) "Circus poster," I said.

"It's Frahm's Grain and Feed," the kid told me. He was shivering. "Ravitsky, did you see the name on the station when we went through town?"

"No," I said, lying. "Why?"

HE let go of my shoulder, and he stood there looking off across a vacant lot toward a street light you could just barely see through the rain. He stood very straight. It was like something had pulled him together all at once and tied him up tight. "Ravitsky," he said in a funny voice, "it's Puritan City."

Then I remembered. Puritan City. Sure, that was the name of the place the kid had told me, the place he lived in. I got ready to grab him. But he didn't move. He only stood a little straighter.

"It's my home town," he said. "This is where I live. I'm home. I'm home. I'm home, Ravitsky."

Up front they began rattling the chain to pull the water chute clear.

"Look," the kid said. "You can see the house, Ravitsky. My house. There beyond that street light."

He could. Me, I couldn't see anything but rain.

"Easy, kid," I told him.

"My mom and pop," he said, "they're there. Asleep. They're asleep. In that upstairs room on the corner. They're asleep in that room."

"You wouldn't hardly have time, chum," I told him.

"If I whistled," the kid said, "they'd hear me. They'd know who it was. They'd know my whistle. My dog would know. He sleeps on the back porch. If I whistled now, he'd come, Ravitsky."

You could smell coal smoke and pine shingles from a lumberyard. The rain came down. The kid stood there, waiting. But he was calm now.

"Well," he said—"well, Ravitsky, I've been home."

The air whistled and you could hear the brake shoes give.

He said it again, slow and careful, like he was repeating something in church. "I've been home, Ravitsky."

That was all. He was all right by that time. Somehow I knew he'd be all right from then on.

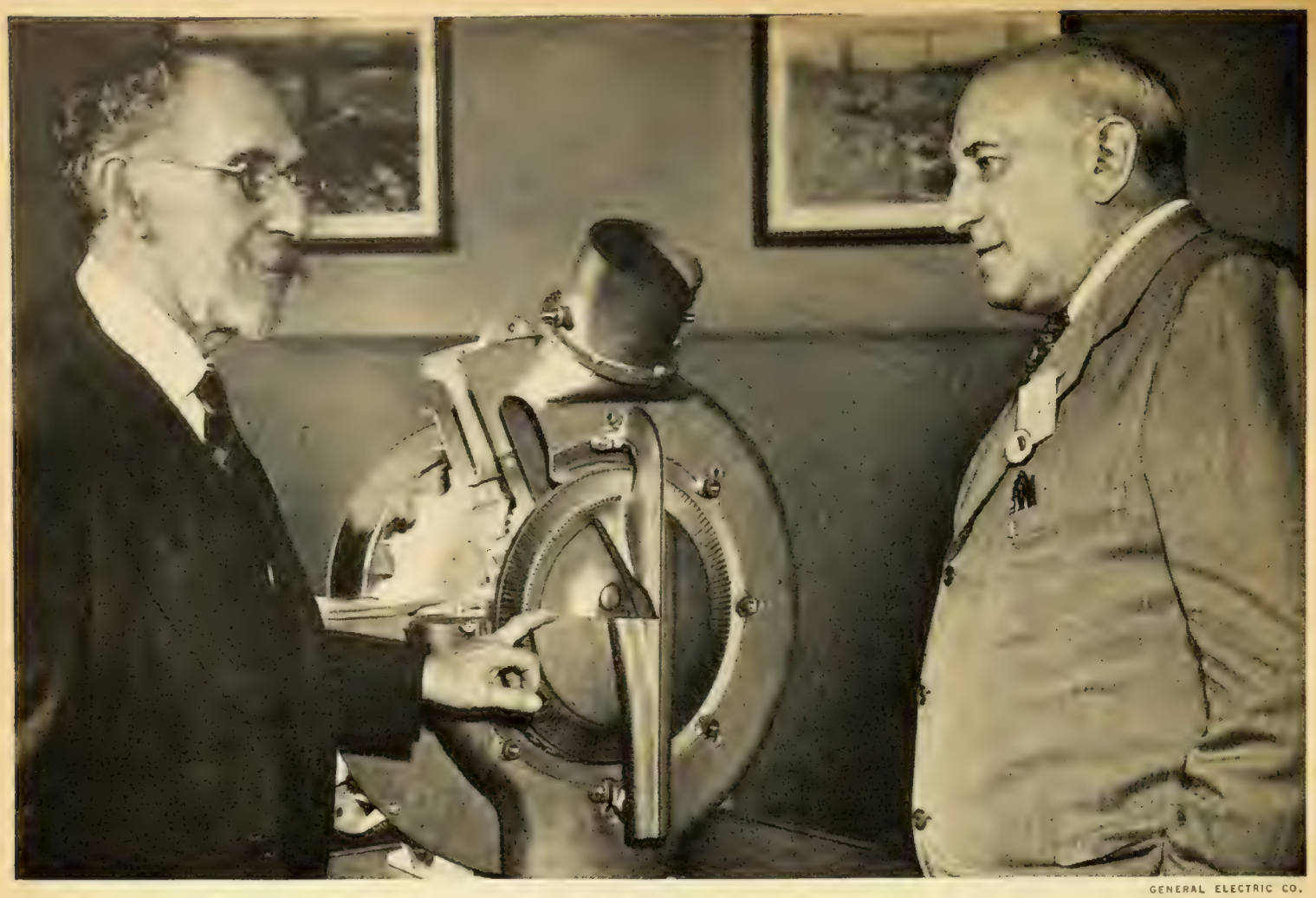
When the couplings started to clank, the kid jumped up on the flatcar and leaned down to give me a hand. "Here we go," he said. "Here we go, Ravitsky. Next stop Berlin."

We both sat under the tarp for a while and he talked about his mom and pop and the basketball team and how he'd won the corn-shucking contest one year. Then he sang the high-school song and we sang some songs both of us knew, yelling 'em out through the rain and beating our feet, and after while the rain slacked off, and along about daylight the kid went to sleep again.

All right. So why should I tell him the name I saw on the station wasn't Puritan City at all, but Elleston?

THE END

"Look," the kid said. "You can see the house, Ravitsky. My house. There beyond that street light."



GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

The inventor of the turbosupercharger, Dr. Sanford A. Moss, and A. L. Berger, of Wright Field aeronautical laboratory.

THE TURBO BOYS and the MAGIC HOTBOX

A gadget puts our planes on top and keeps 'em there. The story of the turbosupercharger and the boys who keep it twirling

BY KEITH AYLING

SOMEWHERE in the Pacific a big United States bomber soars on its mission at 25,000 feet. From a narrow slit trench a young American watches it with quiet pride. He's quite an extraordinary young man. He looks like any other soldier in a slit trench, except that the TR insigne on his shoulder betokens that he is a civilian Technical Representative. His job is as exciting and thrilling as any kid could wish. He worked fanatically hard to get it. In the year since he left America he has traveled 75,000 miles, mostly by air, has been shot at and shelled by Japs and Germans, has dug slit trenches, flown airplanes, repaired automobiles, and made his own tools. For a young man he has had a lot of authority. While he is subject to Army regulations, his recommendations are carried out, because he is allowed direct contact with the commanding general whenever necessary.

He watches the big plane out of sight. Only yesterday he flew a 1,000-mile trip to a jungle airfield to get that big fellow in the air. Some one sent an S O S for the nearest "turbo boy," as the U. S. Army calls them. He grabbed his bag of tools and did the job in a clearing in the steaming jungle, with the Japs plastering bombs near by. That trip was just one in the line of duty. His job is to care for the turbosupercharger, the mechanical tornado that makes U. S. planes fly higher and faster than others.

What is the turbosupercharger? Why is it so important that these turbo boys get priority over every one else to cross continents and oceans to keep it turning? What has it got that caused eight men to fly 472,000 miles in less than fifteen months of war?

You might say it is as American as the doughnut, this gadget that uses the waste product of an aero engine to haul a plane through the upper skies literally by its bootstraps. It is the hottest thing that flies, but it breathes air at 67 degrees below zero. It weighs about as much as the average American woman, and is powered by a ball of fire. It is so delicate that only a specialist can repair it.

An airplane engine left to its own devices loses power rapidly as it climbs into the thin air of the higher altitudes. As atmospheric pressure falls off, less oxygen is sucked into the carburetor for mixture with the gasoline—and the engine is left gasping for "breath." An engine rated at 1,000 horsepower at sea level, where atmospheric pressure is 14.7 pounds per square inch, becomes only a 300-horsepower engine at 35,000 feet, where the pressure is only three pounds. The plane staggers along, unable to maneuver, literally bogged up.

Yet today American planes get the same engine power seven miles in the sky as at sea level—and the answer is the turbosupercharger. This magic box attached to the engine which makes U. S. planes tops over all comers, including enemy flak, is essentially a combination of a turbine and a compressor.

The turbine is a motor that drives the compressor, or supercharger. And what a motor! It's a miracle of economy, deriving its power from the waste gases of the engine's exhaust. Roughly, it's like a windmill in a hurricane.

A whirlwind of flaming-hot gas from the engine's exhaust blows directly on the little fins, or blades, of the turbine wheel and spins it at terrific speeds—22,000 revolutions per minute. The whirling turbine, in turn, operates the supercharger, which sucks in the rarefied air, compresses it, and delivers it to the carburetor in sea-level quantities. And the plane, alive with all its horsepower, storms through the upper reaches as it does at lower altitudes.

In action the turbosupercharger, compact and simple-looking as it is, becomes a roaring, whining tornado, belching a four-foot tongue of flame as the gases streak for freedom after turning the turbine wheel. The blades of the turbine wheel are made of a specially developed metal to withstand the 1,500-degree heat of the exhaust fumes. On the same shaft, inches away, the compressor is sucking in air recorded as low as 67 degrees below zero!

The perfection of this flying hotspot is a saga of perseverance in the face of difficulties and disappointments by its inventor, Dr. Sanford Alexander Moss of General Electric, the corporation which produces the turbosupercharger.

As far back as 1903 a thesis on the gas turbine had earned for Moss his degree of doctor of philosophy—and a job with General Electric. There, in the course of his work on the gas turbine, Dr. Moss developed a number of centrifugal compressors for use in blast furnaces and iron foundries.

Then, in 1918, he showed the Army what artificial respiration could do for an airplane engine. A Liberty motor which had developed 350 horsepower on the ground was hauled to the 14,000-foot top of Pike's Peak. There the engine delivered only 230 horsepower at full throttle—until Dr. Moss' turbosupercharger was cut in. Then it generated 356 horsepower!

THAT was the beginning. Two years later, Major R. W. Schroeder, chief test pilot of McCook Field (now Wright Field), flew an airplane with a turbosupercharged engine to 37,850 feet for a world record. A year later the same plane, with a different pilot, reached 39,700 feet.

Then a strange thing happened. A gear-driven supercharger, deriving its power from the engine crankshaft, had been developed. It was satisfactory up to only about 15,000 feet, but by 1929 it was in wide use. Dr. Moss had also had a hand in the development of this type, but it wasn't his beloved turbosupercharger, and when he retired in 1938 he was a disappointed man.

There were men in the Army Air Corps, however, who remembered his work, and in London, on the day of the Munich Pact, a telegram called him back into harness. The Army wanted turbosuperchargers for its Flying Fortresses. General Electric wanted the father of the supercharger to superintend its development. Out of the small room at West Lynn, Massachusetts, where Dr. Moss had worked on his mechanical baby for twenty years, suddenly developed a multi-million-dollar industry, inside an industry.

In fact, the demand was so great that Allis-Chalmers and Ford were licensed to build turbosuperchargers to the General Electric design.

Results piled up rapidly. In 1939 a Flying Fortress with turbosuperchargers flew from coast to coast in 9 hours, 14½ minutes. In 1941 the first turbosupercharged Boeings went into action under R. A. F. markings to bomb German battleships at Brest from heights which the German press described as "fantastic."

The turbosuperchargers, which are equivalent to life-insurance policies to the pilots and aircrews, have since made history in air war. Their distribution all over the world, however, gave General Electric plenty of headaches. The R. A. F. and the U. S. A. A. F. demanded civilian experts to teach their men how to handle the precious little hotspots. General Electric's supercharger department at West Lynn had been very small. Waverly A. (Pappy) Reeves, who had worked with Dr. Moss for thirty-five years, and S. R. Puffer, now in charge of design, had been the only men to grow up with the turbosupercharger. Pappy had worked on every installation from the Pike's Peak stunt to the 1941 models.

Early in 1941 he flew to England to spend nine months teaching the R. A. F. boys how to use and care for their models. The Pearl Harbor bombshell rushed him back to the U. S. He was to teach specially interested young men all he knew, and send them out into the field to do for the Army Air Forces what he had done for the R. A. F.

Graduation for T. R. work overseas was super-tough. Pappy saw to that. Each man he sent to scattered Army air bases would have to work on his own, with a minimum of tools. Pappy put his candidates through a test course involving fifty hours of homework every week. Those who made the grade he assigned to overseas duty.

"I wasn't sure they could do it," he says, "but I said a prayer and sent them out. Then I settled back to wait."

Soon the reports of the first turbo boys began to trickle in. Pappy Reeves read them and relaxed for the first time in months. The Army was satisfied. The lads were doing a good job.

Eight of Pappy Reeves' boys have returned to America. Collectively they traveled 472,000 miles, mostly by air, to work in seventeen different countries.

Their jobs were never simple. Teaching a man a skilled and intricate job with bombs dropping around is not exactly easy, but instruction was only a small part of the job. The boys soon found that the Army could use them as jacks-of-all-trades. They were called in to doctor anything that flew and lots of things that didn't—from iceboxes to trucks.

Twenty-five-year-old Charlie Cosser of East Lynn, Massachusetts, is typical of the General Electric T. R. men. Charlie, with a degree of mechanical engineering from Tufts College, entered the turbosupercharger course at the General Electric River Works in September, 1940. He ran turbosuperchargers through all kinds of tests. Soon he was selected to join eighteen others in an advanced course. It called for nine hours of classroom work and fifty hours of homework a week in addition to his regular forty-eight hour shift. That went on for six months. Then he was made an installation-application engineer.

IN the spring of 1942, adventure beckoned—a job abroad. A plane flew Charlie to South America, Liberia, Cairo, and finally set him down in India. His first job was to teach twelve Americans and six British the maintenance and operation of turbos. There were no tools available. He arranged his own lendlease deal. The British made the tools in return for their instruction.

When Rommel was giving trouble in Egypt the Army pulled its bombers out of India, and Charlie Cosser went with them. During the flight to Iran there was an S O S for someone to explain American airplane equipment to the Russians. Cosser did the job, then hopped to Eritrea, where he became chief engineering technical representative of the repair base for badly shot up planes. For days and nights he sat studying technical orders on planes mostly foreign to him. When Montgomery started his push, Cosser was busier than a one-armed paper hanger, repairing bombers and fighters and transports.

(*Continued on page 60*)

REPUBLIC AVIATION CORPORAT

Turbosupercharger is funnel-like device set in tail of this Thunderbolt.

CAJUN LOVE STORY

BY MORAN TUDURY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

SPRING had come now and the birds were leaving. The blue geese, green-winged teals, the long-billed shovelers, and ruddy-breasted mallards —all the many thousands of them, following the great flyways north once more now that the Louisiana winter was over. 'Tite Suzette watched the old ganders, scolding and fluttering, making their trial flights from pond to pond.

A few days more, she thought, and then most of them will be safely on their way. And her worry lifted a little.

No one had been here to guard them this winter. None but Uncle Tootoo and herself, the war having taken away the younger wardens. And for two years her uncle's rheumatism hadn't allowed him to enter the sanctuary. So the vigil that must be kept she had kept alone, guarding against the indolent Sabines who hunted ducks in season or out, and the vagrant market hunters who were always ready to violate any sanctuary for egret feathers and wild fowl. It kept her in a state of constant alarm.

She walked on, with the birds everywhere around her, unafraid—loons and the geese who covered the lagoon, feeding on the delta potato and banana lily; the pintail drakes already whistling their impatient mating calls. Then she saw something which made her pause. The pelicans were oddly scattering, flapping their great wings. From their midst had emerged a figure gawky and strange. It was Hippolyte Bizet, an itinerant and youthful remedyman and the worst Cajun marsh vandal of them all. For weeks she had been watching him.

With his straw hat removed he stood blinking in the sunset, and she saw that he extended a small green cardboard box. "Excuse, 'Tite Suzette," he said. "I come to sell you good luck. Medicine for Bring Friends Together. Eat, and all the time you will get a man—get plenty of love. For six bits, I guarantee."

'Tite Suzette knew about him; every one in Barataria did. Mostly he haunted the bird sanctuaries, East Timbalier, Tern Island, all the way to Vermilion Bay, plundering when no one was watching. Blowing upon his bare fingers, cunningly imitating duck calls, and luring his victims within reach; the young he clubbed in their nests.

"Get back in your boat. Go away," she said. "Look. I am calling my uncle. *Un-cle Too-too!*" Calling for one, she realized, who hadn't walked a hundred yards in two years.

"I go now, 'Tite Suzette. You don't need to call nobody," the remedyman said, rattling the little box. "But I need money bad. I got to eat, mamselle." He didn't go, but stood there.

"*Ga!*" she said. Then came the realization: If he doesn't get money, he'll come back for the birds. He's warning me; that's what he's doing. . . . So she untied the knot in her handkerchief and threw him three quarters. "Go," she said. When he handed her the box, she struck it from his hand, turning away.

He stepped into his pirogue, picking up the pole. "Good-by, 'Tite Suzette. A-ya!" crying words that were lost in the noise of the birds as he drifted through the cypress brakes down the darkening bayou. For several minutes she didn't stir.

Before the wild fowl have gone, he will return, she reflected, when his six bits is gone; some time in the dark to prey on the little zozo. Then, alone, I will have to deal with him. He will come within three days . . . then I must catch him at it, and put him in jail to end his bad deeds.

With Minou, the cat, she resumed her walk to the beach and to watch a spectacle that was not at all melancholy, like the departure of the birds or the danger from Hippolyte Bizet. It was the proud, the gallant coming of the Coast Guard night patrol. Promptly each evening the jeep appeared, depositing on the sands young men equipped with flashlight, rifle, large dog, and a businesslike manner. Young men who tramped up and down the sands all night, keeping vigil.

Perhaps it was the only good to come of the war, she decided, the bringing of so many fine young men to her door. Since she had been grown up there had been no boys on the island for anybody. It might be that she was going to find a man now.

The redheaded one was the one she adored. He was enormous, with the face of a loving cherub. Never for three weeks had she once tired of watching him from a distance; how, for hours, he simply walked up, down, content in the company of his fellow guardsman and the leashed black dog. Sometimes whistling; sometimes with a flower behind his ear. Sometimes as proud and warlike as a recruiting poster. She had smiled at him, but he hadn't smiled back. He was big but really required encouragement. Once she had waved at him, but he had turned his head.

Tonight she stepped out on the beach. "Good evening," she said, reflecting that it is only the timid who remain single.

The redheaded guardsman looked up. His companion was some distance ahead. His reaction was not what she had hoped at all. "Get off the beach, sis," he said. "Nobody's allowed after sunset."

So huge, so handsome, she thought, and severe. . . .

"Go on," he repeated, and with surprise she saw him move the gun in her direction. So she walked away.

Then she halted, overcome by the situation that was so strange. She had observed herself in the mirror, and with minuteness, and each time had been pleasantly reassured. Though her figure was small, her eyes were large, her teeth like oyster pearls. Another look, she thought, and certainly he would change his mind and become friends. So she walked back.

"Good boy. Nice boy," he was telling his dog over and over, with every appearance of an affectionate nature. Then he saw her. "For Pete's sake," he said, "you back again? Didn't you hear what I said, sis?"

'Tite Suzette asked, "Is it that you own the whole beach? Before you ever came, I was here. You are the stranger here. Can you name even the island there or one little bayou?"

He said moodily, "How would I know your island? I'm from Minnesota; I'm a farmer. Now just move along like a nice girl, won't you, please?"

She went, indignant, and then something plumped in the bushes that caused Minou to leap suddenly. 'Tite Suzette looked back and moved faster, with her sense of outrage increased. The guardsman was tossing sedge-grass clods at Minou playfully, casually, and in an irritating manner.

"Shame on you," she cried, "so big but cruel to small animals!" But the young man merely waved carelessly and she turned away and walked home.

UNCLE TOOTOO sat in the parlor, and she saw that he was admiring his crayon portrait that stood in the corner on an old-fashioned easel. Sketched years ago, it showed him in his confirmation suit, with arm band and candle. It did not resemble him strongly, the artist having seen him only once and drawing it out of his head. For her uncle's birthday she was going to get a frame, day after tomorrow. The money was already saved.

The coming of the Coast Guard brought romance to Suzette, but it took a six-bit love charm and the threat of danger to get her what she wanted

She told him of Hippolyte Bizet, and he said, "That *cocodri!*" in the Cajun language of his youth. "I bet you one day I bust his jaw on him, me. What Mr. Wattridge going think if the birds all killed on the reservation? If that happen, maybe I get fired. Ain't that a damn shame, you-all? And me with the rheumatis'?"

For a few minutes she was silent, then she asked dreamily, "Uncle Too-too, where is Minnesota—there where one is a farmer?" and realized that by now her anger had melted away.

He put aside his cigarette of strong black perique. "Bring me the atlas and I show you," he said. "It is a long way from here, 'Tite Suzette, filled with Yankee people. People very obstinate, only with time for work on the farm. Those Yankees, they love a farm like a man love a woman."

"Minnesota," 'Tite Suzette said, admiring the map, "a lovely name. It's where the ducks go when they leave here. Now I know," and remembered how long she had thought that it must be a beautiful place, there where each summer the birds went for nesting.

"Mayor Placide been here," her uncle said. "He say come to the fais-dodo dance—tomorrow night at the hall. Go on, enjoy yourself before you get old like me."

"Yes, I will go," she said and was thoughtful. "I already have a man. The ones from the sea—they are crazy to dance. Isn't it true, Uncle Tootoo?"

LATER that night she thought of him when the black squall broke, his enormous body and angel face . . . and she sat up in bed, peering through the mosquito netting. The storm had come from the Mexican Gulf, whipping in the whitecaps, bending the twisted dwarf oaks. Out there he is conversing with his dog, "Nice boy. Good boy." . . . So she talked with St. Erasmus, the reliable patron of Barataria's sailors: "Though it is only a black squall, he will not know this—being from Minnesota," she said. "Make it pass quickly, please. I must have him for the dance."

In the morning the aroma of oleanders and azaleas was everywhere. A day sent for friendliness, forgiveness, not thoughts of Hippolyte Bizet and his kind. She took down her basket, filling it with wet flowers and, with Minou, departed for the Coast Guard station. One truly in love, she thought, did not despair easily and it would do no harm for her to try again. This time he could be invited to the fais-dodo dance, and what sailor would refuse?

Many of the guardsmen were waiting for the morning mail and smiled when she asked to see him. "Please," she said, "the big one with the red hair."

"She means Bricky Dolan," one said. "She's bringing flowers to Dolan!"

'Tite Suzette hesitated. Perhaps he

(Continued on page 64)

Suzette swung the portrait at Hippolyte. She beat at him with fury.

To test repellent, smeared on left arm, this researcher will be mosquito bait for four hours.

War on bugs! Army's new insecticide aerosol, a

QUICK, HENRY, THE DDT!

BY GEORGE H. COPELAND

YOUNG Pfc. "Len" Leonard first heard about the Lady *Anopheles Q.* on a balmy summer evening in 1942. He was crossing the South Pacific on a transport loaded with soldiers who were to carry on America's first offensive against Japan, and the movie fare that night consisted of training films showing the nature of the enemy. They pictured two mosquitoes—ladies, of course, because only the females bite—on a man's arm. Len noticed that *culex*, the common garden variety nuisance, sat down in a natural position before going after her daily blood, whereas *anopheles* stuck the last two of her six legs high in the air, elevated her rear end, and pointed her nose down like a dive bomber attacking a supply dump. By this unorthodox position, Len was instructed, he could recognize the dreaded carrier of malaria poised for the kill.

But later, in the foxholes of Guadalcanal, Len seldom had time to notice the antics or peculiar stance of mosquitoes. He was extremely busy.

He had to sleep in two-hour shifts with his buddy, sometimes standing up, his face covered with mud for camouflage. He had all kinds of insect companions in his foxhole. "If there were no mosquitoes, there were flies; if no flies, there were ants, or sand flies, or chiggers." At night, when the *anopheles* snoops for food, Len would find those pests on his hands so thick he could "cut them with a knife." He killed some Japs and got a sword slash in his leg, but that was a minor matter. The big trouble came when a poisoned dive bomber bit him and malaria followed. He lost considerable weight, turned yellowish from taking much medicine, and was put out of action.

But when Pfc. Leonard recovers and returns to the front he'll have some powerful new weapons to use against the tiny terrors of the insect world. He'll be able to live and fight in comparative comfort and thus to concentrate on his human enemies. That holds not alone for Len and his pals on the Pacific jungle isles. The American soldier everywhere is today better protected against insect disease than any other warrior in history.

After the war these weapons can be used against the bugs that make life miserable for civilians—not only the malaria-carrying mosquito and the typhus-bearing louse, but flies, roaches, and bedbugs. They offer the promise of almost complete freedom from our "normal" household pests.

But today the priceless products of the scientific laboratories go to the armed forces; for our fighters face some terrible enemies on the ground and in the air in addition to the so-called "higher forms of animal life" such as Germans and Japs.

Newest of these weapons available now to Len and his buddies is DDT, a louse powder that comes in a small gray-blue two-ounce can. The can has holes in the top like a pepper shaker, and is labeled "Insecticide Powder for Body Crawling Insects." It looks like a relatively unimportant product of the war effort, especially for those who still joke about body lice as the ever-present "cootie" of World War I, the "pants rabbit" or "seam squirrel." But the louse spreads typhus, relapsing fever, and trench fever, and typhus killed more than two million men in that war alone.

DDT—the chemical's jawbreaker name is dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane—was developed by Department of Agriculture entomologists through research initiated by the Surgeon General of the Army and selected after 1,000 tests. It is applied to the clothing, and a single application keeps lice away for a month. It is easily administered. The soldier merely sifts some of the powder from the can on the inside of his underwear when he undresses; or a buddy can stick the shaker can up his sleeve, down the back of his neck, or into his pants legs. He can also "squirt" the powder onto his underclothing by means of a hand or power duster. When a large amount of DDT is hooked up to a compressed-air tank with air-pressure lines of hoses, a whole bat-

as, effectively clears tents of pests for long period.

U. S. D. A. PHOTOS BY KANELL

A dusting of DDT will kill anything that runs, crawls, or flies—except man.

talion can be taken care of in a short time.

The powder in a special solution can be used to impregnate underwear, and in this way is effective for two months even though the clothing is laundered once a week during that period. Applied to screens or walls of barracks, mess halls, or stables, the powder kills flies that alight on them.

Len and the lads in the Solomons in 1942 had none of this powder. It was adopted in the summer of 1943. Now it is issued to all soldiers going to louse-infested fronts—of which there are many. In tests the DDT has been found effective against a number of our worst insect nuisances.

We have not yet come to trench warfare as experienced on the western front in World War I, but if we do, DDT should do much to prevent the minor horror of "lousiness." Only those who were there can appreciate that, and the trench fever with its recurrent chills, high temperatures, and semiparalysis.

A SECOND new weapon against the louse is methyl bromide, a fumigant for ridding clothing and equipment of insects and their eggs. This fumigant, which resulted from the research of Randall Latta, entomologist, is used in a portable cabinet, small and compact enough to be carried by plane, far more practical than the big seventeen-ton "double-barreled cannon" sterilizers of World War I. The chemical is also used in an airtight bag by individual soldiers. Clothing and a 20-cc. ampule of the chemical are placed in the bag. It is closed, the ampule is broken, and in forty-five minutes the released fumes kill all lice and their eggs.

Another killer, the "aerosol bomb," scored a triumph over the disease-carrying mosquitoes in the South Pacific, India, Burma, and other tropical areas, and over milder species of the pest on more temperate battle fronts.

We think of mosquitoes as just something to swat on a hot night in July. But our harmless variety has some nasty relatives which spread malaria, yellow fever, dengue fever, and others, as well as a form of elephantiasis called filariasis. Malaria, according to Sir William Osler, is "the greatest single destroyer of the human race." It is a number one enemy of troops. In Macedonia, during World War I, it prevented German and Allied forces from moving against each other for three years. It immobilized entire armies in that conflict.

The cootie and all his insect pals are on the run in this man's war, thanks to new, deadly chemical weapons which mow 'em down

An early success was won against malaria by the rapid production of atabrine, synthetic substitute for quinine, after the Japs cut off our supplies of that tropical drug. Atabrine rushed to the South Pacific early in the war did much to make possible our victories there. But such drugs do not prevent malaria, they merely suppress the effect of its attack. The only way to prevent it seems to be to avoid being bitten by the *amopheles*, which injects the parasite into the blood stream.

The aerosol bomb is a simple device that will give Pfc. Leonard tremendous help in his next battle with the dreaded insect. The bomb is a black cylinder about the size of a stubby beer bottle. Turning a valve releases a foglike spray that hangs in the air like a cloud, killing all mosquitoes most efficiently. It settles into tiny hiding places of dangerous bugs; none can escape it. The gas is colorless, noninflammable, and harmless to humans.

The knockout smoke released in four seconds will kill all mosquitoes in a room ten feet high and ten feet square. One bomb can spray out enough of the deadly mist to keep ten such rooms free from insects for fifty hours. A three-second dose will fumigate a pup tent, which can then be tightly closed to keep out live insects.

THESE bombs are now serving in all combat theaters with great success, and one of their important uses—which will doubtless continue in peacetime days of much air travel—is to spray the interiors of planes to dispose of unwelcome insect stowaways coming from disease-infested regions.

The stuff that does the killing in the bomb is pyrethrum, dust ground out from the white petals and yellow center of a flower resembling a small chrysanthemum, found in Africa. It also grows in Japan and Dalmatia. The pyrethrum extract is mixed with an activator which increases its strength many times, and with a highly volatile gas, freon, used in our kitchen refrigerators, to form the spray.

Another new weapon against the mosquito and other pests is a liquid repellent which actually repels. It is rubbed on exposed parts of the body and can be mixed to form a camouflage "cream" for the hands and faces of our fighting men.

This new battle equipment is not all we have on hand for use against bugs; it simply adds new efficiency to the Army's program for health on the fighting front.

(*Continued on page 62*)

I'LL GO MY WAY

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN EWING

Jerry is home from war, but things are not as Casey dreamed. Events conspire to deepen misunderstanding despite their efforts to overcome it

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN her husband went to war, Kathleen Corliss (Casey) Hayes got a job with the Bower Literary Agency. Harry Bower found her invaluable, especially in handling Kitty Price, an important but flighty client.

Among the several attractive men who tried to mitigate Casey's loneliness was Bennett Rider, moderately successful playwright. Both he and Mag Landon (who shared Casey's apartment) wondered how Casey would like giving up her job to live on a ranch in Texas, which Captain Jerry had said he wanted to do when he got back to the States. Jerry's two years in the Army had been mostly spent in Europe; now, wounded twice, he was coming home for good.

The day of his return Casey had had lunch with some girl friends at the Stork. As they were leaving, a beautiful girl seated at the bar with a naval lieutenant hailed Casey and said she hoped to be seeing Jerry soon. Casey remembered her as Elaine Duryea, a colonel's daughter at Fort Dix, and was furious that Jerry had never told her he was corresponding with Elaine.

She was giving a welcome-home party for her husband that night, but the welcome went awry when he arrived earlier than expected and found his wife bending over Ben Rider, pleading with him to go home. However, Jerry made light of the situation and Ben left.

PART TWO

JERRY was home. Every few minutes Casey discovered that fact all over again with new delight.

"Darling," she said, pausing in the midst of hanging up towels or brushing blouses for him or straightening the bed he'd just sat on. "Darling, you're home! I still can't believe it. I just can't!"

"You're telling me!" Jerry agreed. "I thought I'd never get here! I suppose it's awful to be glad you're wounded badly enough so they have to let you sit out the rest of it, but—well, I am."

His mouth, his whole jawline tightened on that. He stopped for a minute to stand there, remembering. Casey's heart suddenly ached. Sharply. It must have been awful, she thought.

"Jerry! Jerry darling."

"Don't feel sorry for *me!* I got off easy."

There was the ragged line of the wound all along his thigh and very deep. There was the barest suggestion of stiffness when he moved. Massage and therapy had done their work, but it was there just the same. There must be inner scars, too. They hadn't revealed themselves yet, but they were there. They had to be. There was the narrow red line on his arm, where the first bullet had found him. The first time, that was.

"Just a scratch," Jerry said of that. "It got me a week's rest in the hospital. But there was a blonde kid right behind me and they got him in the spine. He's through for life. A wheel chair," Jerry said, and shuddered. "God, wouldn't it be awful, Casey? So you see, I got off easy."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, darling." Her arms went up around his neck and she clung there, burying her face against him.

"Hey!" he said huskily, his hands disarranging her hair. "This is no time for crying all over my fresh tunic. You didn't cry when I left. Remember?"

"I was afraid to cry then. I was afraid I'd have hysterics all over the office. But after you'd hung up, that day you called from Benning, and after you were gone, I cried all over everybody."

Jerry's arms about her were like steel bands. He was hard and lean and exciting and oddly dangerous. He had thoughts and moods and reactions that came upon him suddenly and that disturbed her. She didn't know him quite as well as she'd thought she knew him. It was all very queer. Unsettling.

"You know, darling, we're going to have to get to know each other all over again."

She spoke the words lightly, but he nodded, strangely and suddenly grave.

"I know," he said. "But I think we can do it."

It was amazing how those words of his were to come back to her. Long afterward, when they were different people, she was to remember how he'd stood there, his eyes looking thoughtfully over her head, his face sobered as she had rarely seen it.

"You've done so nicely without me—"

"Nicely? Why, Jerry, it's been horrible! Deadly!"

But nothing that happened for the rest of the evening seemed to bear out her statement. Again and again she felt Jerry's eyes going to her face thoughtfully.

"So this is the way you people have been suffering through the war—" his silence seemed to say, and there didn't seem to be anything with which to refute the thought.

People began to arrive at about seven and every one was wonderful. Jerry had said, "Didn't you think I'd want to have you all to myself my first night home?"

But Casey had said, "Darling, I'm sorry. I thought a surprise party would be fun for you. They're a grand crowd, really they are. Why," she said, "I don't know what I'd have done without them while you were gone. They're just about my closest friends."

Later, she wished she hadn't said that. Because Jerry watched them and listened to them, and after a while a funny little knot of muscles began to beat warningly in his cheek. If Casey had known him better, she'd have seen the storm signals going up, but after all, she hadn't been married to him before tonight. The other had been a honeymoon.

No one could seem to get his name right. Casey felt the palms of her hands growing wet with nervousness.

"This is my husband, Alec."

"Well!" Alec Renaldo said with enormous relief. "Captain Corliss! It's certainly good to get you home again!"

"Hayes," Jerry said smilingly, shaking hands.

"Yes," Alec agreed. Alec had always been somewhat vague, Casey remembered all at once. "Yes, isn't it? Certainly good to get you back. I hope the piano's tuned," he said to Casey. "It wasn't, the last time. Boy, but wasn't that a party? Your wife certainly gives wonderful parties up here!" he confided to Jerry.

Jerry's smile was bleak.

Casey would have to explain that. It had been a birthday party for Harry and Flora Bower and it had seemed politic to give one. It didn't do any harm to be on good terms with the boss's wife as well as the boss.

Alec and his blonde vague wife wandered on into the living room and found drinks for themselves as Marion and Chuck Carter rang the doorbell.

"Chuck, this is Jerry—"

"Well, Jerry Corliss, you old son of a gun! It's good to get you back!"

"My name isn't Corliss. My wife's name is Corliss. My name is Hayes."

Everett Warren was in time to hear that and he thought it altogether wonderful. "'My wife's name is Corliss,'" he sang softly to the tune of Frankie and Johnnie, "'but my name is Hayes.' Say, that's pretty good! Well, Hayes or Corliss, we're certainly glad to see you, boy!"

THE caterer's men were handling things beautifully now, their private disputes settled. Alec Renaldo seated himself at the piano and his strong bony fingers trailed along the keys.

The Nesbits came, and explained that they'd have to leave early for their ten-o'clock performance. Ina Nesbit smiled deeply at Jerry.

"Why, Jerry! You're beautiful, darling! Casey, he's beautiful. Jerry darling, you and I have got to dance. We really have got to dance!"

Alec obliged with a rumba. Ina kept it simple. She kept it, Casey thought grimly, practically elemental. Jerry looked faintly embarrassed. He had never liked bold women. He didn't like Ina. He didn't, Casey realized, her uncertainty mounting, like most of his wife's friends, and looked as though he thought perhaps she always carried on like this with too-gay parties.

Oh, dear. When *was* the day going to come right?

Jerry was at her side. He had a drink in his hand. Not champagne, but whisky. There was about him something that made Casey feel uneasy. Some nameless, disquieting grimness.

"And who," Jerry was inquiring

(*Continued on page 52*)

"Jerry darling!" Elaine raised her mouth, and he obliged with a kiss.

m Goldwyn, one-man movie industry, in a rare moment of repose . . . with Mrs. Goldwyn.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO TAKEN BY
HAL MC ALPIN ESPECIALLY FOR LIBERTY

GOLDWYN'S GOLDEN TOUCH

Sam Goldwyn's fame rests on more solid ground than the sayings he's famous for. He's a serious artist, too, with a genius for making good movies pay

BY EDWARD HUTCHINGS, JR.

SAM GOLDWYN is a greatly understood fellow. There isn't a man in Hollywood who doesn't think he knows what makes Sam run. But there aren't two men who agree on what it is.

Take the theory that Goldwyn actually is a great artist who hasn't the slightest concern for money; then match it with the one about how he'd sell out his best friend to make a dollar. Listen to the stories of how he guards his good name like a jewel; then of how he'd walk barefoot down Hollywood Boulevard to get his name in print. Believe that he's a brilliant conversationalist—or that he can't get through a two-word sentence without stumbling. Accept the report that he is an expert on international affairs, and then reconcile it with the one that he never knows what's going on in the world outside his next picture.

There are two things about Sam Goldwyn on which even his worst enemies are in agreement, though—that he is one of Hollywood's shrewdest business men and one of its smartest producers.

Goldwyn has been making pictures for thirty-one years, and he's turned out such memorable productions as Stella Dallas, Street Scene, Arrowsmith, Dodsworth, Dead End, Wuthering Heights, and The Little Foxes. But, at the moment, Sam would far rather be known as the producer of Up in Arms (his current picture), Treasure Chest (his next picture), and The North Star (his last picture). In that order, please.

Goldwyn has the distinction of being one of Hollywood's most colorful legends while he is still around to enjoy—or endure—that reputation. And the legend is, of course, that Sam is responsible for most—if not all—of Hollywood's favorite jokes.

It was supposed to be Sam who once said, "For this part we need a *lady*—somebody that's *couth!*"

It was Sam who picked up a dictionary one day and started the following conversation: "What a big book! Who wrote it?"

"Webster."

"Must have taken him a long time."

"A century."

"My, my—fifty years."

It was Sam who was walking through a friend's garden when he spotted a sundial and asked what it was. "It tells time by the sun," said the friend. Sam shook his head. "What won't they think of next?" he said.

It was Sam who once asked a sculptor to make a bust of his wife's hands.

But was it? There *was* a time when Sam belonged to the "I-don't-care-what-they-say-about-me-as-long-as-they-spell-my-name-right" school of publicity. He even encouraged his own press agents to pin garbled-English anecdotes on him. Today, however, Sam denies most of the legend built up about him. He won't even take credit for that great contribution to the English language, "Include me out!" As Sam remembers it, he never said anything of the kind. He said, "I wish to tender my resignation."

Speaking in a voice that still has more than a trace of accent, but getting all the right words in the right places, he denies it by the hour. And he can make you believe him, too—because Sam Goldwyn is one of the great salesmen of all time.

(*Continued on page 67*)

BY EDWARD RINGWOOD HEWITT

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

There is a life-with-grandfather ring to this book—which combines pleasant humor with a sense of discovery.

Edward Hewitt remembers when Alexander Bell brought the telephone, when Edison brought the first phonograph, Sholes the first typewriter to his grandfather, Peter Cooper.

He recalls a notable golf game with Carnegie, the time when the Kaiser almost wiped out the whole German General Staff with Maxim's famous machine gun—and other stories of a lifetime that reads as entertainingly as it was lived.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS

IN order that the reader may understand the background from which I write, I give here a short account of my family and the circumstances of my early life. The following sketches and incidents would scarcely be understandable without this.

My grandfather, John Hewitt, came to this country from Penkridge, Staffordshire, England, in 1796. His family had for generations resided at Cannock Chase near by. My grandfather was trained as a patternmaker and furniture builder. On the boat on which he came to this country there happened to be a party of engineers from the Boulton and Watt Engine Works who were coming to this country to build one of the very first steam engines for John Stevens. They required a patternmaker, so John Hewitt was employed to make the patterns for perhaps the first stationary steam engine manufactured in the United States, at Soho, New Jersey.

John Hewitt later engaged in his other trade of furniture making; many examples of his skill are still in existence in this country. He was a rival of Duncan Phyfe in New York, but apparently was not so successful. His work was particularly popular in the South.

John Hewitt and his family lived in a house on Water Street, New York City; his home was also his workshop. One night the house burned to the ground, leaving him penniless. Many of his debtors had failed to pay him their obligations and the loss of his house and workshop was catastrophic.

An uncle of Mrs. John Hewitt, having heard of their distress, drove from Haverstraw to New York City with a wagonload of furniture and supplies for John Hewitt. When the uncle discovered that this aid would be inadequate, he carted the whole family to his home in Haverstraw and installed them in a log cabin situated on a small farm.

My father, Abram Stevens Hewitt, afterward Mayor of New York City, was born in this log cabin on July 31, 1822. He was named after an old farmer at Haverstraw who had befriended the family when they were destitute —the year that my father was born.

Copyright, 1943, by Edward Ringwood Hewitt. Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, N. Y. Price, $3.

After a few years in Haverstraw, my grandfather and his family moved back to New York City. There he again engaged in the furniture business. His son Abram attended public school. In 1839 two scholarships for four years' tuition at Columbia College (now Columbia University) were made open for competition to all the pupils of New York public schools. My father won a scholarship in competition with thousands of others and thus was able to secure a college education.

My mother was the daughter of the celebrated Peter Cooper and of Sarah Bedell, whose families were farmers on Long Island, near Hempstead. Peter Cooper's ancestors came to this country from England in 1662. His uncle, Hugh Campbell, fought all through the Revolution and was Quartermaster General on Washington's staff.

Peter Cooper, who is perhaps best known as the builder of the first American locomotive and the founder of Cooper Union, ran for the Presidency of the United States on the Greenback ticket in 1876, when he was eighty-five years old.

Peter Cooper had a son, Edward Cooper, who engaged

in many enterprises, notably iron mines, and who was Mayor of New York City in 1887-1888.

By the time I was a small boy, my grandfather, Peter Cooper, had acquired what was then regarded as a large fortune, perhaps two million dollars. My father had also accumulated a considerable fortune from his iron business. My grandfather had engaged in numerous enterprises, especially in iron and the manufacture of glue, from which he derived most of his money.

After living for many years on Twenty-eighth Street, Peter Cooper moved to a larger house. During the winters the whole family lived together in my Grandfather Cooper's home, at East Twenty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City. This house was recently pulled down, because of the great expense of upkeep and high inheritance taxes. The big family estate of twenty-two thousand acres at Ringwood, New Jersey, had been a charcoal iron property of my grandfather's. It was gradually transformed into our country home and here we spent many summers when we were children. After my mother's death in 1912, my brother Erskine gave the estate to the State of New Jersey for a museum and park.

When New York Was Newer

New York looked very different in the '70s, when I was a boy, from the New York we know today. The street along the side of our house on East Twenty-second Street was paved with large round cobblestones, some of them over a foot in diameter and sticking up an inch or two higher than the others. There were many mudholes in the roadway. When trucks or carriages passed over the street they made a dreadful noise with their iron tires. Telegraph poles, strung with telegraph wires which often crashed down in big storms, lined many of the streets. I remember how once all the telegraph poles as far as I could see on Lexington Avenue fell down into the street in an ice storm, with the wires badly tangling all the vehicles and the pedestrians on the sidewalks. There were many serious accidents that day.

Ashes and garbage were placed in open barrels on the sidewalk, and ragpickers, who used to pick this material over for paper and rags, often overturned the barrels into the street or onto the sidewalks. The streets were never well swept, as it was impossible to do this with the pavement of that time. Stray dogs and cats were everywhere, many of them almost starving.

A relative by marriage, Mr. Daniel Tiemann, had a country place at 125th Street and the North River. It was quite a large farm; Claremont was part of it. The large white house stood back below the hill, with a long avenue, bordered with English walnut trees, running up to it. Tiemann had been Mayor of New York in the '50s, I believe, and had been the first mayor to establish a regular system of street lighting for the city, as he had been waylaid one night in the dark when he was going home. Because of this experience, there were gas lamp-posts at all street corners in New York City.

A few years after his administration, the finances of New York got into such bad shape that the city had no money or credit, so the City Hall and City Hall Park were sold at auction to cover the city's debts. Mr. Tiemann bought them in for $450,000 and held them for several years, until the city was able to redeem them. He was proud of having made no money from this transaction.

The upper part of the city was more or less open in those days, with country houses here and there. When we drove up there, in my boyhood, the roads beyond the present site of Central Park were all dirt roads.

ALMOST every distinguished person who visited New York came to see Peter Cooper.

When Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, he came to show it to my grandfather, who asked my brother Cooper and me to come into his study and see the new invention. Bell showed us how it was made and explained how it worked. When we got back to the workshop our grandfather had outfitted for us at home, my brother said he did not see why we could not make a telephone ourselves. We set to work. I turned out the wooden earpiece, which we intended to use for both the transmitter and receiver—the carbon amplifier had not been invented. Cooper made the coils and magnet. Then I went to Third Avenue to get a piece of black enameled iron from a tintype photographer for the diaphragm. When we had our two telephones completed we tried them out and found that we could talk through them. Then we had to find a place to use them.

My brother Erskine was ill in bed with scarlet fever at the time. We got his nurse to run the wires from under the carpet into his room to his bed, and we talked to him perfectly. When old Dr. Herrick came to see Erskine he could hardly believe it. We later ran a wire across the street to the home of a boy friend, Tim Mills. The wire was run in between the telegraph wires over the street, so of course the linemen soon took it down. Before they did so, however, we held telephone conversations for a week. I have no doubt that this was the first telephone from house to house in New York.

When Thomas A. Edison made the phonograph, he also brought it to Peter Cooper. Edison explained to us boys just how it worked. His original phonograph was made with a roller, on which was wound a sheet of tin foil. The diaphragm traveled by a screw along the roller while the latter revolved. The diaphragm needle made impressions on the tin foil; these were reproduced as sound when the roller was revolved, and the diaphragm moved by the screw in the same way.

It looked very simple. We boys could not see why we should not make one ourselves. We had the diaphragm material from our homemade telephone and could cut the screw with a die. The main trouble was with the roller, as we had no material for making it. Then I thought of the cook's rolling pin, which I promptly stole when she was in the laundry. It did not take long to rig up the whole device. We found that it would say "Hello" and a few other squeaky words.

The man who made the first typewriter, Christopher

Latham Sholes, also brought it to Peter Cooper. It was a poor affair, in a square wooden box. It wrote badly and seemed to be so complicated and expensive to make that Peter Cooper did nothing about it. The typewriter was not developed to a practical point until years later.

I remember well when the first horsecars were put on Twenty-third Street, replacing the old stages. They were small, one-horse cars, which were later replaced by two-horse cars, as business increased.

Finally came the day of the horseless carriage. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, who lived on Gramercy Park, bought a fine-looking electric open car. We saw it delivered at her house. A demonstrator showed her how to run it. The lever which turned on the power was at the driver's side. All you had to do was to push the lever forward to go forward, and back to go backward, and keep it upright in order to stand still. This was simplicity itself; but the makers did not know Mrs. Fish.

She started out alone toward Third Avenue. Just as she had got going, a big Negro crossed in front of the car. She tried to slow down, but pushed the lever forward, making the car speed forward. The car hit the Negro and knocked him down. Mrs. Fish then tried to stop the car; but she moved the lever too far back, so the car backed slowly and ran over the Negro again. This got her rattled. Again she moved the lever forward too far, and ran over him. Then the Negro sprang up and yelled, "'Fore God, ma'am, you sure is goin' to run over me!" He did some running himself, and disappeared around the corner at high speed and was not seen again.

Mrs. Fish left the car right there, and this was the only ride she ever had in it.

Peter Cooper: Pioneer

My earliest recollection of Peter Cooper, who was born February 22, 1791, is of being in his sitting room, on my grandfather's lap, and being fed gumdrops. Not content with gumdrops only, I reached for some brightly colored candy on Mr. Cooper's desk and quickly put it in my mouth. It proved to be one of the red-pepper lozenges which he used for his throat. When I yelled at the burning taste, he laughed and said, "It is a good thing for you to learn early to leave other people's things alone."

One of Peter Cooper's earliest memories was of being taken by his father to witness George Washington's funeral parade down Broadway in New York. Washington was represented by his military boots, slung across the saddle of the horse he had ridden in the Revolutionary War. My grandfather said that his father had held him up in order that he might see over the crowd. Peter Cooper also remembered well seeing Thomas Jefferson ride up to the hall where the Congress met in New York, tie his horse to a hitching post, and go into the hall.

(I mention these recollections of my grandfather to show that within the space of only two lifetimes—his and mine—the whole history of the United States, as a nation, has taken place.)

Peter Cooper must have become skilled with his hands at a very early age, because he told me that when he was a small boy in Peekskill he made himself a gocart which he painted bright red. When it was completed, it was seen by a rich resident of the neighborhood, who gave him six dollars for it. With this money my grandfather said he had made the best two investments of his whole life. He bought two tickets for the Louisiana Lottery and a large black cigar. He did not win in the lottery, and the cigar made him deathly sick. He made up his mind, from the first of these experiences, that he would never make anything from gambling, but only by saving and hard work. And the cigar persuaded him that his body was not suited to dissipation. Thereafter he never gambled, drank, or dissipated in his whole life. To this he attributed much of his success.

Peter Cooper's family were so poor in his early years that they were unable to afford shoes for the children, who had to go barefooted, even in the snow. One day, when he was a boy, he found an old shoe in the street. He brought it home and took it apart to see how it was made. He thought that he could make a shoe if only he had the materials, so he ran errands and did chores until he had enough pennies to buy some leather, needles, and thread. He succeeded in making himself a pair of shoes, which were not good shoes, but far better than nothing. After a few more attempts, he was making shoes for the whole family.

When Peter Cooper returned home from his office, or from the Cooper Union, he would often sit at his table and write. If he had received any letters, he always cut the envelopes open carefully and removed the front part of the envelope so that he could use the back for writing his signature, which he was accustomed to paste in the autograph albums that were constantly being sent to him for his signature. When I remarked on this economy of paper, my grandfather said that nothing should ever be wasted, not even paper. He wrote very slowly and carefully. He also read extremely slowly and, it seemed to me, somewhat painfully. This, he said, was because he had had only three terms of school in his life.

He had very sharp bones and was not comfortable sitting on an ordinary seat. Most of the chairs in those days were very hard and stiff. He conceived the idea that an air cushion would be softer and could be made with a center hole in it which would entirely relieve the pressure on his bones. I believe he got his friend Mr. Goodyear to help him get the first cushions made. They were always known as "Peter Coopers" in the trade.

WHEN the Erie Canal was under construction, Peter Cooper thought that the boats should be pulled by power instead of by mules or horses, so they could go faster and more cheaply.

To demonstrate this, he built a water wheel on the shore of the East River in New York, near where Fulton Street now is. There was a ledge of rocks jutting out into the river at that point in those days, with a narrow place near the shore where the current was just right for an undershot water wheel. This current furnished the power.

The driving mechanism consisted of a chain, driven by the water wheel, with the chain, as an endless belt, held on wheels on posts. The boats were supposed to make fast to the chain and be pulled along. The chain extended from Fulton Street to Corlears Hook on the East River, a distance of about a mile.

When all was completed and in working order, Peter Cooper asked a number of leading citizens to inspect the device. Among them were Hamilton Fish and Governor Clinton. A boat was pulled against the current at a rate of eight miles an hour. When the test was completed, Governor Clinton expressed himself as entirely satisfied. In fact, he was most enthusiastic and said that this new method should be adopted for the Erie Canal. Peter Cooper was much elated at this. But a few weeks later he received a letter from the governor stating that, while he would like to have mechanical propulsion adopted on the canal, he could not have this done because many rights of way for the canal had been secured on the basis that hay and feed would be bought from the farmers to feed the mules and horses towing the boats. This had been part of many of the right-of-way contracts.

No doubt, the governor added, these provisions would be found to be still in force if the property owners wished to prevent any form of mechanical propulsion which would displace animal power; such a system, he continued, could not be installed unless the property owners agreed to it, or were compensated. This probably has been long since forgotten. For years Mr. Cooper kept a few links of this chain in his desk. I have often seen him take them out and handle them, saying that it was a great mistake that his system had not been adopted. These links are now in the Cooper Union.

Peter Cooper never gave up the idea of using the endless chain. When he bought the Ringwood mines in New Jersey, about 1850, he found them situated about three miles from a forge where the ore was used. The haul with mule teams was both slow and expensive. He conceived the idea of making an endless chain, running on wheels on posts, which could carry a succession of buckets filled with ore. The full bucket would furnish enough power to pull back the empty ones, since the forge was much lower than the mine. This system was in use for

some years and was the first chain-bucket conveyor. I saw the remains of the device when I was a boy.

The story of how Peter Cooper built and operated the first steam locomotive in the United States has been told many times, but there is one feature that is never mentioned. It was necessary to make a small compact steam boiler for this experiment. As there were no good tubes to be had at that time, my grandfather secured nineteen Queen Anne Revolutionary musket barrels for boiler tubes. He made the boiler vertical instead of horizontal in order to save space on his locomotive.

This first American locomotive was built in Baltimore The engineers had not received from England very exact specifications as to the radius of the curves around which the locomotive could pass. In those days locomotives were all built on a rigid frame, which was necessarily rather long. This frame required curves of such large radius that the wheels would not bind.

When further details and specifications were finally received from England about the locomotive which was to be shipped from there, the projectors of the railroad were aghast to find that the locomotive could not possibly go around the curves which had already been built on the railroad as far as Ellicotts Mills—a distance of thirteen miles from Baltimore.

Peter Cooper, who was operating an iron business in Baltimore at that time, saw at once that to get around curves of small radius it was necessary to have the locomotive axles placed close together. He therefore offered to make a demonstration of his ideas and immediately started to construct a locomotive which could pull a car around these curves.

He owned a suitable vertical single-cylinder steam engine, but had no boiler. He then used the musket barrels to which I have already referred. He mounted his engine and boiler on a flatcar and carried the power to the axle by the belt. All this was purely experimental —to illustrate that such a short wheel-base locomotive would negotiate the curves made on the railroad.

The locomotive and car, which he called the "Tom Thumb," carried forty-two passengers the thirteen miles to Ellicotts Mills in one hour and twelve minutes. It was a festive and gala occasion. A short time later two citizens of Baltimore challenged Peter Cooper to race his engine against a horse. A large crowd gathered to see the race.

Mr. Cooper piled on fuel, and the engine and car made a speed of fourteen miles an hour and passed the horse-car easily. However, the belt slipped off the blower which operated the draft fan for the firebox and the steam pressure fell. Much to Peter Cooper's chagrin, the horse-car passed the steam engine and reached Baltimore first. The horse won that race.

Years later an inventor patented the vertical steam boiler. In litigation which followed, the original Cooper boiler used in my grandfather's engine was produced in court. The patent was voided and Peter Cooper was recognized as the inventor of the vertical steam boiler.

He had patents signed by all the Presidents of the United States from Madison to Fillmore—after Fillmore, the Presidents ceased the personal signing of patents. Several of these patents were signed by Andrew Jackson. My grandfather's collection gave one an impressive idea of the continuity of his creative work.

Peter Cooper Helps Span an Ocean

Peter Cooper and Cyrus Field were the leading spirits in the American half of the company organized to lay the first Atlantic cable. Field promoted the company and raised the capital, partly in this country, but more largely in England. In 1857 Peter Cooper undertook the construction of the cable, which was made at the works of Cooper and Hewitt at Trenton, New Jersey.

Special machinery, similar to that used in England for shorter cables, had to be designed and built for this work, since, at that time, there was no factory in the world capable of doing work of such magnitude. The cable was finally laid to Newfoundland, as a first step, and from there to Ireland.

It is not generally known that during the construction and laying of the cable Sir William Thomson (later Lord Kelvin), who was the electrical engineer for the British end of the company, made his well known studies on conductors laid for very long distances under water. He discovered that, owing to the way the cable was constructed, it would not be possible to send messages through it with battery currents, as originally planned, because it would require far too much current to overcome the induction effects. He did, however, discover that by using minute currents which could be detected with delicate instruments, it would be possible to send messages without any danger to the cable. He told me later that he found in practice that most of the time no additional current had to be supplied at all, as the earth induction currents over such a long distance were sufficient to carry the minute signals.

When the cable was finally laid, Sir William had his instruments and methods all ready for use, and the first messages were sent and received during the testing period just after the cable was laid.

As this was being done, the Europe and another steamer collided off the coast of Newfoundland, without loss of life. The cable operator wished to send this information to the owners, but he had been ordered not to send any commercial messages. He therefore sent the news to Cyrus Field in the London office, who forwarded the information to the shipowners. This was the first commercial message of value to cross the Atlantic. When the cable broke down, after six hundred words had passed over it, this message, which was verified by mail later, proved that the cable had really worked—a fact that provided the main encouragement for raising the money to recover the old cable and lay an improved one later.

The repaired cable was finally put in operation for messages on July 27, 1866. Queen Victoria initiated the service with a message to President Johnson of the United States, who in reply sent her a message of congratulation.

WHEN the first cable failed, there was great discouragement among the backers and investors in the cable company. It was thought that such a long span under such deep water would always be a failure and that it was useless to try again. Even Cyrus Field felt for a time very grave doubts of ultimate success. But, encouraged by Peter Cooper, he soon began securing more subscriptions in England for the further prosecution of the venture.

Peter Cooper was not disheartened, as he felt that what had been done once could be done again, if he could find out what the error had been. When the cable was finally recovered, a small spot was found where the gutta-percha insulation was thin and had broken down electrically. This caused the stopping of the current in the cable.

Peter Cooper went at once to the Trenton works of Cooper and Hewitt, his son and son-in-law, but failed to find out how this error could have occurred, until one of the underforemen told him that during a very hot day in August the cable machine had been obliged to stop for about two hours.

The reels of cable were far too large to be wound in the building where the cable machine was installed, so that it had been necessary to run the cable across the yard to a larger building. Evidently, during the stoppage, the cable had become overheated by the sun and the gutta-percha had become so soft that the conducting wires had sunk through it, leaving only a very thin film for insulation. This had broken down under electrical stresses. Thus the cause of the failure was made plain. It could not occur again, investigators discovered, if the cable were run into cold water on leaving the machine and kept cool afterward.

A meeting at the New York Chamber of Commerce was soon arranged to raise the money for the re-laying of the cable. Peter Cooper at this meeting explained the cause of the failure and headed the list of subscribers for the new money with a subscription of two thousand pounds. A large number of others followed his example and sufficient capital was soon raised here and in England.

Of course, the failure of the first cable had very adversely affected the value of the cable shares, which went

down to a very low point. Peter Cooper showed his faith in the enterprise by buying all the shares he could find money to purchase. He never borrowed any money in his whole life.

When the second cable finally became successful, these shares acquired by my grandfather became extremely valuable, as they not only had the earning powers of the cable for dividends, but were guaranteed eight-per-cent interest by the British government as long as the cable remained in operation.

Peter Cooper was finally able to sell his shares at a profit of about two million dollars. It was with this money that he was enabled to complete the endowment of the Cooper Union in New York, the first free night school for working people.

The following instances will show the remarkable vision and business instinct possessed by Peter Cooper:

When the telephone had been in use a short time, there was much patent litigation over the various details and even over the main invention. Mr. Clarence King arranged with all the parties concerned to combine these patents. The control could be secured for four hundred thousand dollars. Mr. King brought to my father the proposition that control be secured.

There was a meeting at our house, consisting of Abram S. Hewitt, Edward Cooper, his partner (Peter Cooper's son), and Mr. King. Peter Cooper just sat by and listened. When nine o'clock struck Peter Cooper got up, stood in the doorway and said, "I am too old a man now to go into any new venture, but this is a good business, because every one wants to talk. I do not regard the present litigation as nearly so serious a matter as the breaking of the first Atlantic cable—and I made a fortune out of that. I advise you to go into this business. And I will put up half the money for it."

Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. King, however, decided that the expenses of the patent litigation would be too great and the result too doubtful, so they did not acquire control of the telephone.

Abram Hewitt, my father, was in close touch with all the metallurgical developments of his day in England. When Bessemer invented the famous Bessemer steel process, my father secured the rights to introduce it in America and built the first converter at Trenton, which worked well. Peter Cooper immediately realized that this important discovery would revolutionize the iron business. He advised my father to give up the great ironworks of Cooper and Hewitt, move to Pittsburgh, and there build a great steel business. Peter Cooper was willing to help finance this tremendous undertaking, but he was unwilling to leave New York—for, far above money, he prized his greatest work, the Cooper Union. My mother did not wish to leave New York either. Therefore, the family decided against going into the steel business. However, Peter Cooper advanced Andrew Carnegie twenty-five thousand dollars for his start in the steel business.

A GREAT part of Peter Cooper's fortune was made in the glue business. When he undertook the manufacture of glue, he made up his mind to make the best and to build up his business on the basis of the finest product.

He established the closest personal relations with all those supplying glue stock for his factory, realizing that the possession of the stock was the key to his successful business. If, he reasoned, he could have all that was produced in the New York area, there would be no danger of any competition.

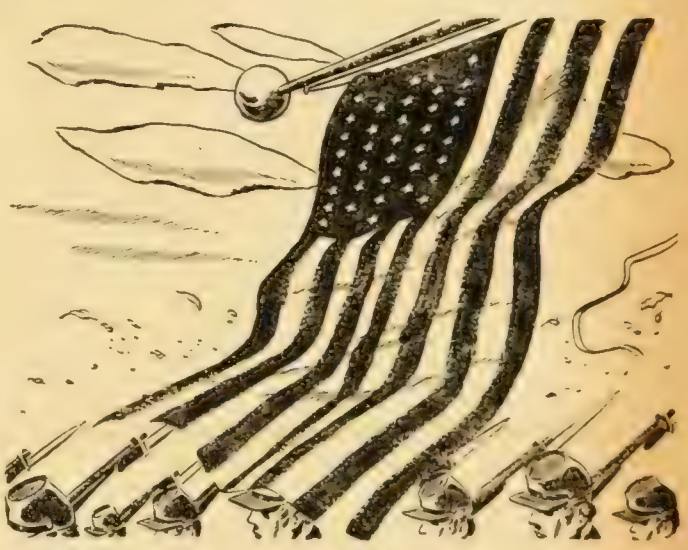
He made all his deals for stock personally, and agreed to pay gold for what he received. The slaughterhouses of that time regarded glue stock as a waste product. Anything they received for it was pure gain. Every year, on the day before Christmas, Mr. Cooper got his accounts made up for the whole year; he then secured gold with which to pay them. He would start out in his gig, carrying the money for these payments, and visit each place where he had secured stock that year. He was always expected; the purveyors of glue stock looked upon this gold as a sort of Christmas present. Naturally, no one could get that trade away from Peter Cooper.

He followed the same custom whenever, during a panic in business, securities went to a low point. He prepared himself for such a disaster every eight to ten years; and he always held a large supply of gold ready. When he judged that the bottom had been about reached, he would put all the gold that he had accumulated into his gig, drive to Wall Street, and purchase the best securities at low prices. He repeated this custom of his so many times, that when his gig appeared in Wall Street during a panic, the word went all up and down the Street that the storm was now about over because Peter Cooper had bought his securities and all would now be well.

". . . At Least Ten Feet Tall"

In those early days of New York, before the Civil War, when my father was a young man, New York was a closely knit community.

As I have said, my father, Abram Stevens Hewitt, early in life showed marked ability combined with decisive-



ness and initiative. At Columbia University he met Edward Cooper, the son of Peter Cooper, and the two youths immediately became fast friends. This friendship, which was to last all of their lives, was the beginning of a business partnership which grew through the years and finally controlled two of the largest ironworks in America—and, of course, Peter Cooper's glue factory, as well as many other interests.

It was also the beginning of a much more important partnership for Abram Hewitt and for me. As the two young men became constant companions, it was natural that Abram Hewitt should meet Edward Cooper's sister, Amelia. He fell in love with her and they were married five years later.

Edward Cooper was Mayor of New York several years before my father was elected. He is reported to have made an excellent mayor. He always devoted himself to the Cooper Union and was its president for many years after the death of his father, Peter Cooper. He was my father's business partner for over fifty years, during which time they had no serious disagreements.

Just before the outbreak of the Civil War, Cooper and Hewitt had been very active in the steel and iron business. To make their output had required much scrap iron. One of the best sources for scrap at that time was to be found in the arsenals of the United States government.

Shortly before Fort Sumter was fired on, Cooper and Hewitt had been buying scrap on a large scale from all the government arsenals. The man who had this purchase in charge had reported to my father that the gossip which he heard while at the arsenals indicated that the great supply of small arms, which had previously been stored in the arsenals of the North, had been removed and shifted to points in the Southern States some months previously.

When war finally broke out my father felt it his duty to call President Lincoln's attention to these

rumors. He wrote the President, urging him to verify at once the number of arms in the various arsenals.

Lincoln immediately found that the War Department reports of the arms stored in the armories were incorrect, and that the arms had been largely removed to the South. He sent to Europe at once, bought all the available arms which could be procured there, and thus forestalled the agents of the Confederacy by only a few days. I have heard that about seven hundred thousand stands of arms were thus secured.

My father told me that the gossip at the arsenals was that the orders for the removal of the arms had been issued by a United States general while he was Chief of Ordnance for the United States, and who later joined the Confederacy, but no written orders to verify this gossip have ever been found. It is now impossible to verify the facts.

It is, however, certain that at the outbreak of the war, far too large a proportion of the small arms of the country were found to be in the Southern States. It is also evident that had this not been the case, the Southern leaders would not have been able to put such large armies in the field at the beginning of the war, and they certainly would not have been able to put up such a fight, as there were at that time no factories in the South capable of making the quantity of small arms required for the numerous troops which the South had to equip.

During the Civil War campaign to open up the Mississippi River, General Grant was held up by the Confederates at Fort Donelson, at the mouth of the Cumberland River. He felt that the fort could be reduced only by heavy mortars. The mortars themselves were available, but Grant had no suitable mounts for them.

The heads of the United States government arsenals stated that it would take a number of months to make these mounts at the arsenals. So President Lincoln, who knew the urgency of the demand, wrote to Cooper and Hewitt to see if they could get the mounts out in less time. My father undertook the job at once. He put all his works at it with all the energy he possessed. He succeeded in making and shipping thirty of these mortar carriages in the unheard-of time of three weeks, although all the steel had to be made for them. This was done at no profit to Cooper and Hewitt.

A bill for twenty-one thousand dollars for costs was rendered, but its payment was very much delayed. Cooper and Hewitt could ill spare such a sum at that time. My father finally decided to go to Washington and see the President. Of his meeting with the President, he wrote:

"I was received on sending in my card, in advance of a large number of persons waiting admission. The President had never seen me before, although I had heard him deliver his Cooper Union speech, and therefore knew him by sight. He received me with great cordiality and said, looking me up and down from head to foot, 'You are not such a hell of a big man after all. I thought from the way you made those mortar carriages that you must be at least ten feet tall.' "

My father said that he then explained to President Lincoln the object of his visit. Lincoln expressed surprise that so small a sum should be held up, when the work had been so promptly done, at no profit. He at once sent for Secretary of War Stanton, who knew my father well. Lincoln remarked to Stanton, "Do you suppose that if I should write on this bill, 'Pay this now,' the Treasury would make settlement?"

Stanton shrugged his shoulders. The warrant was sent for, and Lincoln wrote across it: "Pay this bill now. A. Lincoln." Not content with that, he added, "Now, Mr. Stanton, I want you to do me a service. I am going to trouble you to go to the Treasury Department with Mr. Hewitt and see this bill sent through the proper channels for immediate payment."

My Father the Mayor

When I knew him, my father was never really well, although he lived to be over eighty-one. He always complained that he slept very badly and that he had but a few hours' sleep at night. I believe that this was mostly his feeling of what had happened, because I have often known him to come back from downtown and throw himself on the sofa in his library—where I would find him sound asleep. Afterward, he would say that he had not closed his eyes while lying down.

This habit prompted my brother Cooper to remark, "Father goes to bed, falls asleep, and dreams that he is lying awake."

At the time that J. P. Morgan organized the Steel Corporation, my father was about ready to give up his beam-and-girder business at Trenton, so the New Jersey Steel and Iron Company—my father's concern—was incorporated in the U. S. Steel Corporation. My father thought he was now out of the steel business for good. He retired in order to take a more active part in public life. Mr. Morgan, however, did not feel that my father was through, and when the list of directors of the Steel Corporation appeared in the newspapers, my father found that he had been named as a director. I accompanied him to Morgan's office at once, as my father had no intention of being a director.

Mr. Morgan came to him from behind his big desk, put his arm about his shoulder, and said, "Mr. Hewitt, I know why you have come to see me. You don't want to be a Steel director. But you must do this for me, even if it is only for a short time. I have men on that board who know the steel business, and also men who are honest. But I have no honest man on the board who knows the steel business. And I must have at least one."

My father replied that if it were put that way, he supposed he would have to serve, but on only one condition—that he should act as he thought right and take orders from no one. Mr. Morgan agreed to this.

A year passed, and it came time for the annual report to the stockholders to be made. By that time the shares of the Steel Corporation had gone down greatly in price, and the outlook for the company was none too good. My father again went to see Morgan at the latter's house, and asked what kind of report was to be made. Morgan frankly told him—a whitewashing report, which would not disclose the exact status of the affairs of the company.

My father then said that he must hand in his resignation, as he could not be a director of any company which did not make a full and honest report to the public on the use of the public's money, for which the directors were really trustees.

Morgan replied that he would like to make a complete report, but if he did, the shock to the market would be such that he could not support the shares, and even the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company might be seriously involved. My father refused to be shaken from his ground, while Morgan stormed up and down in his library.

My father held his ground. Finally he announced that, when he handed in his resignation, he intended to make a statement to the press of his reasons for doing so—a statement to the effect that the directors, under the instructions of Mr. Morgan, had refused to make a full and accurate statement of the affairs of the company. Then, said my father, we'll see what will happen.

They parted, with both parties remaining absolutely firm. In a few days the final directors' meeting before the report would be made public was to take place. My father heard no more from Mr. Morgan, who was to attend the Episcopal Convention in Cincinnati on that date.

The day before the meeting my father was very nervous. He slept not at all that night, he said. Next morning, I went down with him to his office. The meeting was to take place at eleven o'clock. At ten thirty a messenger brought him a letter from Mr. Steele, Mr. Morgan's partner, saying, "I have just received the following telegram from Mr. Morgan: 'Do exactly as Mr. Hewitt directs at today's Steel meeting,' Signed, J. P. Morgan."

I have never seen such a weight lifted from any one as from my father at that moment. He felt that he had won the battle for honest accounting of other people's money—and when this was once done by the world's greatest corporation, others, he felt, would be forced to follow its lead. This is just what has happened since.

The firm of J. P. Morgan weathered the financial storm. Several years later my father was giving a big dinner at his house to raise money for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. After dinner, as he was standing by the mantelpiece in the parlor with twenty-four of New York's most distinguished men about him, Mr. Morgan came over to him and put his arm about his shoulders and said, "I want all these gentlemen to know that you have been my best friend. Without your advice and insistence on making complete accounts of the Steel Corporation public, I do not believe the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company would be in existence today. You have saved my business career and my reputation, and I want all these gentlemen to know this."

Sultan Abdul-Hamid

Sir John Pender, M. P., president and largest stockholder of the Eastern Cable Company, wanted to entertain my father in return for a trip that he had made with us through the Yellowstone Park in 1882. After grandfather Peter Cooper's death in 1883, we all went to Europe. Sir John then invited my father and me to take a cruise in the waters around Greece in one of the steamers of his cable company. We spent a month on that cruise and then met the rest of the family in Constantinople. General Lew Wallace, author of Ben-Hur, was at that time American Minister to Turkey. As he had known my father in Congress, he called at once, and suggested that we all see the Salamlik the next day, which was Friday, when the Sultan attends services at the mosque.

That afternoon the Sultan sent for General Wallace and asked about the American party who had been at the ceremony in the morning. Wallace told the monarch of my father's political career, and said that it was quite possible that my father might be the next President of the United States. (Later it turned out that Samuel J. Tilden refused to approve of Mr. Hewitt, and Cleveland got the nomination. Tilden had remained very vindictive as the result of the Electoral Commission decision which had seated Hayes in the Presidency, and blamed my father, who had run the Democratic campaign, for the final result. Tilden's letter, in reply to the committee asking whom he would prefer as the 1884 Presidential candidate among the various Democrats suggested, stated that he disapproved of all of them except Grover Cleveland, Mayor of Buffalo. Tilden wrote: "Take Cleveland. I never heard of him.")

During the audience, the Sultan asked all kinds of political questions. He wanted to know what Mr. Hewitt thought of the administration of Turkey. My father asked Wallace, "Shall I tell the truth?" Wallace answered, "Yes." So my father expressed his opinion of the dreadful way Turkey was than governed, and did this very fully.

The Sultan was not offended at all and, instead, asked my father to return several times for other talks. This began a friendship which lasted for years. Every Christmas for a number of years after our trip my father received a letter from the Sultan, accompanied by a present.

I do not know whether the Sultan imagined that my father might still become President of the United States some day, or whether Abdul-Hamid felt a genuine liking for the only man who had ever dared to tell him the truth in his whole life.

The first present, I recall, was a shipment of six Turkish rugs, of large size, from Smyrna. They were of fine color and texture but not of very attractive design. My father went to Gorham's in New York, bought several copper and silver vessels, the outstanding novelty at that time, and forwarded them to Abdul-Hamid.

The following Christmas an inlaid box desk of ivory and ebony arrived from Turkey for my father. When opened, it was found that the fittings inside were of solid gold. My father was quite puzzled as to what would be a suitable return present, but eventually he sent something that he considered appropriate.

The next Christmas the present from Sultan Abdul-Hamid consisted of diamond shirt studs and cuff links. At this my father became alarmed. He wrote the Sultan that the exchange of presents having reached diamonds, it had gone beyond the capacity of any humble American citizen to reply suitably, so that the studs and links must be the final present.

My father thought this would settle the matter. But he little knew the Sultan.

The following Christmas brought a letter from Sultan Abdul-Hamid, saying that as Mr. Hewitt was such a great scholar and savant, he ought to have a complete library. The Sultan, therefore, was sending him a set of all the books ever printed in the Turkish language up to that time—fourteen hundred and fifty volumes, bound in red morocco, with the Sultan's own monogram in gold.

The books soon arrived, together with a notice from the New York Custom House to the effect that the duty on the shipment was fourteen hundred and fifty dollars. My father was dumfounded. He was at a complete loss what to do. He could not refuse the gift, but at that time he did not wish to spend fourteen hundred and fifty dollars for something he did not want and could not use. At last he had a bright idea which solved the whole difficulty. He would present the collection to the Library of Congress and there would be no necessity for paying duty.

He at once wrote to the Sultan of Turkey that since such a collection of books was too fine for any private individual in America, he had donated it to the Library of Congress, where all the citizens of America could read the books.

My father felt that he had found a wonderful solution of his difficulties, and he was still congratulating himself on his clever idea when he received another letter from the Sultan. In it Abdul-Hamid said that as Mr. Hewitt had been so very generous with the books, he was sending him another set.

This time there was no possible escape. The duty was duly paid. When the second shipment of fourteen hundred and fifty books arrived, it was placed in storage in our stable. There it remained for a number of years, undisturbed.

One night my wife and I were dining with my father and mother. Dr. John Dyneley Prince was one of the party. He was at that time professor of Oriental languages at New York University.

When my father happened to tell the story of the books, Professor Prince said at once that such a collection should be in the Oriental Department of New York University. So my father gave him the set on the spot.

Hiram Maxim: Inventor

In the spring of 1889, when I was in London with my father, Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor, called on him at his hotel. I had known Maxim well from the time when I was a very small boy; in fact, he had taught me to work in my own workshop and I had studied with him in his machine shop in Centre Street, New York City.

Hiram Maxim's inventive genius worked with such

rapidity that it was hard for the world to keep up with him. For many years he had been making so many novel electrical inventions that American companies engaged in exploiting electrical devices were constantly upset in their plans by being obliged to change their products before any money had been made from commercial exploitation.

In desperation, they finally got together and made a joint deal with Maxim. The terms were extraordinary. Maxim was to go to Europe for ten years at a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year, remain in close touch with all new electrical inventions for the companies, but under no condition was he to make any new electrical inventions himself during that time.

Naturally, this enforced idleness got on his nerves. As he was a man of the greatest mental and physical activity, he was constantly looking around for some other field in which to employ his inventive genius. He had given the subject of guns much careful thought, and he devised something which he thought of value. One day, when he was having lunch with some leading bankers and business men in London, he remarked that he did not think highly of the military weapons in use in the British Army at that time. He said small arms should be made fully automatic, so they would fire and reload themselves, and shoot more shots per minute.

As he talked at the luncheon table, the men present asked Hiram Maxim whether he could make such a gun as he described and what it would cost if he could make it. He stated, offhand, that he could make such a gun for ten thousand pounds. The money was subscribed there at the table. On the following day Maxim hired the shop that he had already selected, got together the necessary tools, and began work on the model of the gun that he had in mind. In six weeks he summoned the luncheon party for a demonstration of the first automatic machine gun. It fired six hundred shots a minute and was operated entirely by the force of the recoil. This was an entirely novel method of gun operation—the forerunner of all present-day automatic weapons.

The Maxim Gun Company was at once formed and the capital subscribed. Works for the manufacture of the guns were built in Crayford, Kent, England.

THE new Maxim gun was so arranged that it would travel in a circle, or any desired part of a circle, and return, in such a way that it could be operated from a distance and mow down lines of advancing soldiers. Maxim told me that when he was making a demonstration for Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, the Kaiser wanted to fire the gun himself and sat down on the gun seat in order to do so. The Kaiser inadvertently set the circular travel mechanism, so that the gun began to revolve, and he would have mowed down the whole German General Staff and all the spectators if Maxim had not jumped in and checked the mechanism. After that experience, Maxim no longer put this device on gun carriages except on special order.

In his library one evening later on, Maxim told me that he considered the gun a very fine piece of work, but it was about completed now, so he was turning his interest to new channels and would show me next morning what he was doing.

On the following day we drove over to Bexley Heath, where he had bought Crayford, an old manor house and park, for his flying-machine experiments. A large building had been built, with doors opening a hundred feet wide at each end. This was to be used as a hangar for the airplane, when completed, and for a workshop while construction was under way.

When I saw the work that Maxim was doing, I was full of youthful enthusiasm. Maxim told me that he needed some one to help him in making tests and asked me if I would stay with him for the summer and help with the experiments. I talked this over with my father, who was delighted to give me permission.

Thus I became Hiram Maxim's testing assistant and returned to Crayford to take up my first job. The fundamental experimentation had only just begun. As almost nothing was known at that time about the action of screw propellers in air, and it was even maintained by many engineers that little power could be developed by a screw in an elastic medium like air, it was necessary to get at all the facts accurately from the beginning.

To do this, we made one hundred and sixty propellers of various pitches and curvatures and sections, which were all tested and their push determined for the power applied. Under Maxim's directions we finally worked out propellers which gave an efficiency as high as ninety per cent and aerofoils which gave a lift as high as one hundred and forty pounds per horsepower, applied to the screw when run at just the right speed. This work took all summer. It was about completed when I was obliged to return to America in late September for a postgraduate course at Princeton.

I also spent the summer of 1890 with Maxim at Crayford. By that time, the airplane work was much further along. The steam engines had been completed and tested and had been installed in the center part of the frame, together with the boiler.

A wooden track was constructed from the shop across the large open space in front of the house, fifteen hundred feet in length, with a bottom rail for the wheels of the airplane to run on, and an upper rail two inches above the top of the wheels, so that, if the plane lifted from the lower rail, it could still run against the upper rail and the lift could be measured, and proof of the lift could be obtained without danger that the plane would rise in the air before its flying quality had been worked out. All the adjustments in actual motion could be tested without danger.

During my second summer with Hiram Maxim at Bexley Heath we ran the central part of the plane many times while the wings were being completed. After I was obliged to leave Bexley Heath, Maxim ran the machine many times, with the wings in place, and found that the wheels of the carriage quickly lifted from the lower to the upper rail, showing a lift of over six hundred pounds against the upper rail, measured by a spring balance attached to the axles for that purpose. This demonstrated clearly that the machine could lift itself from the ground by its own power. It was the first heavier-than-air machine ever to do this.

Flying, however, was soon found to be quite a different matter from obtaining lift. One day Maxim and his helpers were running the machine at full speed, when a gust of wind came from a large tree close to the track. This caught under one wing and twisted the machine so that the wheels were sprung out of the confining tracks and the machine became free in the air. It began to rise rapidly, but was not level, so Harry House, who was at the throttle of the engine, shut it down, although Maxim called for full speed ahead. House had simply lost his nerve—as well as his only chance to make the first flight of any distance in a heavier-than-air machine.

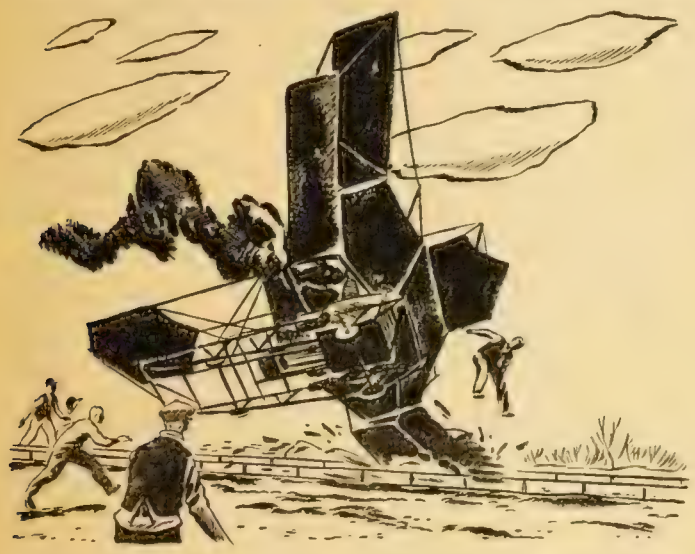
The plane fell on one wing, and the whole frame was smashed up, although the power plant was undamaged. The machine was not rebuilt, as Maxim realized that the wings and general construction were not practical for flight and would have to be entirely redesigned before another flight could be attempted. The money advanced by his backers was entirely exhausted—and they were unwilling to put up any more after the first flight failure. If the money had been supplied, I have no doubt that Maxim would have developed a practical flying machine in a couple of years, at most. This was, however, left for the Wrights to accomplish years later.

Andrew Carnegie Regrets

Shortly after the organization of the U. S. Steel Corporation, I was on my way to Europe with my father. Andrew Carnegie, who had just sold out his huge steel interests to the new corporation, was on board. We had our meals at the same table and Carnegie's deck chair was placed next to ours. One morning, when I came on deck, I found Mr. Carnegie wrapped up in his Scottish plaid steamer rug, seemingly dozing. But he kept mumbling to himself. I leaned over nearer to him. He was saying over and over again, "I never ought to have done it. I never ought to have done it. I could just as well have got another hundred million dollars."

I told my father what I had heard and he asked Carnegie what it all meant. The great steel magnate explained that he now felt he never should have closed the deal for the sale of his steel business to the Steel Corporation on the terms he had accepted, because he held the key position in the industry and could easily have exacted another hundred million dollars for his colossal business interests. It was not the money he regretted, he told my father, as he had all that he wanted and more; it was the fact that he had not obtained as much as his business was really worth. His Scottish nature rebelled at allowing anything to get away from him, or any one to get the better of him.

A little man, resembling the bust of Socrates, mourning because he did not get another hundred million, when he already had five or six hundred million, seems fantastic, but it is well to look on all sides before we express a judgment on others. Andrew Carnegie had done a service to this country which was only partly repaid by the money he received. My father, in his acceptance



speech when he was given the Bessemer Medal by the American and British Institutes of Mining Engineers, said that the improvements and innovations which Carnegie had introduced into the steel business by his own initiative had produced enough additional wealth in the United States to pay off our whole national debt.

I will give a few instances of how this was accomplished, which will show the extraordinary vision, courage, and ability of the man—which have not been matched in our time. There is a feeling at the present time that great fortunes were all made by gouging other people and underpaying labor. Few realize that many of these fortunes were made by great contributions to our economic system, and were the direct result of savings made in manufacturing processes and business methods, from which every one has since benefited through being able to obtain cheaper and better goods. The great fortunes represented only a small part of the money made by the brains of our pioneers in industry. In my opinion, they were amply entitled to what they received.

Carnegie himself told me about Charles M. Schwab, whom he had made superintendent of his great furnaces at the Carnegie works at Pittsburgh.

"One day I received a telegram from Schwab, requesting an immediate appointment in New York City. When Schwab came into the library of my home, I said. 'What on earth is so urgent?'

"Schwab answered, 'I've just put a new blast furnace in operation, and while I stood there looking at it, I wondered what would happen if I were to blow twice as much hot air into the furnace as has ever been used before. Would it make more iron or would it melt the furnace down?'

" 'How much iron is now being made in this furnace?' I asked.

" 'Four hundred and fifty tons a day,' said Schwab.

" 'Well, Charlie, how much more can you make with hot air?'

"Schwab replied, 'Possibly eight hundred tons.'

" 'What will it cost to make the additional hot blast stoves and blowing engines? Also, how much will it cost to melt down the original furnace and rebuild it?'

" 'Perhaps three hundred and fifty thousand dollars,' replied Schwab.

" 'Do you mean to tell me that you see a chance of doubling your output of iron by an experiment which might cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—if it should fail—and you come to ask me what I think about it? You go back to Pittsburgh and don't come bothering me again about making improvements in your plant so long as you yourself feel sure that there is a good chance of doubling your output. Now, either melt that furnace down or double your iron and let me know.' "

Schwab went back to Pittsburgh, doubled his hot-air equipment, and started up the furnace—still wondering if he would not have a disaster on his hands. The furnace worked perfectly. Output rose to nine hundred tons a day. Costs went down greatly and the operation of the furnace was much improved. This courageous experiment resulted in more and cheaper iron for the whole country from that time on. No one had ever had the courage before to take the risk involved in trying such a radical experiment.

CAPTAIN JONES was Mr. Carnegie's superintendent of rolling mills at Pittsburgh. While Mr. Carnegie was in Europe, Jones had planned and built a new rolling mill, which was considered the most up-to-date at that time. Captain Jones was just going to put it into operation, so he asked Carnegie to be present when they started the rolls. Carnegie and Jones were standing at the end of the great mill, looking down over the vast floor covered with machinery. Carnegie remarked, "This is a fine sight, and a very fine mill, and you are to be congratulated."

"It is a fine mill, all right," Jones agreed, "and better than any other, but since I have seen it going, I cannot help but feel that if I had it to do over again, I could so arrange it that I could make the beams a dollar fifty a ton cheaper."

"Are you sure you could do this?" asked Carnegie. "What did this mill cost anyway?"

Jones said he was certain that he could save at least a dollar fifty a ton. The mill, he added, had cost two million dollars.

Carnegie looked at him and said, "Tear the mill down and rebuild it at once. I want the best mill you can make, and no second best."

After it had run only two days, the rolling mill was dismantled and rebuilt. The saving amounted to two dollars and fifty cents a ton, instead of a dollar and fifty cents. Mills built later all over the country have been operated with the same saving of expense. In the long run, the public has reaped the benefit of this saving.

Andrew Carnegie had business associations with my father for many years, so, as I have said, I knew him from my early days. I was invited on a number of occasions to visit him at Skibo Castle, his famous residence in his native Scotland.

Among the house party on one of these occasions was Mr. Pritchett, who was at that time head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He and I were taking a walk along the shore of the bay when he confessed to me that he was troubled and undecided what to do. He told me that Benjamin Franklin had left ten thousand dollars in his will to the city fathers of Boston, which was to be invested and reinvested for one hundred years, and then the whole accumulated capital and interest were to be used for some educational purpose, at the discretion of the city fathers. The time had now come to make use of this fund and a committee had been appointed to decide what was to be done with it.

Pritchett then told me that he had surveyed the field without finding any suitable purpose which could be accomplished successfully with four hundred thousand dollars, the total amount of the fund at that time. The sum, he felt, should be twice as much if anything adequate were to be done. He wondered if Mr. Carnegie would give an equal amount. "But," he said, "he is my host and I am afraid to ask him."

"I think that maybe I can solve this difficulty and get you the money," I said.

"How are you going to do it?" asked Pritchett.

"Mr. Carnegie has asked me to play golf with him tomorrow morning," I explained. "If he should win the game, our host will be feeling fine and will no doubt give you what is wanted. If you meet Carnegie and me as we walk back from the golf course and tell him your story, all will be well, I feel sure."

Pritchett agreed to try my plan.

On the following morning Andrew Carnegie and I reached the golf links along the banks of the Evelicks Lake about ten thirty. As we were selecting clubs, the keeper drew me aside and whispered, "The laird does not like to be beaten, sir."

"There is not the slightest danger of that today," I replied.

But I little knew what a job I had undertaken.

Mr. Carnegie had not begun to play golf until late

in life. Although he was an enthusiastic player, it had been too late for him to acquire any great degree of skill. His drives were of the order of one hundred and twenty-five yards, so the course had been laid out to suit his game. Naturally, being younger, I drove a much longer ball, so it was a simple matter to overshoot the Carnegie greens.

We played eight holes and were all even in playing the ninth. The keeper stepped up and whispered, "Ye are doing fine, sir. Keep it up. Come down later and we will have a real game."

The ninth hole was my Waterloo, because Mr. Carnegie, who had the first drive, went into a bunker close to the tee. The green was an easy iron shot from the tee and the hole should have been made in three or four, at most. I drove clear over the green and out into the rushes along the lake. The keeper whispered again, "That was one grand shot." The ball was lost, so that counted three. My shot with the new ball drove it into the mud, which required three more shots to extricate it. But Mr. Carnegie, unfortunately, had gone into another bunker in approaching the green, and taken five shots to get out, making him ten on the green.

Something had to be done, as I had only taken eight so far. I lofted the ball over the green into some cattails on the left side, taking five to get out. This made me thirteen to Mr. Carnegie's ten, on the green. But it took him four shots to get in the cup; so, taking two myself to get in, he won by one stroke. The keeper was jubilant.

"The laird will now be feeling fine, sir," he said. "That was well done."

We walked off toward the castle, half a mile distant, and had not gone far when Pritchett appeared. I signaled that all was well. He told the story of the Franklin bequest, of which Mr. Carnegie had not heard. When Pritchett had completed the tale, Carnegie turned to him and said, "I will give as much as Ben Franklin any time for education, but only on one condition—that my name be not mentioned in connection with the gift. You must promise me that you will not mention that I gave it."

Pritchett promised. The Franklin bequest was doubled by an anonymous donor. My four-hundred-thousand-dollar golf game with Andrew Carnegie has never been described before—but as both Pritchett and Mr. Carnegie have passed away, there is no longer any reason for secrecy. I always knew that golf was a good game, but never suspected that a single game would be good for four hundred thousand dollars.

Student Days in Germany

At the present time it would be difficult for any one of a younger generation to comprehend the reverence that the whole world had for German education in the '80s and '90s of the last century. It was universally felt that no scientific education could be complete without courses at a German university.

My father, of course, concurred in this view. He therefore decided that when my postgraduate year at Princeton was completed I should have at least one year in Berlin to finish my studies of chemistry in the accepted way. Mr. Clarence King, the famous geologist and brilliant conversationalist, was one of his best friends; so my father got him to travel with me in Europe for a month or so, showing me the European galleries from the point of view of an expert on art, and then he went with me to Berlin, where he introduced me to some of the notables and arranged for my matriculation in Berlin University.

We came to Berlin in late August, 1891, as I remember, when I was twenty-five years old. I was duly presented to Hofmann, the great synthetic-organic chemist of his time, under whom I was to take my chemical course. Hofmann had worked with Perkin when the latter had developed the first aniline dye—mauve—and had himself soon after discovered methylene blue. He also made many other valuable new compounds and developed many new methods.

I was also presented to Baron von Richthofen, the celebrated geographer. While I was studying in Berlin, I went to the baron's house several times. He had two very young boys at that time, the older just able to walk, and the other still in a baby carriage. One of these was later the Von Richthofen of the "Flying Circus" of the First World War, the most famous of all German aviators.

Wedding, head of the Social Democratic Party in the Reichstag, was also one of my father's friends whom I met. Mr. Phelps, also a friend of my father, was American Minister to Germany at that time. By the time I entered the university early in October, I did not feel entirely strange in Berlin.

Dr. Wedding made a prediction to me when we were talking one night after dinner at his house, which has been proved strictly accurate by subsequent events. He said that at that time there was in Germany an absolute majority of liberal-minded people, and that the ruling aristocracy were very much afraid of not being able to retain the control of the country under her then system of government which necessitated having appropriations for the German Army voted upon in the Reichstag. Dr. Wedding predicted that if at any time these appropriations were refused by the Reichstag, there would be a European war soon afterward, as war would be the only way by which the ruling class could still retain their control of the government.

When the army appropriations were defeated in May, 1914—nearly a quarter of a century later—I said to my wife that if Wedding had really known his Germany, there would be a European war that summer. Everything looked so quiet in July, 1914, however, that I went salmon fishing in Newfoundland. Far up on the Gander River, I heard about the war. When I reached Halifax, troop trains were already passing us on the railroad.

At the university we had lectures almost every day, either by Hofmann or his assistant, Pulvermacher. The German lecture is peculiar. All the students must be in the lecture room before the hour of the lecture, as the door is closed exactly on the hour and no one is admitted

after that. Exactly one minute after the hour the door beyond the lecturer's desk opened and the professor was already lecturing when he passed through it, beginning, *"Meine Herren, heute haben wir—"* and so forth. By the time he stood behind the desk, he was already well into his subject. At the close of the lecture students stood while the lecturer departed amid absolute silence.

In a large apartment on the Pariser Platz, facing the Brandenburger Tor, lived a family called De Vesilitsky. The head of it came from Russia. His wife was an American, who had two daughters for whom she entertained a lot. She used to invite the members of the American colony and many Germans to her parties. I was taken there on a number of occasions.

De Vesilitsky ran an agency for furnishing information to newspapers. In Germany at that time it was the custom for most newspapers to purchase much of their material already prepared for publication.

In conversation with De Vesilitsky I happened to mention my ideas of military organization, which I had mostly acquired from Sir Hiram Maxim. He seemed so interested in what I had to say that he finally asked me if I would write him out what we had talked over, so that he could put it into print.

I thought this a good opportunity to spoof the German Army, as I knew that Germans, at that time, often took things seriously which had been meant as a joke. So in my army article for De Vesilitsky, I made the point that Germans were poor marksmen and only a few could ever learn to shoot straight. Therefore, I argued, the right method to use in the German Army was to have only those men shoot who could shoot well; the rest of the army, I wrote, should carry ammunition and spades, so that they could dig themselves in and be safe.

The modern machine gun, I went on, made it necessary to have more ammunition than could now be made available unless this were done—and the good shots could shoot it all off easily. In fact, the whole organization of the German Army was all on a wrong basis, according to my article, and should be changed at once.

The article created a sensation. It was copied at once in ninety-six newspapers all over Germany. The German General Staff replied at length and refuted all the statements in the article, which, of course, was not signed.

The son of a very old friend and business associate of my father, Karl Eilers, arrived in Berlin that winter. He repeatedly asked me to call with him on a Midwestern American girl whom, he thought, I would like to know. I just as repeatedly refused, as I did not want to meet any American girls at that time.

In spite of my protestations, Karl Eilers was so persistent that I finally reluctantly consented to be taken by him to call on the Midwestern girl whom he knew. She was different. Apparently a girl always is when the right one comes along. I was in for the surprise of my life. Miss Ashley was tall, queenly, and the most beautiful person I had ever seen. Also her conversation was so sprightly that I found, to my amazement, that instead of being bored to distraction by small talk, I was enjoying myself more than I ever had in my life.

We saw each other a great deal from then on, but after that evening I made up my mind that I would not remain in Germany to complete my studies for my doctor's degree, I would return home to America as soon as my present course was completed, begin serious work, and settle down in life.

The Right One Comes Along

During the spring and summer following my return to America, while I was working as chemist in the glue factory in Brooklyn, I was anxiously awaiting a ship's whistle. At last, in November, Miss Mary Ashley arrived, and I went out to visit her in Toledo, Ohio, where the Ashley family lived at that time.

And at last Miss Ashley said the words that I wanted to hear. We became engaged in November, 1891. The following summer Mrs. Ashley, her mother, took a house on Put in Bay Island in Lake Erie. It was planned that our wedding would take place there on September 7, 1892.

The family tradition is that the Ashleys settled first in North Carolina in the seventeenth century, but later moved over the mountains into Kentucky. My wife's grandfather was a Campbellite minister and Second Adventist. He was a great religious organizer and a fine preacher, who would get a parish going well, so that his family could at least have something to eat and wear, and then receive another call from the Lord and move on to another part of the country.

My wife's grandmother finally rebelled, refused to move again, and remained rooted in Kentucky, saying that if her husband wanted to roam after the Lord he would find her right there when he returned. She brought up the family herself, in some way, and her husband always found them well cared for when he came back from his wanderings.

My wife's father, James M. Ashley, inherited his mother's spirit, but very little from the Lord. One day, when he was about eighteen, he had a dreadful row with his father, the preacher, about the latter's ideas on supporting the family. The old man drove his son from home, shouting after him, "You're on the straight road to hell!" A few years later, when the son—my wife's father—was elected to Congress, the first thing he did, on taking his seat, was to write to his father on paper with the congressional letterhead: "Dear father. I have arrived."

JUST before and during the Civil War, James Ashley was in Congress. All through the struggle he was very close to President Lincoln, whom he represented many times. Finally James Ashley was instrumental in putting through the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, against slavery.

During the Civil War, while James Ashley was congressman from Ohio, a delegation from Ohio came to Washington, called on him, and asked him to arrange an interview for them with President Lincoln. This happened almost at the close of the war, when Grant had Lee's army cornered but as yet no final decision was in sight.

As time wore on, the Union losses were mounting, with no apparent result. The Ohio delegation waited on Lincoln and asked if something could not be done at once to shorten the struggle. President Lincoln listened patiently to what they had to say and then replied, "Everything we can do is being done, and will be done. If Mr. Ashley wants to satisfy himself and you that this is so, I will give him a pass to go to the front and see General Grant. He can then make up his own mind on the spot."

Ashley left for the front next morning. After his arrival at headquarters he was shown into General Grant's tent, where he found the general smoking a big black cigar, with a large glass of whisky on the table by his side.

Grant asked him why he had come from the President. Ashley replied, "I want to find out if something cannot be done at once to shorten this dreadful struggle and hasten the end."

Grant did not answer, but touched a bell and gave an order to the officer who appeared: "Tell them to attack."

In a short time the battle broke forth. Grant remained perfectly still, but he kept looking at his watch from time to time. When a half hour had passed, he again touched the bell, and gave the order, "Cease firing."

In a little while an officer handed Grant a paper, which he pushed over the table to Ashley. On it was written: "Five thousand casualties."

Grant turned to Ashley, saying, "You tell the President that I have them *like that"* (clenching his fist). "And tell him also that for every man who dies on our side, two die on theirs. Tell him I've got them."

Ashley went back to Washington, feeling that despite the horrible toll the war was in the only hands which could end it, that nothing better could be done. Appomattox and the final surrender came soon afterward.

MRS. HEWITT and I were living on Ninth Street near Fifth Avenue in New York City in 1895. There I had been seeing a good deal of the celebrated Nikola Tesla, who at that time had his laboratory below Washington Square. There he had been making a large number of experiments with Geisler tubes, in which I had a very

special interest, because my brother Cooper was also working with them.

One day Tesla remarked to me that he ought to take some photographs, using three tubes as a source of light. I suggested that Mark Twain would be an excellent subject to photograph by the new light. I promised to bring him over next day, as he was coming to lunch with us. Mark Twain readily consented. After lunch, we all walked down to Tesla's laboratory.

It had been arranged that my wife was to read to Twain while the exposure was being made, as this was sure to take some time, because of the weakness of the light. As I remember it, the exposure time was fifteen minutes. Mark Twain sat perfectly still, with his head supported by a headrest.

Two days later I went down to see Tesla, to find out how the picture had turned out. He said that it had been a complete failure—so much so that he had thrown it aside in the dark room. I asked to see the plate. But Tesla said it had been completely spoiled.

About two months later the discovery of the X ray was announced by Roentgen. I again went down to see Tesla and begged him to get out the plate and let me look at it. He brought it out of the dark room and held it up to the light. There I saw the picture of the circle of the lens, with the adjusting screw at the side—also round dots, which represented the metal screws in the front of the wooden camera.

Tesla gave one look. Then he slammed the plate on the floor, breaking it into a thousand pieces, exclaiming, "Damned fool! I never saw it."

I don't suppose that I would have recognized what we had photographed and the enormous value of the discovery any more than he had. But I certainly would have liked at least to have had the chance to look in time. So far as I know, Tesla never mentioned this incident to any one during his lifetime, and I have been very careful about mentioning it for fear of hurting his feelings. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. We both missed it.

Only a very short time after this experience, my wife got a needle broken off in the sole of her foot. The maid had stuck this needle into her dress and dropped it in the bathroom while cleaning up, so that it had stood vertically in the bathroom rug. Mrs. Hewitt, in stepping out of her bath, had set her foot squarely on the needle, causing it to break off inside the center of the sole of her foot.

Dr. Hawkes, our surgeon, said that he would have to make a deep and large incision to find the needle and remove it, as there was no way of knowing which way it had gone. This, he told me, would make Mrs. Hewitt lame for some time.

I suggested that before doing this we try to take an X-ray picture of my wife's foot in Nikola Tesla's laboratory, with the Geisler tube which he had used on Mark Twain. Perhaps, I told Dr. Hawkes, he could locate the needle in this way and be able to make a small incision instead of a large one and get it out readily.

Tesla very kindly agreed to help me. We strapped my wife's foot in a wooden rest that I had made, in such a way that she could not move her foot during the exposure of forty minutes with the Geisler tube. This time I did the reading. The result was surprisingly good. The picture is one of the best X-rays I have ever seen. And it was probably the first X-ray picture taken in America for surgical purposes.

Dr. Hawkes removed the needle in a few minutes by making only an extremely small incision, which healed at once and caused no further trouble. I still have the plate. It would be hard to persuade any modern X-ray technician that such a picture could ever have been taken at that time with a Geisler tube without a target within the tube. All I can say is that it was done—and that I saw it done.

WHEN the time came for my father and Edward Cooper to settle up their business affairs—they had reached the age of nearly eighty—they found that this was a difficult thing to accomplish with justice to both families. In their lifetimes they had both seen so many family quarrels over property that they wished to avoid any such occurrence in their own families. It was not at all likely that coming generations could get along without friction as Abram S. Hewitt and Edward Cooper had done so remarkably for over fifty years, so it was therefore decided to divide the family business into two parts—which had been appraised as of equal monetary value—and to draw lots for those parts.

One lot was to include the glue and gelatin business, the other the iron business, which consisted of the Trenton Iron Company and the blast furnaces at Pequest and Durham. The Ringwood mines and property had already been transferred to my mother. The glue business, owing to a carefully worked-out financial transaction, was considered far the more desirable, because of its yearly earning power and possible future development. The iron business would require a large capital and great expansion before it could be made to earn good dividends.

When all the details of the division had finally been worked out and agreed upon, there was a family gathering for dinner at my father's house. After dinner, two slips were placed in a large Chinese bowl. My mother drew the lots. The Hewitt family got the iron business—greatly to my own disappointment, as this would naturally remove me from the glue business, where I had been working and for which I had trained intensively over a period of years.

Having made a careful survey of the iron business, we of the Hewitt family unanimously decided that we did not have enough capital to make a success of conducting and remodeling it, so we proceeded to sell the Trenton Iron Company to the U. S. Steel Corporation. We also disposed of the blast-furnaces properties. The Ringwood property remained in my mother's possession until her death. The mines at Ringwood were eventually sold to the United States government for war production of iron ore.

There never has been the slightest friction in all the settlements of the various family business and property interests. This, of course, was due to the example and wisdom of my father and my uncle, Edward Cooper. Peter Cooper's kindly, generous spirit thus lived on in our family relations through the third generation.

The Spoke-and-Sprocket Days

When the pneumatic-tired steam-driven Locomobile was placed on the market in 1899 I was among the first to buy one. This is possibly an appropriate time to think back to that occasion. I remember, for instance, that Thomas Edison's eldest son Thomas, Jr., got a Locomobile the same day I did.

My Locomobile was mounted on wheels with wire spokes which were screwed into the rim and hooked into the hub. The tire was a single pneumatic tube about three inches in diameter and was cemented to the rim. The chassis frame was of steel tubing, like a bicycle. The car had no doors (just doorways) and no top, and was steered by a tiller. Under the driver's seat was the engine, a two-cylinder model with a sprocket in the center of the shaft and a chain a little heavier than a bicycle chain running to another sprocket on the rear axle. Back of the driver's seat was the boiler.

It was what is called the vertical-tubular type and was fired by a gasoline flame in a firebox just below it. When the flame was shut off, a small pilot light kept burning, so that you could light the firebox when you needed more steam. The flue gases came up through the boiler and passed out through louvers in the sides of the car, near the back. The pressure gauge was on the dashboard and the water gauge on one side of the car. The throttle was at the driver's right elbow and was moved forward for more speed, backward for less. Flames used to come out of the side outlets of the firebox, especially on windy days, and to overcome this difficulty I had two small smokestacks made and fitted them over the outlets. The Locomobile was better with the smokestacks, but it was not perfect.

Mrs. Hewitt and I took one of our first drives early one evening from Garden City, where we were living, to the home of some friends at Old Westbury. Watching the water gauge, the steam gauge, and the firebox flames,

we got across the plains safely and arrived at our hosts' house in good shape.

They were very much surprised to see our Locomobile, for there was only one other car in that region at the time —a French Panhard owned by William Vanderbilt. We left about nine o'clock for the five-mile drive home, and I was disheartened to find that a stiff wind was sweeping over the Hempstead Plains from the west. The wind seemed to increase the boiler draft and I tried to turn down the gasoline flame before anything happened, but the mechanism failed to function and flames began to come out of the openings in the sides of the car, making a great show in the dark. I called to Mrs. Hewitt to jump, which she did nimbly enough.

I managed to shut off the gasoline flame, scorching my hair only slightly in the process, and when I looked up there was a small crowd standing around us in the darkness. We never knew where the people came from in that wilderness. Presently I got the flame regulated, and we set off again. We reached home without further trouble. It was after this adventure that I constructed the two smokestacks, which, while they did not entirely keep the flames from shooting out, made it considerably safer to drive the car in a wind.

Mrs. Hewitt was fond of the Locomobile and I soon taught her to drive it. She never mastered all of the car's intricacies, and I don't blame her. If anything happened to it when she was driving alone, she would just get out and leave it, which was by far the wisest thing to do.

THERE was a wreck on the Long Island Railroad at Queens one day, and, unable to get home from the Peter Cooper glue factory in Brooklyn, where I worked, I telephoned Mrs. Hewitt and asked her to pick me up in the car; I would walk toward her from the Queens station until we met. When she had gone about three miles she noticed that the water gauge showed the boiler was almost empty; evidently the pump was not functioning.

She stopped in front of a saloon at a crossroads, shut off the gasoline flame, and got out of the car. A lot of men were sitting on the porch, and she asked if any of them knew anything about a steam engine. The proprietor of the saloon, who was also on the porch, wanted to know what was the matter with the car. Mrs. Hewitt replied that the water was getting low in the boiler, that the pressure was rising, and that she was sure the boiler would blow up soon. The proprietor asked her if she would mind moving the car down the road a bit, but she said she was not going near it again, and explained that the gauge, being on the dashboard, could be watched from the porch. A few of the men stepped inside the saloon, but the rest watched the indicator in the gauge climb, fascinated.

After about fifteen minutes I came walking down the road from the direction of Queens, saw the car, jumped into it, turned a few petcocks and pulled levers, and drove it off up the road. The saloon proprietor asked Mrs. Hewitt if she had ever seen "that young fellow" before. She replied that he happened to be her husband. Pretty soon I came back with the water at the right level and the pressure down to normal. Mrs. Hewitt got in and we steamed off home. Every one watched us go without saying a word. The car was all right. Mrs. Hewitt had merely forgotten to open the petcock on the water-feed pipe to the boiler and the pilot light had kept on heating what little water there was in the boiler, thus raising the pressure.

More and more cars appeared on the roads the year I bought my Locomobile, and the next year speed regulations began to appear. We were once arrested in Islip for going over ten miles an hour and were fined ten dollars. Another time, when we were staying briefly in New York, we were going uptown to dinner and I thought we would drive, it being a clear warm night. As we reached Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, a policeman stopped us and placed me under arrest, saying we were going over fifteen miles an hour.

Naturally I protested, but in those days there was no leniency and no tickets; immediate arrest and jail was routine. I told Mrs. Hewitt to call up my brother-in-law, Dr. James O. Green, and tell him to come and bail me out, and then to go on to the dinner herself in a cab. I was ordered to drive to the Tenderloin police station and there was locked up, but Dr. Green came at once and I was only an hour late for the dinner. I was fined, as it turned out, five dollars.

This episode irritated me, and I determined to get even with the New York police. Accordingly, on the next afternoon, when Fifth Avenue was crowded with horse and automobile traffic, I carefully drove up and down the most congested sections at a speed just under fifteen miles an hour. I had, of course, carefully checked my speedometer that morning. It was not long before an officer stopped me and asked me to drive faster and not block traffic. I told him that I refused to speed up, that I was just traveling under fifteen miles an hour, and that he could not make me go faster, because I had been arrested the night before for going over fifteen miles an hour. I intended to continue to drive just under the legal rate all afternoon. On my next trip back up the avenue a police captain was waiting for me, and we argued the question all over again, but I remained firm. I blocked the traffic the whole afternoon and the police were stumped.

The next morning the head of the traffic police came to my house to argue with me, and I told him it was no use, that I would block traffic whenever I had the time until the regulations were made more reasonable. He pleaded with me to wait until he could take the matter up with the higher authorities, saying that perhaps he could arrange to have the regulations changed, and asked me please not to let the matter get into the press.

I agreed to make no statement and to write no letters to the papers, and in a few days he came back to see me and told me that the speed limit was to be raised to twenty miles an hour and that the officers had instructions not to arrest anybody any more except for really fast driving. As far as I know, mine was the last arrest made in New York for driving over fifteen miles an hour.

A couple of months after this my mother telephoned to Mrs. Hewitt that there was to be a big dinner party at Ringwood for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and that we were to come for the week-end. My father, when he was Mayor of New York in 1888, had married the Duke and the former Mrs. Hammersley at the City

Hall, and this was their first visit to America since her fortune had rebuilt Blenheim. We packed a hamper full of evening clothes and set out about eleven o'clock in the morning from Garden City.

We had no trouble until we were approaching Jamaica. We were going along a new road that had a high bank on either side, and apparently the gully they formed gave the wind at our backs a particularly good sweep at our firebox. The flames came out of the vents with extraordinary spirit, and set fire to the spare tire I had fastened to the rear. I stopped the car, jumped out, and extinguished the fire by rubbing the tire in the dirt at the

side of the road. The clothes hamper had also been exposed to the flames, but it seemed to be only slightly scorched.

We got across the ferry to Jersey without incident. Then, near Ringwood, some ball bearings in one of the front wheels were crushed; the wheel had to come off and new ball bearings had to be put in. There were also two or three punctures and one puncture plug blew out, so we arrived at mother's house just in time to dress for dinner.

When we got to our room, I opened the hamper and found that Mrs. Hewitt's dress, which was on top, had been rather badly scorched, but my mother's maid took it away in a hurry and, by sewing on tulle and ruching and lace and what not, made it look better than it had before. Mrs. Hewitt did not need fine clothes, anyway, to be the best-looking woman in any gathering. When she was ready to go down, she asked me how I was getting along, and I replied that I was all right, since my dress suit had been at the bottom of the hamper and apparently had not been damaged at all.

There were twenty for dinner, and I found myself sitting between great puffed sleeves on either side. I could just see my plate through the crack. During the fish course I began to feel cool about the knees, but thought nothing of it. Then, later, when the whole lower part of my legs began to feel uncomfortably cold, I investigated with one hand and found to my horror that I had hardly any trousers on at all. The trousers had been lying in the hamper, folded so that the whole front crease on both legs had been close to one side of the hamper, and the cloth had been burned almost through along the creases. The pressure of the knees as I sat down had made the cloth give way, and the trousers just split right to the floor.

I could not imagine what I was going to do. I am afraid that my conversation suffered, and one of the ladies asked me what I was thinking about so intently. I made some evasive answer; I was too busy deciding how to get out of this novel situation. Finally I had an idea. In those days it was the custom for the gentlemen to conduct the ladies to the drawing room and then return to the dining room for smoking. When everybody got up from the table, I got up just a moment or two late, so the other guests had their backs turned to me; then, holding a napkin across my lap, I walked in the other direction into the butler's pantry, with the remains of my trousers trailing behind; made my way from there to my brother's room upstairs, borrowed another pair of trousers, and came back to the dining room, where the gentlemen had gathered again. I don't think that any one noticed that I had been absent, and if some one did, he doubtless thought I had been suddenly taken ill. But when I told Mrs. Hewitt about it in the drawing room, she laughed until her eyes were wet, and she couldn't keep the story to herself.

In any event, that last accident was too much. I had suffered all things from that car, I thought, and would perhaps have gone on patiently struggling with it, but now that it had dissolved my trousers at a dinner party for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, I was through with it. That was our last trip in the pneumatic-tired, steam-driven Locomobile.

Balnakielly

Mrs. Hewitt and I had always wanted to spend a summer in Scotland, and soon after this, the opportunity came. As I had often been in Scotland and was fairly familiar with the country, it was easy to choose the section we would prefer to live in.

I wrote to Mr. Andrew Anderson in Perth, one of the most reliable agents for places in all Scotland, whom I knew, asking him for descriptions of moors for rent. The region about Pitlochry, in Perthshire, which is exactly in the center of Scotland, seemed the most desirable from my point of view, because this spot has the best summer climate in the British Isles. At the same time it is so situated that there are good roads in all directions—north, south, east, and west—whereas, in most Scotch districts where there is any good sport, there are rarely more than two or three roads available for motoring.

The places offered were of all kinds. It soon became evident, on looking over the descriptions, that the rents were based on the average bag of game—one pound a grouse, five pounds a salmon, ten pounds a stag—and seemed more or less independent of the style or size of the house or the furnishings and appointments. In some places the tenant must agree to kill as many as five thousand rabbits, or pay to have them killed. As I did not want to go into the rabbit-killing business, this eliminated a number of places.

Many of the moors were much too high in price for

us, or the houses were unsuitable for our family and guests. At last we decided upon a place called Balnakielly, right near Pitlochry. It had a moor of about four thousand five hundred acres, and the average bag of grouse had been from eight to twelve hundred yearly over a number of years. There was no fishing, except in a small loch, and no deer forest. This moor had been poor shooting for several seasons; for this reason the rent had been reduced somewhat, to a point which we could afford. I took my chances on the game, which, in fact, turned out to be as good as we ever wanted.

The stone house of Balnakielly was what is called a "laird's place." It had been built about 1800 and had seventeen bedrooms—all we needed for any party we might have. We liked it so well that we retained it for four years and would have gone on longer if we could have afforded to do so.

As soon as we were settled, much of our time was spent in driving about and exploring the beautiful countryside. As the days are very long in summer, one can go driving after dinner, and see well up to ten o'clock at night; one can even play golf after dinner. There is no hot weather at all and no great variations such as we have in America. I remember driving to Edinburgh in late July and coming out of the hotel to find our chauffeur mopping his brow with his handkerchief, mumbling to himself, "Oh, this dreadful heat of the lowlands." When I asked him where this heat was, he replied, "Right here, now; there is a heat wave on—it is seventy degrees. This heat is dreadful." He wanted to get back at once to his cool pleasant hills. One wears woolen clothes all summer, and, sometimes, rather thick tweeds, even in August.

We were most fortunate in having an old friend, who belongs to a well known Scottish family, stay with us for most of our first season, and she introduced us to all the local gentry. We had a rare chance to see the inside life of the countryside, also to find out how wonderfully hospitable the people were to strangers when once they got to know them.

There was one old couple who lived across the river from Pitlochry whom we asked to visit us for tea on a certain day. They were very late in arriving. When they came into the house, the lady explained that her husband had only recently learned to drive a car, but had never been able to learn to turn around by backing it. When they started from their place, she said, he had driven past the crossroad leading to Balnakielly. As he

could not turn, he had to drive sixteen miles to Perth in order to be able to go around a city block and get his car turned in the right direction.

The grouse season opens August 12, right at the height of the summer, and provides the best sport just at the time when most people are able to take their vacations. For this reason Scotland is the best summer holiday place in the whole world. Besides the shooting, all the social activities are at their height.

Our keeper, Lamont, was a dour Scot if ever there was one. I had a hard time to thaw him out, but, following some suggestions made by a friend, I finally succeeded. I told him that as he was a professional keeper, whose family had been keepers on the Duke of Atholl's estate for many generations, he knew the keeper business, but that I, having been brought up in America, could not be expected to know the Scottish gentleman business. Therefore, I pointed out, he must be kind enough to tell me what a gentleman ought to do. He shut up like a clam. Then he growled, "It is no my place to do that and I will na do it."

I told him to go away and come back next day, after he had thought it over, as he might change his mind. It was not fair, I said, for one party in a country place to know his business and the other to be all in the dark from no fault of his own, except the accident of birth.

On the next day Lamont came to the gun room at Balnakielly. He said that he had thought it over, and, if I would not be offended, he would tell me some things I should do. I got out a pen and pad and took notes.

THE first thing he said was: "Would it be too much to ask that each of the shepherds on the moor be given a pound each at once?" I said that this arrangement was all right with me—but asked why the shepherds should get paid by me, as they did nothing for me that I knew of. Lamont replied that if his suggestion were not followed, the shepherds might drive the sheep in the early morning over the part of the moor where we were to shoot that day, which would mean that we would get no shooting. I saw the point.

"Would it not be better," I asked, "if they got two pounds apiece?"

The dour Scot looked shocked. He replied, "One pound is right. More will spoil them."

Lamont's next suggestion was that I send grouse to a list of local people who ought to have them. The first on the list was the local schoolteacher. I asked why he should receive grouse.

Lamont replied that we would be driving after the first of September, when school began—that there might be a great scarcity of beaters at that time—and that there might be a school holiday on the days when we wanted to drive. As it turned out, we were never short of beaters, although I heard tenants complaining that they had much trouble in getting them on near-by moors. I never asked any questions—but I noticed that after September first the beaters seemed very young. I always had a good hot lunch served the beaters, as they did a hard day's work and the one sandwich that each of them brought from home was not enough for them.

The next on the list was the police captain in Pitlochry. I could see the point of this, but did not imagine how soon it would be useful. Only a few days after we had sent the captain his first brace of grouse, our chauffeur, in driving to town, was run into by a boy on a motorcycle coming out of a driveway. The boy, who was going fast, hit the front mudguard of our car, and tumbled head over heels down a bank, while his motorcycle broke a lamp-post. He was only slightly hurt, but I was much alarmed and went at once to the police station to see how much trouble I was in for. The captain was most pleasant; he told me there would be no damage to be paid for, because he had examined the motorcycle carefully and had found the brakes badly out of order and the boy entirely to blame. However, he said that he thought it would be a good plan if I would pay for the repair of the lamp-post, which would cost ten shillings. I gave him the money and heard no more of the matter.

Lamont's list was quite long, but everybody suggested by him as a recipient of grouse was on the list for some good reason. The innkeeper of the little hotel just by our gate was down for a brace. The reason for this was that Lamont thought it would be a good thing if our help were not made drunk at the inn. This proved an excellent idea.

I had met a Colonel Frazer while on a visit to a country place in England and I wrote to him, asking him to visit us at Balnakielly for a shoot. He replied that he would be unable to do so immediately on account of business engagements. He asked me if we would like to invite his son, Alistair, instead, who would be having his furlough from the Guards at that time. I wrote Alistair to come along and his father could join us later. One very rainy day, when we were in a store at Pitlochry, I noticed Alistair standing in the doorway, looking steadily down the road, talking to himself.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"It is a very hard day on father," he answered.

"Your father will not melt in the rain, after all his campaigning in Flanders," I said.

"It is not that," said Alistair, "but he is coming from England in an open car, and here he will be in the Highlands without his kilts on."

"Well, he can put on his kilts before starting," I remarked.

"Oh, no," Alistair replied. "You can't wear kilts in England and you must wear them in the Highlands."

"Where do the Highlands begin?" I asked.

"At the center of Stirling Bridge," said Alistair.

Frazer had on his kilts when he passed us. As he could not wear them in England, and a Frazer of the Black Watch must wear them in Scotland, he must have put them on in the center of Stirling Bridge.

One is constantly finding evidence of the fierce loyalty for the Stuarts which still exists in Scotland. One lady, a friend of ours, had an old aunt who lived at the ancient family place at Glen Alladale. They had been Stuart adherents in the Revolution of 1745, and she had inherited many relics of Prince Charlie. Years later, when Queen Victoria was making one of her tours of the Highlands, she sent word that she would stop at Glen Alladale to see the relics. Our friend said to her aunt, "You must have felt very much honored." The old lady replied, "Do you think that I would allow a Hanoverian in my house? When the Queen came, I sent out word that I was ill. I sent the relics out for her to see. She did not cross my threshold."

This house was originally built in true Highland style. It had no stairs but only a hole in the ceiling of the hall. The upper stories were reached by a ladder resting against the side of the hole. When the family had retired the ladder was pulled up, so that no night-prowling raiders could disturb them in their sleep. There was no chance for father, out late at night, to crawl quietly upstairs to bed. Our friend told us that when she was a child they still had no stairs, but since then they must have made up their minds that raiding at night is now a thing of the past.

ONE of our guests at Balnakielly told us a story which is also typical of the old-school Scots, who must have their rights, no matter what the cost. During the first World War an elderly Scot was busy on government business, which entitled him to a rebate on his railway ticket. His shortest way to London was by the Great Eastern Railway, but the ticket man on that line refused him his rebate of threepence on his ticket. So that Scot wrote to the company telling them to make him a refund or he would no longer use their railway. Then he started using a branch line, which connected with the Midland Railway—and he kept on writing periodically to the Great Eastern for his rebate. Finally the Great Eastern agreed to a refund. The complainant replied that this was not enough—he must have a formal apology. The vice-president of the railway then came all the way to Scotland to make the refund and tender the formal apology of the company so that the irate gentleman could again use the line most convenient for him. He would not be deprived of his rights, even if it cost him money and inconvenience.

One season we heard that the Duke of Atholl had not been able to rent his moor of fourteen thousand acres, at Faelar, which is the highest grouse moor in all Scot-

land. Lamont told me that there were a lot of birds there, which could be shot over dogs. At once I arranged to rent the moor for the grouse shooting at a very low rent.

The drive into the moor from the main road is seventeen miles through an absolutely uninhabited wilderness. There is a lodge for the tenants, and small cottages for the keepers in the loneliest place I have ever seen.

"Do all the keepers remain in this desolate spot all winter?" I asked one of the keepers.

"We do," he answered.

"If one of you should get sick while you are snowed in, what do you do?" I asked.

"We give the sick man a glass of whisky," he said.

"But if he does not get better, what do you do?"

"We give him a larger drink of whisky," was the reply.

"But if he is not better then?"

"Aweel, we give him a real man-sized drink of Scotch whisky."

"But if he is not better then?"

"Aweel, any Scotsman who does no get better after he has had twa good drinks of Scotch, and one man-sized drink, is no worth saving."

During our several seasons in Scotland I had taken some very beautiful color pictures of the scenery and of the gardens which our neighbors had been so kind as to allow us to visit. I thought it was a pity to take these pictures back to America without first showing them in Scotland. Therefore I asked Mr. Anderson, the agent, if he thought the local gentry would be offended to have me, a stranger, invite them to come to a show. He replied that he was sure they would be delighted to come, and he gave me a list of all the neighboring places in the county, telling me that it did not matter whether I knew the owners or not. Mr. Anderson arranged for me to have the hall at the museum in Perth for the show. On the day set, about two hundred neighbors came, while many others wrote notes of regret that they were not able to be present.

The show was a decided success. At its close the Duke of Atholl arose and thanked me for the exhibition, which, he said, they had all enjoyed. He never had known, he told us, what a beautiful country he and his fellow Scots lived in until an American came over and showed them what they possessed. After the entertainment we all had tea on the terrace of the hotel overlooking the River Tay. It was a pleasant leavetaking and a suitable close to our Scottish visits.

When a guest, on taking his leave, addressed me as "Balnakielly" I knew that we had been accepted in Scotland.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IF THE novelists keep up, the Department of State, which recently inaugurated that radio program to acquaint the public with its activities, will have to call it The State Department Talks Back.

Laura Hobson took a crack at its handling of the refugee problem in The Trespassers, and now comes another novel which swings an even sharper punch. **Liberty Street**, by **I. V. Morris**, states the refugee side of the case in what amounts to a flat warning to the red-tape boys that they'd just better watch out.

In Santa Rosa, the capital of a Central American republic, Marie-Té, Baroness Falkenborn, awaits visas for herself, her little brother, and her Uncle Konrad. These democratically minded Austrian aristocrats hope to find refuge in

I. V. Morris

America until they can return safely to their homeland.

Marie-Té is a young, honest, remarkably beautiful girl whose decorative qualities intrigue the American Minister, Harrington, as much as her other virtues distress him. He likes her—not well enough to hasten her visas when she needs them to attempt to save her brother's life—but enough to take her to dinners, to cocktails, to bridge—and enough to be jealous when his First Secretary, Camberly, also displays an interest which is more receptively met.

Camberly is more Marie-Té's kind—a more humane, more democratic American, the kind of man

Mildred Walker

who vouchsafes the hope that America will assume the beneficent, democratic role the rest of the world now expects of her.

Against the background of the triangle indicated above, plus the smoldering hatred which an Armenian refugee, Kerjanian, holds for Mr. Harrington and the austere bureaucracy he represents, the novel plays out to its dramatic conclusion. In doing so, it entertains and tells a fast-moving (sometimes a heart-moving) story, and gives an interesting picture of Santa Rosa's inhabitants, from the lowly and poverty-ridden Indians to the pseudo-cosmopolitan diplomatic set.

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y. Price, $2.50.

A FINE novel of character development is **Mildred Walker's Winter Wheat**, the story of Ellen Webb, whose New England father and Russian mother raise wheat on a Montana ranch. Ellen goes to school in the Middle West, meets and falls in love with a boy whose background and family are so different from hers that he finds it impossible to bridge the gap.

When he walks out on her, Ellen's strength and her love for the country in which she was raised, as much as her self-respect, carry her through. She teaches school, learns to understand her parents, grows up, and discovers more about what love is. As she does, the reader learns to like and admire her—and finds himself engrossed in a story as fresh and invigorating as a spring wind over a new-plowed field.

Published by Harcourt Brace & Co., N. Y. Price, $2.50.

ONE of the best books I have read on modern China and the people responsible for its destiny is **Sharks' Fins and Millet** by **Ilona Ralf Sues**. Miss Sues describes not only the coast cities but the interior, and not only the glamorous personalities such as the Chiangs, but the sinister ones, too—and she has a swell section on the interior and the famous Eighth Route Army. It's lively, readable, informative, and highly recommended.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, $3.

"First Robin"—2 words that mean awakening spring

2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"

You might properly say that Walker's DeLuxe is *born* smooth, for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement smooths it right from the start. And then it is cask-mellowed four full years. Tasting the result, you'll quickly realize that the two words, Walker's DeLuxe, describe the all-time peak of whiskey smoothness. Let us add that Walker's DeLuxe is not plentiful—the supply must last longer than originally intended because the distillery is now making alcohol for war.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 90 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1944

EMERGENCY CALL

Continued from Page 17

had ruptured the liver. It was a dangerous wound, unpredictable and difficult to handle.

"I did a sloppy job—the gun slipped when I—" Tom Spalding said in a feeble but defiant voice. "Don't waste your time—I want to die—"

Surprised, he looked down at the young man. Tom Spalding was broad-shouldered and heavy-set; his face, though pallid from loss of blood, was a good courageous face. Certainly, Dr. Kennedy told himself, the boy wasn't the type he had come to associate with suicide.

"You'll be glad of my time tomorrow," he said sternly. "All right, nurse."

Tom glared at them sullenly as the nurse impassively adjusted the mask.

Dr. Kennedy gestured at the transfusion apparatus and said, "We'll have to use that."

"There's a temporary shortage of plasma," Davenport explained quickly. "I've typed him and sent for a donor."

Soberly Dr. Kennedy weighed this information, then decided: "We can't afford to wait. We'll give him back his own blood."

DAVENPORT appeared interested for the first time. "Autotransfusion!" he said animatedly. "I've read about it—"

The nurse glanced at her gauges and checked the patient. "All ready, doctor."

With a scalpel, Dr. Kennedy enlarged the jagged wound; tied off necessary blood vessels. Dr. Davenport handed him the sterile metal end of a suction tube, and with one hand he placed it deftly in the wound, using the other hand to pack into the incision the gauze pads which would stop the hemorrhage.

By means of a suction apparatus, the blood was drawn into a flask; under Dr. Kennedy's crisp direction Davenport shook the flask, mixing with the blood the citrate solution which would guard against coagulation.

"That blood," Davenport said, "there's bile in it from the liver. Won't there be infection?"

"You ought to know," Dr. Kennedy answered. "Can't infect the bloodstream—remember reading that old axiom in college?"

He glanced at the nurse. "Anesthesia O. K.?"

She nodded.

"Then you'd better start the transfusion," Dr. Kennedy ordered.

She chose a vein in the patient's arm, and inserted the needled end of the tube which would return the lost blood.

As Dr. Kennedy removed the bullet he admitted to himself that Davenport was not far wrong about the bile. While the blood itself was in no danger of infection, the abdomen was a different matter. If the bile should find its way there, grave complications could result.

He straightened and sighed. He had done all he could, yet one more danger remained—anaphylactic shock. Only the patient himself could cope with this aftereffect; here was where that human factor, the will to live, entered in. For all his medical knowledge, he would be as helpless as Candy. Both of them would wait, wait to learn whether or not shock would come in bearable degree or with killing violence.

Suddenly weary, he made work of removing his blood-spattered gown. He was in this case until the end—even beyond the end—bound tightly to it by personalities that should not restrict a doctor. If Tom died, Walt would be free to approach Candace again—or would he? Always between them would be the bitter and doubtful fact that a Kennedy had operated unsuccessfully on Tom. If Tom lived—well, what could happen didn't matter. Tom had to live.

He went out into the corridor to meet Candace. Her large and troubled eyes centered questioningly upon him.

"Candy, I've got to be frank," he said. "Tom's weak, and has yet to go through the aftereffects—which can be hard to overcome—"

Tears turned her into a little girl, and she clung to his sleeve. "It's my fault, Dr. Kennedy. If I'd minded my own business, let well enough alone—"

He led her down the hall to the lobby and seated her.

"Now, Candy, suppose you tell me what this is all about."

She wiped her cheeks with a silly wisp of handkerchief and attempted to smile. "Tom was working in the ordnance factory. He was a hard worker, an indispensable worker, they said. I thought it would be a fine thing if I could study and learn his job, so he'd be free to go to war—"

"Yes," Dr. Kennedy observed gravely, "we've all got to help, these days."

"I didn't consult him—that was my mistake. I took the training while he was at work, and when I'd landed the job, I told him. He was furious, and said I was responsible for getting him reclassified into 1-A."

Dr. Kennedy whistled in amazement. "So that's it."

"Yes. He was like a wild man—it was a side of him I'd never seen before. I lost my temper, and we quarreled. I said I'd leave him. He said he didn't care; they weren't going to make cannon fodder out of him like they did his father in the last war. Then he went into the bedroom and shot himself."

Silence fell between them. He studied her with sympathy.

"Candy," he said at last, "it's not fair to blame yourself—"

"I can't help it. If there was something I could do."

"Neither of us can do much now. It's up to Tom. Why don't you go home, and come back in the morning?"

"I think I'll stay."

He smiled. "I'd like to wait with you, but I've got calls to make. However I'll be in touch with the hospital. By tonight we can tell more about Tom."

ALL through the long afternoon, despite the exigencies of three more operations, the delivery of several babies, Tom Spalding was on his mind. Two phone calls to the hospital told him Tom had emerged from the anesthetic, and the inevitable shock had set in.

When he reached home, shortly after six o'clock, the parlor was filled with people awaiting admission to his small office. Mrs. Higbee brought him soup and coffee, clucking warnings about the possible fate of a man who couldn't stop work long enough to eat a decent meal.

By nine o'clock he had disposed of the last of his patients, and phoned Davenport.

"How's Spalding?" he asked.

"Better," Davenport replied. "I think he'll lick the aftereffects."

"Mrs. Spalding still there?"

"We finally got her to go home."

"Fine," he said. The knowledge of Tom's improvement eased him, and suddenly his bed became the most important place in the world, and he undressed swiftly and slid between the cool sheets, sighing happily. . . .

AT 4.30 A. M. the telephone awakened him. Mrs. MacKenzie, the young wife of a soldier, was feeling the first of the severe pains of childbirth. He ordered her to the hospital, and then dressed and rushed out of the house.

In the short interval before he went into the delivery room he found the head nurse and inquired about Tom.

"He's asleep, doctor," she replied; "he's resting easily."

Reassured, he gave his full attention to the birth. It turned out to be an exacting Caesarean operation, and it was three hours before he could signal attendants to transfer the exhausted mother to her room. As a nurse carried out a howling indignant baby boy, Dr. Davenport entered.

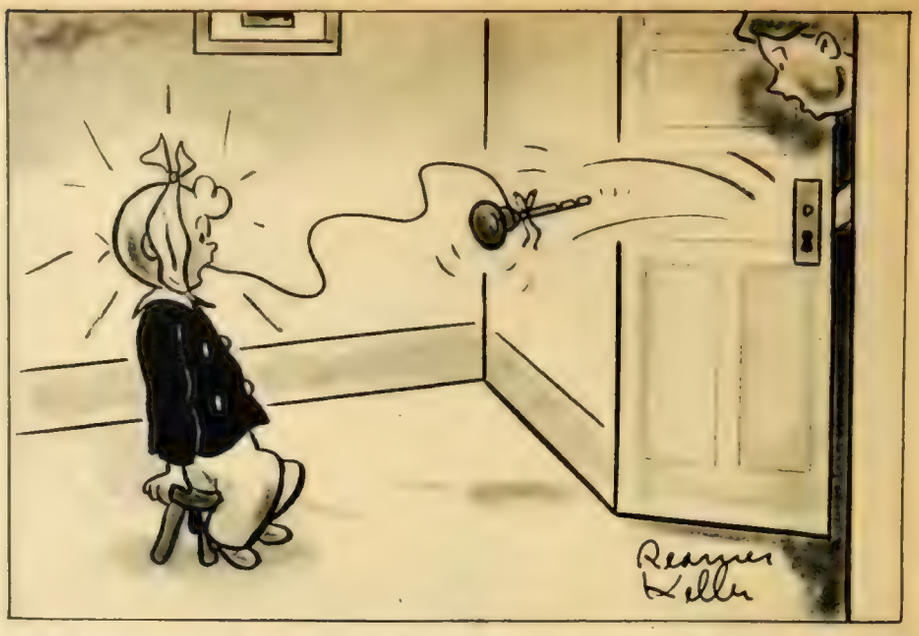
"Good morning," he said, smiling. "Looks like the stork's working a twenty-four-hour shift these days."

Dr. Kennedy nodded. "Looked in on Spalding lately?"

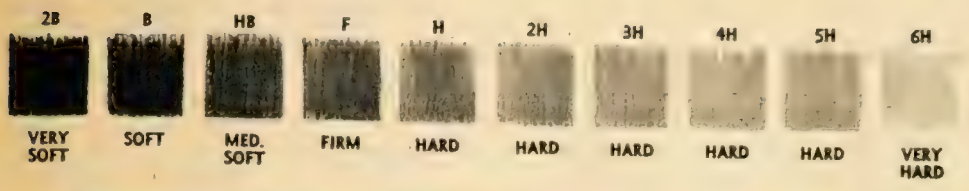
"That's why I'm here. Frankly, I'm puzzled. He ought to be recovering,

(*Continued on page 50*)

HARDTACK



SELECT A Scripto LEAD THAT SERVES YOUR NEEDS



SECRETARIES	2B-B-HB
ACCOUNTANTS	HB to 2H
BOOKKEEPERS	HB to 2H
SALESMEN	HB to 2H
ARCHITECTS	2B to 6H
V-MAIL	2B-B-HB
GENERAL USE	2B to HB
ARTISTS	2B to 6H
STUDENTS	2B-B-HB

They fit all mechanical pencils made to hold standard diameter (.046 inch) leads.

10 DEGREES OF BLACK—17 POPULAR COLORS

Buy your refill leads the Scripto way—the scientific way! Figure out your own writing requirements—the nature of your work and the pressure of your own handwriting—then select a Scripto lead that serves *your* needs. Just any lead will not do for top writing efficiency! Scripto has 10 degrees of black from 2B (very soft) to 6H (very hard). Choose the degree that suits your purpose and use Scripto's 17 popular colors to put more life into your work. Ask for Scripto leads at office supply houses, 5c-10c-25c stores, college shops, drug stores, book stores, post exchanges and other stores carrying writing materials. Priced 5c, 10c, 15c and up, you can easily identify Scripto quality leads by the red circle on the pack. Lengths, 1⅜ and 4 inches — standard diameter — full strength.

SCRIPTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

© 1944

BUY WAR BONDS

(Continued from page 48)

but he isn't. You better take a look."

Throughout the examination Tom exhibited a sort of contempt for the combined skills of the two doctors.

Outside the door, Davenport asked, "How do you figure it—psychological?"

"Yes. Medically, there's no reason for it."

"Besides, he's got the constitution of an ox," Davenport added. "He should be chatting with his wife by now."

Dr. Kennedy was thoughtful. "Suicides are peculiar, but I've never seen one so persistent. He's literally willing himself to die."

"Maybe his wife could help," Davenport suggested. "She's in the lobby."

Davenport hurried away, satisfied that his duty was done. Dr. Kennedy shrugged and walked down the hall to Candy.

She sat in the same chair she had occupied yesterday, and she looked up hopefully as he approached.

"Tom's getting on fine, isn't he?"

"He was," Dr. Kennedy said, and as he explained the situation which now confronted them, he saw the hope fade from the girl's pretty face, to be replaced by an inexpressible sadness.

"It's mental, Candy," he went on, "and only something mental will cure it. He wants death. Do you know of anything that could change his mind?"

"Nothing, Dr. Kennedy. Not a thing," she said flatly.

"Maybe an idea'll come," he said, without conviction.

Unwilling to leave her, he seated himself near by, and was aware of Walt's letter as it crumpled against the upholstery of the chair.

He opened it, accepting the fleeting release it brought. As he read, the present was lost in an upsurge of pride which made his lips smile, his eyes a distant sparkling blue. Walt was doing a fine job; it was reflected in the enthusiasm behind the words, it was apparent between the lines.

He stood up purposefully. "Candy, you stay here and try not to worry. I'm going in to see Tom."

He walked down the hall and entered Tom's room.

"Hello, Tom," Dr. Kennedy said. "I think you're well enough to see Candy, if you wish—"

"No, thank you."

"Maybe it would be good for you."

"Never mind. Can't a man die in peace?"

"That depends," Dr. Kennedy said, then added softly but distinctly, "Could it be that you're yellow?"

There was no reply; defiance returned to Tom and he smiled mockingly.

"Tom, I was in France in 1918, as a medical officer. It happened that I knew your father—"

"My father?" demanded Tom fiercely. "I don't want to hear any more."

"But you're going to. All of it. . . ."

LIEUTENANT JACK SPALDING stood rigidly beside the ladder which led to the parapet of the trench, waiting for the two soldiers, Henderson and Woodbury, who would accompany him on this patrol. Nervously he checked and rechecked his instructions. At 2.30 A. M. he would mount those steps, would lead the other two through the twisting passage in the barbed wire. He took out his map once more, and swore softly at his trembling fingers as he held it. On the map no man's land looked smooth and white and easy to traverse. The objectives, the German wire and the houses of the village, were respectively a neat curved line of little crosses and meticulously spaced small squares.

The colonel's words, the gravity with which they had been delivered, repeated themselves in his mind: "On no account must you fail. Tomorrow's attack depends in great measure upon the information you bring back. We must know the condition of the enemy's wire and whether or not he has established new machine-gun emplacements in the village."

He moistened dry lips as he saw Henderson and Woodbury approaching, looking like Moroccans with their blackened faces and hands. They were veterans of at least a half dozen patrols, and they lounged along, dragging on their cigarettes, as if they were bound for no more dangerous a rendezvous than a date with a couple of girls.

A feeling of shame swept over him. These men had expressed satisfaction upon hearing that he would lead them. What would they say if they knew what he knew: that he wasn't worthy of his gold bar, with the old fear so huge inside?

He had kidded himself during the training period, when it was so easy to be brave. He had put aside thoughts of his weakness, forgotten that he had always been yellow, from the day he had failed to stand up to the school bully to the time he had lost the big game at college. The Army, he had

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A Negro pastor in an impoverished area sent frequent appeals to his bishop for aid. Tired of the constant requests, the bishop wrote to the pastor telling him to send no more appeals for aid. In a few weeks the bishop received this note: "This is no appeal—it is a report. I have no pants!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

sanguinely told himself, would help him overcome this fear; he would be forced to do dangerous things, and therefore learn how to be courageous.

Instead, the fear had increased until there was no living with himself; until all his energies were directed toward preventing others from seeing it. In a last desperate attempt to overcome it he had volunteered for this patrol, and now he was sorry. He didn't want to be killed—and, besides, in his fright he might endanger the two men who were with him.

"Everything's O. K., sir," Henderson said calmly. "I told the boys on Post Number Six to go easy with the coffee grinders when we come in. And the sergeant'll send up flares at ten-minute intervals, starting half an hour before we're due back."

Jack looked at his luminous-dialed wrist watch. "It's time," he said hoarsely, and climbed up on the parapet.

He led the others through the tortuous avenue in the wire.

There was an unearthly and ominous stillness over no man's land, an alert stillness needing no more than an inadvertent noise from him to cause it to erupt into a horrible din of gunfire. In his quivering mind he made pictures of sharp-eared Boche gunners, fingers at the ready on machine-gun triggers, awaiting his approach.

He thought shudderingly of his vulnerable body, and for reassurance stopped and with an arm signal drew the two men in close from their flanking positions. Then he proceeded, knowing that they would fan out for safety, leaving him terribly alone. He skirted the deeper shell holes; crawled in and out of shallow depressions, grateful for the temporary protection.

He inched ahead. An increase in the depth of the wire—wire recently strung—made it necessary to route the patrol uncomfortably close to a jagged dark mass—the first of the half-demolished buildings of the village.

A pebble struck his hand and he pressed himself to the ground, motionless with terror. Tensed against the expected swish of bullets, the sudden light of flares, the screech of projectiles, he waited. But only Woodbury's whisper materialized, and he sucked in a relieved breath. Henderson converged on them from the other flank, and Woodbury said:

"Those houses, this new wire. It looks like a strong point to me, sir."

The temptation to accept this as sufficient information was strong; the order to return was on the tip of his tongue. Then he steeled himself to finish the job and whispered thickly, "We have to make sure. We'll go through the village, but take it slow."

HE led them into the rubble covering the cobbled street. The night grew in menace. He tried not to let his mind dwell again upon the hundreds of well armed Boches back of that wire, the grotesquely helmeted crews huddled beside the machine guns in any one of these evil-shaped ruins. Bodies, some German, some American, sprawled in the debris, reminders of what could happen if he made the slightest error.

As they passed the last ruin, after they had noted three new machine-gun nests, it happened. Woodbury's foot slipped, broken masonry slid from a precarious base of fallen rafters, and a brick clanged against metal.

A machine gun rattled into action; there was a cry of pain. For a moment he wondered if he had cried out; then he scrabbled into the debris and remained still. Flares exploded and threw the village into an eerie place of light and shadow. Big guns sent projectiles singing overhead. Reply came from the American lines; in less than five minutes the entire sector was quaking under the clamorous noise of war.

For some time he lay there in an agony of fear, eyes tightly closed. Then, as the metallic cacophony continued, as his nostrils grew more accepting of the smell of explosives, he dared to lift his head. The Germans were sending up a protective barrage which arched fiercely over the village and tore new holes in no man's land.

He realized with less fear that he was out of range of the machine gun in the house nearest his hiding place. He crawled, very slowly and cautiously, to the spot where he had last seen his companions. Both were horribly dead, chopped down by bullets.

Suddenly the gun opened up in another burst, and he flattened beside the bodies. Filled with a violent physical anger which made him tremble, he removed identification disks from the men and put them in his breast pocket. Forgetting himself, he screamed curses in the direction of the German trenches.

Gradually he grew more controlled; his rage was now a steady, burning thing which stimulated him. It seemed that he could hear better, see better, think faster. He listened to the gun which held him prone to the ground, calculating the time between bursts.

Into the rhythm of it, he began to crawl as the firing stopped. He moved with little concern for the noise he made; it was of prime importance to get away from the arc of fire. About fifteen feet in front of him he saw a shell hole, and leaped for it.

The machine gun rattled again, simultaneously with his dive for safety. Bullets caught him and spun his body askew into the muddy bottom of the hole. He sat up, shaken and conscious of a searing pain in his side. Exploring tentatively inside his blouse, he felt the warm stickiness of blood. Laboriously he managed to get at his first-aid kit and apply a makeshift bandage to the wound.

Then he fell backward, the increasing pain beating at him until he lapsed into unconsciousness.

It seemed a long time before he struggled out of the blackness into a cognizance of throbbing pain. He recalled the firing, and was astonished to note all was quiet once more. Henderson and Woodbury were dead; there was no one left besides himself to get the report back to the colonel.

He pushed himself upright and staggered. Moisture stood out on his forehead; he wiped it away with a grimy sleeve. Groaning, he squirmed out of the hole in time to see the promised flares from the American lines.

He began to creep forward, clenching his teeth to keep from crying out as the machine-gun slugs in his body seemed to burn and tear. He went on doggedly until the blackness was almost upon him, then rested, breathing heavily. When the pain became bearable, he resumed the crawling.

Finally, much later, still in this dim half-world of his own, he negotiated the wire and tumbled into the trench. He remembered gasping out his information to two shadowy figures, then he dropped into a pleasant blackness.

When he awakened he was in a bed in a hospital ward, and a medical officer—a major—was standing over him, smiling gently.

Looking at this man, he made a tremendous discovery, and he wanted to share it with some one—any one.

"Doctor," he said, forgetful of the gold leaf on the officer's shoulder—"doctor, I'm all right now, do you understand? I'm not afraid any more. . . ."

DR. KENNEDY looked searchingly at Tom Spalding. "That's about all I can tell you, except there was a look about him which changed his whole face. He was proud, but it was more than that. It was as if he had found something very important, something he'd always wanted, and he was happy—"

"Maybe," Tom said—"maybe I could find it, too." He became concerned. "Say, doc, check my pulse, will you?"

Dr. Kennedy did so. "Not bad, Tom; it's no weaker, at least."

"What are my chances—you think you can pull me through?"

"Will you help?"

"Sure as I'm lying here. And, Dr. Kennedy, will you tell Candy about my father? It'll make her feel better."

THE kitchen was filled with savory odors when Dr. Kennedy arrived home, and Mrs. Higbee was tenderly placing a large steak in a skillet.

"So," he said—"spending all the meat points on one meal."

"But we haven't had a steak for two weeks," she explained; "besides, you deserve a special dinner after what you've done."

"What I've done? It's been another routine day, that's all."

"I couldn't resist, knowing how Candy and Walt used to feel about each other." She lowered her eyes and adjusted her apron. "I called the hospital and talked to her. She says you've performed a miracle."

"Here," he said, his voice gruff with embarrassment, and thrust Walt's letter at her. "Better read it before you cook the meat, otherwise you'll probably burn it to a crisp."

He watched the housekeeper lose herself in the letter. What he saw was good, and he warmed toward her.

"Mrs. Higbee," he said, "I've a confession to make. If it hadn't been for Walt, Tom Spalding would have died, in spite of the operation."

"But I don't understand. Walt's thousands and thousands of miles away—"

"No, Mrs. Higbee, he was right beside me today. Just look at the letter again. Read the part where he tells about the boy who was so frightened at the prospect of battle. The soldier Walt talked into volunteering for a patrol who came back wounded but courageous instead of frightened half to death. Change the date to 1918 and make the locale France, substitute Tom's father for that boy—"

"Oh," she said, "I see it now. That's wonderful."

She bustled happily to the stove and put the steak over the flame. Then she turned back with one more question:

"How did Tom's father die? You were there—"

"None of us ever knew," Dr. Kennedy replied. "He went over the top one day, and never came back."

THE END

This Thin Gillette peps up my day!
I get smooth shaves the easy way—
Look better-groomed — save cash and time.
What's more, four blades cost just one dime!
4 for 10c
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Rigid Inspection Assures
Absolute Uniformity
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

politely, "belongs to the overalls and the lunch pail and the quite magnificent red hair that's brooding at all of us from the doorway?"

"Oh, that's Mag. Mag Landon. My roommate." She said, "Mag, you *said* you weren't coming home tonight—"

"I know. But curiosity reared its ugly head and got the better of me. So this is Jerry."

"Yes. Jerry, this is Mag."

"How do you do?"

"I do beautifully," Mag told him serenely. "You are the cause of my being put out of my bed, but I am still delighted to see you home at last, and greater love hath no one, I assure you! It's just a good thing that *I'm* not married. Casey and I planned it that way, I guess. Casey knows that I don't believe in marriage."

"I see," Jerry said politely. "And what name does it go by in your bright lexicon, may I ask?"

Mag grinned at him. She was altogether beautiful, and brilliant, and thoroughly enjoyed shocking people. Casey realized she should have explained Mag to Jerry.

"That," Mag was saying, "is my civilian secret."

"I've an idea," Jerry observed mildly, "that it's not original with you."

"Umm," Mag said approvingly. "You're all right."

Jerry looked at her with something perilously like distaste. "You're all right, too," he assured her. "I'm just finding you in the wrong place."

Mag flushed. Her eyes flashed fire at Jerry, her lips parted, then closed again. She turned on her heel and went into the bedroom. And then the bell rang, and when Casey went to open it, she found Elaine Duryea and her naval lieutenant on the other side of it.

"Don't look so chagrined, darling," she told Casey in her low lazy voice. "And don't call the superintendent to throw me out. I called Jerry and he said for me to come on up and say hello to him. Jerry!" she said on a small shriek as he extricated himself from Ina Nesbit's clutch. "Jerry darling! How too exciting! You're really home!"

She raised her mouth and Jerry obliged with a light kiss while Casey stood beside them doing a long, slow burn, her eyes blazing.

After that, nothing went right. After that, there was Elaine's narrow tip-tilted eyes following Jerry, adoring Jerry. There was Elaine's lovely perennially tanned body that seemed altogether boneless, and Casey's little quiver of jealousy at the realization that Elaine was younger than she. Elaine was like an animated rag doll at the piano, her whole body filled and swaying with rhythm, and Jerry stood beside her bellowing:

"They say that this is a mechanized war,
So what the hell are we waiting for?"

And the other women were looking speculatively, first at Jerry and Elaine and then at Casey. Was this the husband she'd worked and waited for?

Mag said, "Who's the golden child?"

"An old friend."

"Obviously."

"Don't mind her," the naval lieutenant offered sympathetically. And Casey could have thrown something at him. "Don't let her get you down."

Casey's smile was thin and cool. "I think I'd better help people find some food," she said.

CASEY had wept and stormed and now she was quieter. Now it was Jerry she sat beside, and all the people—all the gay, lovely, amusing people—had departed with final backward glances that wondered when the fight would start.

"If it were any one else," Casey said again, "I wouldn't care. But Elaine! You know how I feel about Elaine."

"How do you think *I* felt with a lot of people who kept calling me Captain Corliss?"

"They were only trying to be nice!"

"I suppose so. But I don't like them. They're like you," he said. "Phony."

"Jerry!"

"You know what I mean. 'Rah-lly' and '*Un*-believable' and all that hooey. That's the way you talk now. You never used to. I don't think I like you in the role of glamorous career woman, Casey. I left a sweet lovable girl and I've come back to some one who's all crisp efficiency, who'd run my life for me, if I'd let her."

"Jerry, that isn't so."

"Isn't it? When I first got home and I told you I'd like to go back out West, you looked at me as though I'd suggested walking off the top of the Empire State Building."

His eyes were on her face. She felt her cheeks grow hot. "It does seem silly, Jerry, when you haven't got a job, for me to give up my job and—well, and you go kiting off somewhere. I mean, you *are* a lawyer and I don't see why you can't get a job with a law firm right here in New York."

"But I don't want to practice law. I always hated it. I got through it because my dad had set his heart on it. The old man didn't go to college himself, and that kind of parent is always determined that his son shall have the works. Well, I had it, but I didn't like it."

"But what do you want to *do?*"

"Buy a little ranch. Loaf as much as I can. Get away from struggling and fighting, and relax. I want to get away," he said, "just as far away from everything as I can get."

SHE sat very still. Her heart was pounding in a slow heavy way that hurt. She had somehow never envisioned this. She had never thought of her husband coming home and uprooting her serene independent life, to transplant her to some place where she had never been and where she didn't belong. She had thought of a gradual readjustment. Jerry finding a nice place with some well established law firm. A charming apartment, a neat little maid. Later, when they had a comfortable bank balance, a charming house. Maybe two neat little maids by then. An adorable baby eventually, with a capable nurse.

Life would be picked up, resumed, take on the gentle, conservative pattern of their parents' lives. She and Jerry had fallen in love to an exciting, quickened tempo. There hadn't been time to find out an awful lot about each other, but they seemed to be the same kind of people, liking the same kind of things. It had seemed stupid at the time to sit down with Jerry and ask detailed questions of how much he might earn a week when there was every possibility that, when he sailed away, he might never sail back.

"What are you thinking about, Casey?" Jerry interrupted her thoughts.

"Nothing. Just how—how funny everything is."

"You shouldn't be so surprised. I told you all this before we were married."

"Did you?"

"You don't like my design for the future," he said quietly, "do you?"

"It isn't that, darling!" she said quickly. She had the most awful feeling that he might simply get up and put on his hat and walk out. That's ridiculous, she chided herself. We're married! But she couldn't believe that, yet. Something was still missing. "It's all so—so sudden," she said weakly.

"I suppose it is. It doesn't seem sudden to me. It's all I've thought about for two years. I've given enough of my life to other people," he told her quietly. "I've an idea I'd like to have the rest of it for myself. Remember that corny old ballad?" he said. "'We'll build a little nest somewhere out in the West, and let the rest of the world go by'?"

But she didn't want to let the world go by, she thought fiercely. She wanted

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FLORID-A: Where you get that ruddy complexion.

SCANDLE: A little unfavorable light on the family tree.

PROFECY: A teacher's prediction.

NIGHAGARA: At the brink of the falls.

CODGERTATION: An old gent deep in thought.

MOHAIRMMEDAN: A Moslem upholsterer.

EYETHER: You can see out of each of them.

AUNTYCEDENT: Your uncle's wife's mother.

DRUMATICS: Gene Krupa's art.

CAWTION: A scare crow.

to live in it, work in it, fight in it. Was it her place, she wondered, to give everything up and go away with Jerry? Why should a man like Jerry be allowed to go off some place and rot because of what the sights and sounds of war had done to him? He thought he wanted that, she decided, but he didn't, really. Five, ten years from now he'd wish he hadn't done it.

"Jerry—aren't you making up your mind too soon about what you want?"

He was silent for a long time. And then, out of the silence, out of the memories that only confused him more instead of settling things, he said slowly:

"When the Army hands out all those books on How to Conduct Yourself in Africa and How to Conduct Yourself in Italy, they ought to hand out another one. They ought to put out a book called, How to Conduct Yourself When You Return Home. It ought to warn us," he said, "that things are going to be a lot different than they were when we went away."

"I'm not different, Jerry."

"Aren't you? Then what about giving up that job of yours that you were only going to keep until I got back?"

She said, on a deep breath, "If you really want me to—why, then I'll give it up, Jerry."

She slept in his arms through the long still night, her hand tucked securely in his. Jerry couldn't sleep. He just kept thinking, I'm home. I'll never have to leave her again. I want her to stay like this, just the way she is now, tonight, here in my arms.

He reached over and brushed a wisp of hair back from her cheek. He kissed, lightly, so as not to waken her, the place where the dark hair had lain.

It was hell to love anybody this much. For both their sakes, he hoped that this wild, tender, crazy love he felt for the girl in his arms would never betray him into doing what he knew would be wrong for both of them. If he let Casey talk him out of his plans . . .

His jaw hardened against it. His dark eyes watched the thin sunlight of early morning push the shadows into the corners.

IT was the week-end she was due to spend with her parents, and Casey and Jerry traveled out to Scarsdale together. Mag bade them good-by with evident relief. The wide day bed, which had been purchased against the day when Jerry would come home and have to move into the apartment, at least temporarily, had turned out to be much less comfortable than the girls had thought it would be when they had bounced tentatively up and down on it in the furniture store. Mag, sitting disconsolately on the edge of it this morning, rubbing her stiff neck, looked hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, though she nobly refrained from any comment which might make Jerry feel unwelcome.

However, he had the distinct impression that wherever he went in Casey's life he found that people had to move over to make room for him. Her life had been doing very nicely without him, obviously. He began to feel an enormous impatience. He'd be glad to get the hell out of here.

Driving down the wide, pleasant streets of Scarsdale in the Corlisses' battered old station wagon, he was hailed by people he knew and people he never remembered having met during the week-ends he'd spent out here with Casey before they were married. The town seemed quieter, he thought. Hundreds of blue stars and too many gold stars hung in the windows that had been bare of them when Jerry had gone away. Mrs. Corliss had taken down the flag with its gold star that had hung in the front-door window. It had seemed too constant a reminder.

It made the Corlisses doubly glad to have Jerry safe at last.

"Thank God," Mrs. Corliss murmured with her arms about him. "I prayed and prayed that you'd come back to us."

Tom Corliss' blue eyes were vague, though his smile and his handshake were warm. All of Tom Corliss' tomorrows were yesterdays, and the acceptance of that simple fact had made him old years before his time.

"I don't know what I'd do," Mrs. Corliss admitted to Casey later, upstairs, "without the money you send home to us. Tom's forgotten all about the living, Casey. He just sits and looks at Peter's pictures, hour after hour. The war has ended for you. For lots of us, it will never end—"

Those words of Mrs. Corliss stayed with Casey as she took Jerry to see the girls she had grown up with; yesterday's war brides to whom the men had begun to trickle home. Loretta Macy, shabby and tired, living with her husband's family.

"I don't know what to do, Casey," Loretta said sitting on the side of the big old-fashioned bed while Casey powdered her nose at the dressing table. "I didn't mind it here at first. While Jim was gone, it seemed right for me to live here and save money, and he said I'd be company for his mother. But now we're stuck here, and Jim doesn't seem to have the initiative to get out and get a job. They keep treating him as though he's still an invalid, and he seems—I don't know, Casey—afraid. Afraid to go back into the world. It's awful," Loretta whispered. "You don't know how awful it is to live in somebody else's house like this and see them doing dreadful things to some one you love and not being able to stop them because they love him, too. I wish I were smart like you, Casey. I wish I had a job and some money of my own!"

"Why don't you come into town and see if we can't find something for you? I'm sure we can."

"Maybe I will," Loretta agreed dully, rising and brushing the pleats of her skirt into place. "We'd better go down now. Mrs. Macy always thinks I'm talking about her if I stay up here."

And Jerry had said, "We can stay with the folks for a while, until we get settled. . . ."

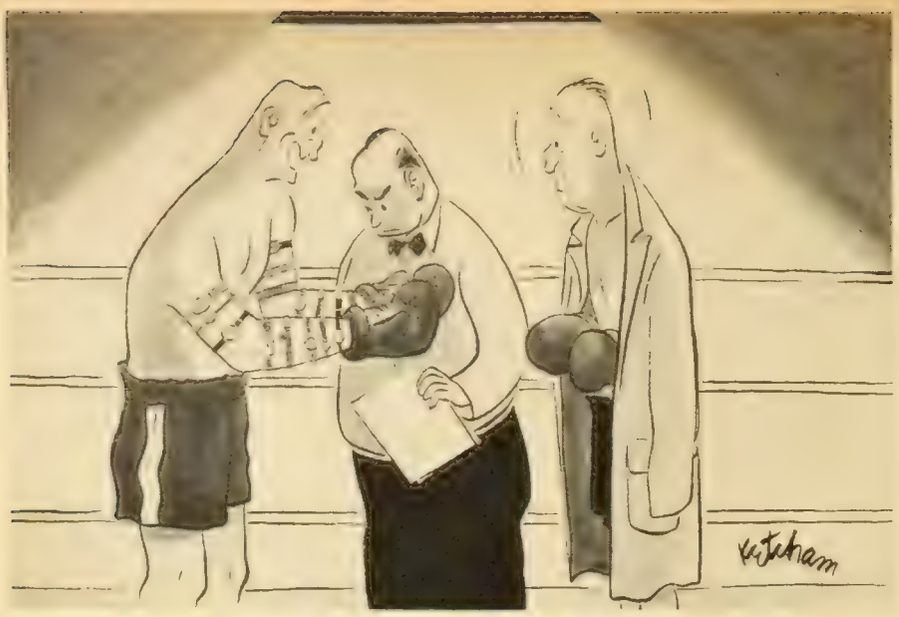
MRS. MACY was a small, thin, nervous woman who took out her heartache for her son in constant nagging of every one in the house. Jim Macy, Senior, was a tall dour Scotsman who still could not believe that he should assume the burden of his son's wife at an age when he should be letting go, getting a little rest.

He looked over at his son with all the familiar ache which the sight invoked. It was worse, seeing him beside young Jerry Hayes, who looked stronger and handsomer than he'd looked when he went away. Jim was telling Jerry a story and his voice was excited, almost shrill. It was the story about the time he'd had to lie in a foxhole for two days on top of a dead German soldier, waiting for the artillery barrage to let

Advertisement

"Paw don't even bother with the mules after he's had Wheaties for breakfast."

Paw's got a system you ought to try. Start your morning meal with a good big helping of milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Then see if this whole grain nourishment doesn't help you do your job better. It's a system, and that Wheaties flavor is your extra dividend.



"I test shockproof watches for a side line."

up so he could find his way back to the American lines.

Perspiration beaded his forehead. His voice was shaking. His eyes were staring, seeing its horror all over again.

"Jim," Loretta said, "you told them that story. Don't you remember? When they first came in you told them that one."

"Yes," Jim said, settling back. His face was empty again. "Yes, I guess I did."

Mrs. Macy was looking as though she might cry. Mr. Macy looked out the window, his face set in the deep lines in which worry had left it.

Casey said, "It's getting late and we have to get back to town. I think we'd better go now."

THERE was that, and there was little Stevie Wilson sitting in a darkened room, her hands folded on last summer's dress, her bright yellow head nodding and bobbing like a little girl's as she spoke.

"Oh, yes, Casey's lucky, all right, but then she would be, because she's hard and cold and selfish. I hate you, Casey. I really do, because you've always got everything you ever wanted ever since you were a little girl. You boss everybody else and you tell everybody what to do and they let you get away with it. And now you've got Jerry back and you always acted as though he sort of belonged to you, and you'll tell him what to do, too, and he'll do it because he's so crazy about you."

The bright head bobbed and the voice was expressionless. She didn't care what she said to people or what they thought of her. She didn't care about anything. Other men were coming home. Why didn't Bill come home? Why couldn't somebody send a peace ship over and get Bill home?

Her thoughts tried to come back to Jerry. She loved Jerry because he had been Bill's closest friend.

"He'll be back one day soon," Jerry promised her.

"Oh, no. He won't be back. I'm sure he won't come back. I dream about him and in the dreams he's always trying to tell me he won't be back, but people don't believe me when I tell them that. I suppose people were right. I shouldn't have married him before he went away."

"But Bill wanted to marry you, Stevie. He wanted it more than he wanted anything in the world."

Casey felt the oddest twinge of jealousy. Jerry had not wanted to marry her. It had, almost, been she who had married him. He had presented all kinds of arguments against it. He had loved and wanted and enjoyed his freedom. He had been solemn about the problem of a wartime marriage, but Casey had overruled all of his objections.

"I'll go my way, darling—" The promise had been blithely given. Would she, though? Could she? Or, with the quiet determination of which she knew herself to be capable, would she try gently but firmly to bring him along with her? Was it fair to him to do that?

"Sometimes," Stevie said, sitting there on the ornately carved couch in her mother's living room, "I think I'll die if I ever know for certain that I won't see him again. And then again I think I probably won't die. I'll just go on like this, and that will be worse. Everybody thinks I'm losing my mind or something, but you know I'm not, don't you?"

"Of course I know it. Don't be silly. And come on in and have dinner in town with us some night, will you?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. I'd like that."

But she never did. She never went anywhere after that.

"Well," Casey said later, walking slowly toward the Scarsdale station because there wasn't enough gas for a second trip in the station wagon, "getting a job and keeping busy was certainly better than going to pieces like that, wasn't it?"

Jerry peered down at her in the gathering twilight. "I suppose it was. Only sometimes, with that job of yours, I think you forgot what it was you were trying to forget."

MONDAY morning was very queer. Monday morning was getting up and dressing and coming in to bend down and kiss Jerry good-by, telling him there was coffee on the stove and orange juice in the icebox. Monday morning was hurrying to work, a little late, with the guilty knowledge that she had promised Harry she wouldn't walk out on him without giving adequate notice, and at the same time she had promised Jerry that she would give up her job practically immediately. She hadn't quite said that, of course. He had said, "Will you give it up?" and she had said, "If you really want me to, I will."

This morning, he hadn't said anything. He had returned her kiss. He had watched in silence as she flew about the room getting dressed with one anxious eye on the clock. He had promised to warm the coffee and drink the orange juice and he had seemed entirely amenable and reasonable, and yet she had a queer uncomfortable feeling. She felt as women must feel who leave young children alone in the house, wondering what she'd find when she got home.

Kitty would be in the office this morning because Kitty was leaving for Hollywood almost immediately and she had a lover to be paid off and two department stores before she could depart happily from Grand Central. And Harry would be in a mood because Flora's daughter by her first marriage had been spending the weekend with the Bowers and the girl always reduced Harry to a state of screaming, jangling nerves and splitting headaches.

And in the midst of it all was the very funny feeling that back in her neat apartment there was a man lying in bed, and that the place would, in all probability, be a shambles by the time she got home at six o'clock. Mag was resenting the day bed bitterly and loudly and something would have to be done about it soon. Casey and Jerry would have to find an apartment, except that Jerry didn't want to find an apartment. He wanted to find a ranch with a cow on it.

CASEY caught her own reflection in a shop window and nodded approvingly at the trim silhouette. She breathed deeply of that effluvium which is the very essence of New York: burning gasoline and the dampness of the fog rolling in off the East River and exhaust fumes from the buses lumbering by and the little gusts of stale air that rolled up from the subways as you walked past them. And she thought, as she had thought often these past two years, I love New York!

Jerry had said, "If there's one place I hate, it's New York."

H'mmmm. What did people do on ranches? Were they, she wondered, dodging cars across Madison Avenue, anything like the musical, Oklahoma? She had the odd feeling—intuition, or whatever it was—that she didn't have to wonder about it very hard because she wasn't going to be faced with that problem right away. She didn't know why she thought that, but she did.

Miss Sitzer raised her fuzzy head and said, somewhat embarrassedly, "Good morning, Miss Corliss. Did Captain Hayes get home all right?"

"Oh, yes," Casey sang out cheerfully. "He's home, all right!"

Miss Corliss' hero had come home. He was just another husband. A husband in mufti. "Casey, wasn't the roast beef a little too well done last night? . . . I think I ought to get out and mow the lawn this afternoon. Like to take a nap first, though."

Jerry had never said any of those things, but he probably would. The letdown was terrific. She had enjoyed —yes, be honest, she really had!—the role of the gallant little war widow bravely carrying on, working and never complaining and telling other men, misty-eyed, "Oh, yes, Jerry's abroad. He was one of the first to go." Now she would have to say, "I'm sorry, I really must run, though. Jerry's been home for hours."

(*Continued on page 56*)

Memories of a kiss

Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz captures the affections of those who really love fine beer. Once you taste Schlitz, the memory of its famous flavor will remain with you always

Copyright 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

TODAY AS IN 1872
Abbott's BITTERS IS BEST!
For all mixed drinks

★ Best for cocktails since 1872 ★

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy the Profession That Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 431-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

FOR
DRY SCALP
AND
DULL HAIR
USE
JERIS
HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

(Continued from page 54)

Well, she was glad, wasn't she? Of course she was! She adored Jerry. Only —there were problems.

She threw away the wilted rose in the vase before Jerry's picture and put away the vase. The shrine would seem silly now. She sat down at her desk and tried to read, but she couldn't concentrate. She kept thinking of Jerry lying rolled up in the blankets in her neat apartment and wondering what the maid would think. She should have warned Hilda. It would be too awful if Hilda quit.

Casey shifted in her chair and frowned over the manuscript. The phone rang and Bennett Rider's silken voice purred across the wires.

"And how is love among the cowboys this fine foggy morning?" he wanted to know gently.

"Oh, Ben, really!" Casey's frown deepened.

"Seriously, I hope I didn't cause you any trouble the other night."

"Oh, no. Not at all. Jerry understood, of course. He was wonderful about it."

"I was afraid he might be. When are you quitting your job?"

Casey jumped, startled. "How did you know I was giving up my job?"

Ben laughed. A Judas laugh, Casey thought, if ever I heard one!

"My dear child, I make what might be called a living writing inferior plays about people like you and Jerry. He comes from the West and he yearns to go back there, especially after the rigors of war. He hates New York and crowds and too-smart people. You are his wife. 'Whither thou goest, I go.' You will be sent—or, rather, carried with loving arms—to your Elba in Texas. If," Ben said, "you're fool enough t go. You're giving up what an awful lot of women would give their eyeteeth to have. What about lunching with me and letting me talk to you about it?"

"Uh-uh. Jerry wouldn't like that. Especially with you."

"Very well. But I'll have more luck with you now that Jerry's home than I could possibly have hoped for when he was a hero fighting for Our Way of Life. I'll call you again next week."

"Do that," Casey said, and made a face at the phone.

SHE looked up to find Kitty Price standing in the doorway, her bright blue eyes looking like the eyes of a bird eaten alive with curiosity.

"Who was that?"

"It's really none of your business, my pet, but it was Bennett Rider."

"Goodness! Is he still carrying the torch?" She came in and dropped into the chair beside Casey's desk. She glanced at the manuscript Casey had been reading. "Ida Teeman," she said. "Honestly, how she can *write* such stuff! I mean, how you people manage to *sell* such stuff!"

"Don't make a noise like a cat, darling."

"No, but really. I just met Harry downstairs. He was going into Whalen's or somebody's for some coffee. That stepdaughter of his has been plaguing him all week-end and he and Flora have been fighting and he's beside himself thinking you're going to give up your job. Anyway, he said I ought to be tickled to death to grab this Hollywood offer—Now, really, darling, a thousand a week isn't *anything*!—because editors were tired of paying out new money for the same old story. But as I said to Harry, why should I kill myself, really, getting new material when the things that happen to people are never new things? They're always the old things happening all over again."

"I—" Casey began, and never got any further. Just then there was the sudden tortured scream of brakes and a policeman's whistle shrilling and a horn blowing. A desperate frantic horn blowing a fraction of a second too late. Somehow Casey knew that, even before she reached the window, even before she breathed, "There's been an accident!"

Beside her, Kitty's bright, clever, amused little face suddenly went very white, and in that confused fraction of a minute while Kitty said, "Harry. It's Harry!" Casey realized, amazed, startled, Why, she's in love with him! That time when Flora was so frantic, it was Kitty! It was incredible! "He never *would* wear his glasses, the vain, conceited little fool! Casey, I can't go down there. I can't!"

"I'll go," Casey said, hardly knowing what she was saying. "You stay here and I'll go."

THE apartment was very quiet as she approached it. She wished there were some noise coming out of it, because that would indicate that Jerry had found some one to spend the lonely hours with. She opened the door very quietly and tiptoed in. Maybe Jerry was asleep. But he wasn't. She could see his dark well-shaped head above the back of the sofa.

"Is that you?" Jerry said in a voice that upset her even more. "Is that Tillie the Toiler, home from a hard day at the office?"

"Yes, darling, it's me. I do hope you haven't been too bored, here all by yourself all day."

"Why, no," he said in that same strange, unsettling voice. That bright, pleasant, cheerful voice. "I found lots of things to do. I listened to the radio and I played solitaire and I went to the movies. I had a discussion with your superintendent, a Mrs. Oglethwaite, but we finally had a few drinks together and she seemed very happy when she left. A few people called, but when a man answered, they hung up."

She was around on the other side of him now and she could see his face and it looked dangerous. "And you," he said. "Did you have a hard day at the office?"

His eyes were dark. They were almost black. There was a funny white line around his mouth. He'd had several drinks, but they appeared to have had no effect on him as far as any mellowing process was concerned.

Casey looked at him and she thought of Harry all done up in traction splints in a hospital bed. She thought of Flora's pink face all squeezed up with grief and regret— "He didn't sleep all night —and this fog—and he never would wear glasses." And she thought of Kitty starting to drink again just when the Hollywood contract was finally set and some of Kitty's debts could be paid before Kitty went to jail. She thought of all that and then she looked nervously at Jerry's face.

"Well?" Jerry said, waiting for her to speak.

Oh, Lord, Casey thought. How can I *tell* him?

Casey has common sense on her side, but does that mean success in marriage as it has in her career? Next week's installment tells how she thinks she has solved her problem.

WHERE HITLER LOST HIS WAR

Continued from Page 15

cocktails were attacked by their own tanks. Men ducked into foxholes while the heavy tanks rumbled overhead, and then popped out again to fire while the tanks' vulnerable rears were exposed. The crews of antitank guns learned to hold their ground until the last minute, while tanks bore down on them. Squads of miners crawled forward, in the path of the oncoming tanks, to plant their explosives.

But defense was not to be static. Whatever the weather, the men were ordered into attack. They stormed pillboxes, ambushed enemy columns, learned to operate as a team with artillery, tanks, aircraft. When they were not maneuvering they improved their defenses.

Meantime, in Army headquarters behind the front the Red staff officers huddled around huge sand tables which reproduced the battle terrain in minute detail. Methodically they studied variants of enemy attack and blueprinted their counterattacks.

Staff huts and soldier dugouts were now decorated with posters showing an armor-plated tiger running away with its long gun-tail between its legs. The poster read:

"The Tiger is not as fearsome as he is painted."

ACROSS no man's land the German Command was tortured by indecision. The fate of the offensive, perhaps of the war itself, depended on the correct choice of time and place. An error could well be catastrophic, and this summer the Wehrmacht could afford no mistakes.

Though its concepts of blitz warfare had failed to knock Russia out, the German Command would not abandon them. Perhaps if more tanks and planes could be tossed into the battle the obdurate Russians would admit defeat. But the Wehrmacht could no longer attack all along the eastern front as it had in 1941, or even along a third of it as in 1942. Now all strength had to be massed in one small spot, to punch a small hole in the Russian lines. The entire Army could then pour through the breach.

Originally the attack was scheduled for April. But the weather was bad. Then in April-May the Luftwaffe lost 1,000 planes in the great air battle on the approaches to the Caucasus.

The D-day was postponed to May, then to June. But in June the Red Air Force twice intercepted huge German fleets on their way to bomb Kursk, and hacked them to bits. In one raid alone 162 enemy planes were shot down. At once the Red Air Force itself struck out at Orel and Bryansk in tremendous force, and caught the Wehrmacht with the bases full.

Again D-day was postponed. But the German Command could not permit itself much more delay. July was the month of decision.

To mislead the Russians, German units were shifted from sector to sector. Sham artillery barrages were laid for attacks which never came. Tanks and self-propelled guns brought in for the offensive were moved at night and then kept concealed in ravines and woods.

After dinner on July 4 the German soldiers knew the hour had arrived. Each section was issued extra ammuni-

An ADVENTURE in transportation

that had a lot to do with the growth of Inter-American friendship and economic unity

Back in the early 1900's, when the United Fruit Company ordered three new cargo-passenger ships for the Caribbean run, with accommodations equal to the most luxurious ocean liners of the day, shipping men in our Eastern ports shook their heads. "That route will never pay," they prophesied —"nobody wants to travel to Middle America"!

Amid such discouragements the Great White Fleet was born. *Time soon proved the company right* in the belief that thousands would explore Middle America, if they could cruise there in comfort.

Diplomats and professional and business men were the first to take advantage of the airy cabins and spacious promenade decks of the Great White Fleet. Archaeologists, moving picture people and writers followed. Finally the vacationists flocked to enjoy the new adventure of a Caribbean cruise. Just before Pearl Harbor the Great White Fleet, grown to 120 strong, was carrying 50,000 a year.

Trade kept pace with travel, growing steadily year by year. In the modern refrigerated holds thousands of tons of bananas, coffee, cocoa and other nutritious foods of tropical America journeyed north, while on southbound trips the ships were loaded to capacity with the products of northern factories.

At last the peoples of North and Middle America were discovering each other . . . finding out not only that their countries formed a natural economic unit, but also, that culturally, they had a lot to offer each other.

The Great White Fleet and the other Caribbean lines played an important part in building this economic solidarity and friendship . . . *Today the fleet is carrying war cargoes, but when ships can be spared, they'll return to their historic role of promoting intercourse between the Americas.*

Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Let's All Back the Attack—with WAR Bonds!

Tampax has grown to be a big success

Women in homes, offices, colleges and factories welcome this "different" product

Far and wide the demand for Tampax (monthly sanitary protection) is growing. Drug stores, department stores, 5-and-10¢ stores are sending in Tampax orders as never before . . . The women who first adopted this Tampax method really feel like pioneers, now that they have millions of followers . . . Perfected by a doctor and made of pure absorbent cotton, Tampax solves their monthly sanitary problem by *absorbing internally*. It requires no belts, pins or pads. Easy to use and easy to dispose of. No bulging or wrinkling of clothing can result from Tampax; no odor. Sold in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Or 4 months' supply for 98¢. At drug or notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles *before* work to help keep them cool and comfortable . . . and *after* work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling — won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

WASTE PAPER IS ESSENTIAL WAR MATERIAL. JOIN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE!

One Best Home Way To BUILD UP RED BLOOD

To Get More Strength If You Lack Blood Iron!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood-iron—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS *at once!*

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy—in such cases.

Just try them for 30 days—then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Follow label directions. *Well worth trying!*

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

tion. Tank crews for the *n*th time checked their engines and weapons. On the airfield just behind the front all was made ready to accommodate a great air fleet.

Along a forty-mile front the Wehrmacht had massed seventeen tank divisions (some 4,250 tanks), three motorized divisions, eighteen infantry divisions. For the first time in the history of warfare, the divisional ratio of tank to infantry strength was 1 : 1. And of each ten tanks three were the low, square, terrifying Tigers with their 180-mm. frontal armor.

At four thirty o'clock on the morning of July 5 the German batteries in the Kursk sector opened fire.

THE sun had just risen above the horizon when the German barrage began. What the German Command wanted was to plow up the fields, hills, and woods of the Kursk region until nothing remained of the Russian defenses.

But the echo of the first German salvo had not died down when the Russian cannon spoke back. Plans long drafted went into effect. The crux of the plans was an immense concentration of artillery under the supervision of Marshal Nikolai Voronov, one of the world's great artillery tacticians. The Germans knew nothing of this concentration, for it was dug deep, superbly camouflaged, shifted often to escape detection.

For two hours the Russian and the German cannon waged their duel. At its end half of the Wehrmacht's guns lay wrecked. The German Command now knew the great offensive would be no surprise to the enemy, but great offensives cannot be called off at the eleventh hour. Besides, the Germans thought, no army in the world could withstand the armored blow they were about to deal. Waves of German bombers roared forth to dump explosives on the Russian positions. As each wave passed, what looked like tree stumps and village chimneys came to life and angrily spat flames at the enemy.

The Russian antitank guns survived the bombing, and when the German tanks finally rumbled across the fields, crushing the July wheat, the Russians were ready.

Though the Germans did not yet know it, before them lay belts of defense brilliantly devised and stanchly defended. The outer belt consisted of tens of thousands of mines. Next came the camouflaged trenches and foxholes with their antitank riflemen. Behind them lay automatic riflemen, whose job was to cut off the German infantry and batteries of the squat terribly efficient antitank guns. Still farther inland was artillery. The Russian tanks were hidden in small woods from which they could attack the flanks of the advancing enemy wedge.

The world had not seen such an attack. It was made by two long narrow claws, one striking north, the other south of Kursk. The stronger claw, that on the north, struck on an eighteen-mile front. But its guns and tanks were massed on a six-mile front, and the Russians estimated that one and two thirds German divisions were crammed into every mile of this sector.

The German tanks came in waves of 100, 200, and even 400. They came in gigantic T's or inverted U's, with the outer shells formed of Tigers and Ferdinands. Within the shell came lighter tanks and armored trucks with automatic riflemen. The waves were directed against small objectives—a hillock, a wood, a hamlet. Each time the Germans were beaten back, they returned. Some Russian points repulsed up to twelve such attacks a day.

As the fury of the battle grew, the front ceased to be two solid parallel opposing lines. It was now broken into tiny segments, on each of which sweating, desperate men fought their own private war. The battle for Kursk thus became a thousand battles.

To spark-plug his offensive, Hitler had brought to this front aircraft from as far as Yugoslavia and France. On the first day of battle the Luftwaffe made 3,000 sorties north of Kursk alone. Wherever the Russians left cover, the Messerschmitts darted down to bomb and strafe, and sometimes—something new—to drop huge crates containing small hand grenades.

But the Red Command was at last prepared to challenge the Luftwaffe. It saturated the sky with planes and traded blow for blow. The whole front was divided into small squares, and hard-pressed infantry or artillery units often appealed by radio directly to the Red fighters. "This is Square 48. Help us out." And the LA-5s screamed out of the sun, to fasten themselves to the tails of German bombers and send them hurtling into the fields below.

On the first day of the offensive the Luftwaffe's strength was divided almost evenly between the two attacking prongs. But so severe were its losses that on the second day only a third of the previous day's number took to the sky south of Kursk. On the third day the bulk of the remaining planes was shifted north. But there, too, the Luftwaffe was being bled white, and each day the number of aircraft declined—to 50 per cent on the third day; to 15 per cent on the seventh day. In the first three days alone, Moscow said, the Luftwaffe lost 649 planes.

FOR three days Hitler continued to hurl his men and tanks against the Russian positions. On the first day the tide was stopped, but in the days which followed the tired Russians fell back. North of Kursk they retreated about six miles; south of Kursk, about twenty-one. Yet the Russian lines did not break as Hitler expected, but swallowed the retreating men and grew tougher. And the depth of Russian defenses seemed to have no end.

Hills and fields changed their contours under the savage pounding, and hamlets disappeared. German tankettes sneaked through the grain, sniffed the edges of Russian mine fields, and then retreated, to be followed by the Tigers. Huge and blind, the latter moved forward—to blow up on Russian mines. No men left them. The roar of artillery never ceased, and the steppe was littered with the skeletons of tanks and planes and with men's torn flesh. But the Russians fought on, and the men and women who died were replaced by troops pouring in from the rear.

For what gains Hitler had made in uprooted soil he paid a terrifying price between July 5 and 8: some 1,500 tanks (more than invaded Poland in 1939), some 30,000 officers and men. And late on July 8 a few battered German tank divisions were ordered to go on the defensive. On July 9 Hitler's headquarters announced that the Russians had "launched a summer attack."

The Russian Stavka's great gamble had won: the German Army had exhausted itself on the stone-wall defense;

the Russian soldier and his cannon had beaten the German tank. Months of rehearsals had paid rich dividends.

When the Red Army struck its first blow in the counter-offensive, on July 12, the German thrusts had already become unco-ordinated and halfhearted. The infantry was exhausted, the air force decimated. The surviving German tanks had either been dug in, to become pillboxes, or withdrawn for repairs. Hundreds of tanks were discovered in a ravine by an aerial scout, and then blasted for two days by relays of Stormoviks, until the area was covered with burning hulks. To deal with the buried German tanks, the Red Command brought forward its new huge self-propelled gun mounted on a medium-tank chassis.

BY July 17 the Red Army had regained all ground lost north of Kursk. By July 23 the old line was restored south of Kursk. At once men and supplies were poured into the attack on Orel. It rained and the roads became a quagmire, but the men dragged the guns with their own hands. The German Command rushed all its available tanks to plug up the holes north and east of Orel. Colonel General Modl, commander of the garrison, issued an order: "Save Germany's future by your valor!" But all this was in vain.

On August 5—exactly one month after Hitler launched his ill-fated offensive—a huge Russian force, spearheaded by three infantry divisions, captured Orel. One of these divisions battered its way through fourteen fortified lines to enter the city. On the same day, in a spectacular overnight push, another force captured Belgorod.

Hitler's summer push had ended in a disaster. The debacle at Kursk rapidly and inevitably led to a collapse all along the eastern front.

With the loss of Orel and Belgorod, the Wehrmacht had no tenable defense line east of the Dnieper. Moreover, it had been mauled so badly that a stand anywhere was difficult.

As the Red Army poured its vast reserves of men, guns, and planes into the fighting, German resistance crumbled everywhere. Kharkov fell on August 23, Taganrog on August 31, Bryansk on September 17. With the loss of Kharkov, the Wehrmacht could no longer maintain its deep wedge in the southern Ukraine. Once the wedge was pulled out, Novorossiisk on the Black Sea was doomed too.

The Wehrmacht's one hope now was to get behind the Dnieper, which would hold up the Russians until the autumnal rains. Behind this natural barrier, now strongly fortified, the German soldier would rest up and be ready for the expected Russian winter offensive.

The German retreat to the Dnieper was masterly. Shock troops fought a skillful delaying action until the bulk of the troops and the equipment could be withdrawn. But it was a retreat, and all retreats are costly.

And when the Germans reached the Dnieper Line they discovered that the Russians did not follow the orthodox rules of warfare. The Red units were worn out after the long push to the Dnieper. They were at an end of long supply routes running through an enormous belt of savagely devastated land. But, instead of stopping for a few weeks to catch its breath, the Red Command ordered a new attack. It now had at least six full-sized independent armies poised along the Dnieper Line, and it used them with consummate skill. It struck at widely separated points, and when the Wehrmacht rushed its scanty reserves to help one point, the Red Army struck afresh hundreds of miles away. The Russian generalship was bold and unorthodox—it put to full use the elements of surprise and deception, it employed cavalry, guerrillas, air-borne troops on a mass scale, it sent out huge columns of tanks and self-propelled guns to rove far behind the enemy lines.

The Crimea had been sealed off. The Dnieper had been forced at half a dozen points. By December, General Nikolai Vatutin, brilliant Russian field commander and captor of Kiev, was already beyond the old Polish frontier. Meanwhile winter had come, and with the frost came another Red offensive. It rolled over the "impassable" Pripet Marshes, toppled the German strongholds of Gomel, Mozyr, Novgorod, ended the long siege of Leningrad. It crossed into Estonia and thrust deeper into Poland.

TODAY the Wehrmacht is still powerful. Its capacity for destruction is still vast. But it is already ridden by anemia, by fear of another debacle, by knowledge that the tide is irrevocably running against it. No longer can this force mount a great offensive like those against Moscow, Stalingrad, or even Kursk. And it knows that, even as it is retreating before the Red tidal wave, it can at any day expect a companion blow from the west.

Thus, in the wheat fields of Kursk in the summer of 1943, Hitler lost his Russian campaign—and perhaps his war.

THE END

My hair used to look like this. It stood on end like hay, when it dried out after combing. That's because I soaked it every day with water as a dressing.

Then my hair looked like this, when I went to the other extreme and slapped it down with "stickum." It shone like old blue serge and left grease spots on chairs and sofas.

My barber knows best

My hair looked like this, when I took my barber's advice and tried Kreml for a happy medium. Never sticky or greasy—never drying to hair—Kreml gives my hair a chance to feel and look its natural best. Try Kreml and see why thousands declare—Kreml is right for better-groomed hair!

KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

IMPORTANT: Kreml brings *all* these benefits—makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive daily use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label—begin today!

THE TURBO BOYS AND THE MAGIC HOTBOX

Continued from Page 23

When Montgomery reached Tripoli, Cosser had to get to Algeria. Time was short; so was gas. The DC-3 pilot flew bang over the battle lines at fifty feet above the ground, dodging behind hills when enemy planes appeared. Once they ran smack over a tank battle. "This is the best way," said the pilot. "If a bogey goes for us, we can land—can't fight in these things."

Later he flew to Malta to service a turbo, then to England to attend a consultation. There he made his first journey in a train since leaving America. His next trip was to Iceland and thence to the U. S.

During his 100,000-mile trip through ten countries Cosser met with adventure aplenty. He saw Naples from a bomber—through an open bomb rack which he was called upon to test in an emergency. And now he is back in England doing the same kind of work.

Homer Frye is the same age as Charlie Cosser. In 1939, while Homer was working on a bench at River Works, he got hep on the supercharger and moved heaven and earth to get into the test course. Graduated, he was given a choice of two jobs, Iran or Eritrea. He chose the former Italian colony because he thought it would be cooler. When he finally arrived at the base after trucking miles over the mountains, the thermometer in the "cool" spot stood at 170 degrees!

There was plenty of work for the young engineer, but it wasn't repairing turbos. The base was in the course of construction. Every one who could lend a hand was pressed into service. Homer pitched in with the construction crews as a truck driver. When tools did not arrive for the trucks, he made new ones and serviced the engines. Then he set up his turbo overhaul station and went to work training Army men to install and repair them. All the time he was there he received only one brand-new turbo, but he organized the station so that whenever a plane cracked up, the turbos were flown in to him for repair. He salvaged parts from those too badly damaged to fly again, and assembled new units, thus building up a reserve of spares.

Homer found that being the only turbo expert for miles around was like being a country doctor. One day he flew clean across Africa to repair a fighter plane. Another trip took him across the German lines to besieged Tobruk.

GEORGE LENTZ, former Lafayette football player, is quite an old man as the turbo boys go, being thirty. General Electric sent him to Australia. After a few peaceful months in the bush he answered an S O S from Guadalcanal. The job was mostly salvaging turbos from smashed planes. While George worked, the Japs bombed, shelled, and sniped.

Five weeks later he went back to Australia to work with the Aussie Air Force. One big job that fell his way was straightening out the supply situation. Every nut and bolt was needed twice over. Planes were hobbling into action and every one was praying for spare parts. They arrived, hundreds of them, in boxes, but there was no one who knew what each part was or to what plane it belonged. Six or seven types of planes needed those spares, and four different types of engines.

George had done a bit of flying. The Army washed him out during pilot training. He got hold of Clarence Nelson, another turbo boy, who had joined him from Melbourne. "Nellie," he announced, "we've got a job on—cataloguing." They went to work supervising the classification and stowing of the thousands of parts.

Nelson is probably the only civilian in the world who has grounded an entire U. S. fighter plane squadron in the middle of a battle. After opening up a turbine shop in the Australian bush, Nelson twice got rush calls to New Guinea. On his second trip, when he arrived he found matters worse than he had imagined.

A P-38 squadron had run into difficulties. All the planes were going out as well as coming back on a wing and a prayer. Nelson weighed the situation and, with what the British call "the Nelson touch," made a big decision. He persuaded the commanding officer to ground the entire squadron, and called on every available man to work on repairs under his supervision. Three weeks later 90 per cent of the squadron's strength was in the air. Within twenty-eight days it had shot down sixty Zeros. Nelson felt good about that. (Incidentally, he found the U. S. dull and is back for his second "trick" in the South Pacific.)

IN India, "Art" Thomas fought a tough battle against heat and dust that raised the devil with his "innards" as well as with the turbos. Art survived dysentery and dengue fever, but his problem was that the natives he trained so painstakingly would quit work any time for no apparent reason, and on occasion would sabotage one another's work like jealous kids. That put a few lines in Art's dark and handsome face. He was forced to advise that turbo work was better done by Americans. Now Art is in Hawaii, where conditions are more to his liking.

Ken Sedden found himself in Kunming, China, in August, 1942. There was no work for him. To make matters worse, the Chinese didn't know why he had come. Ken hitched a plane ride back to New Delhi to find out. The Japs chased the plane. The pilot dodged them by flying hide-and-seek in the mountains, but on reaching the landing ground the Zeros were found attacking it. The plane made another field with a thimbleful of gas in the tanks, and took off the next morning half an hour before the Japs attacked that one. In India Ken joined the dysentery and dengue fever club. Back in China, he set to work educating the Chinese in turbo work. It wasn't easy. He had no tools, no spare parts, no knowledge of Chinese. But he got the school going, and later left for the U. S. satisfied that if any turbo is in trouble in General Chiang's territory it will get first-class treatment.

Several of the turbo boys have been commended and cited by the Army. They have brought home a wealth of information and experience that is being put into the manufacture of new turbos. One day, when you are making a $100 round trip to Europe at 30,000 feet, you may remember Doc Moss, Sam Puffer, Pappy Reeves, the turbo boys, and their boss, R. A. Hake. What they've done and are doing will mean much to future generations.

THE END

ONE OF THE
BEST JUMPS I EVER MADE
I jumped to smoother shaves—even with cold water or a used blade!
AM I GLAD I GOT ON TO LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM! ITS SOOTHING "STAY-MOIST" LATHER IS KIND TO TENDER SKIN — SOFTENS TOUGH WHISKERS FAST...
...AND EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM GIVES CLEANER, EASIER SHAVES THAN LIGHT, QUICK-DRYING LATHERS!
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
DOESN'T DRY OUT — HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
NO USED TUBE NEEDED—THIS TUBE MADE OF NON-CRITICAL MATERIAL

PM *for Pleasant Moments*

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK. 86.8 PROOF. A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIE

QUICK, HENRY, THE DDT!

Continued from Page 27

Let's see how the whole program works out.

The new soldier, sailor, or marine first has to take his "shots." All are inoculated against smallpox, typhoid fever, and tetanus. If they are to be sent to certain special areas, they get vaccines against one or more of the following: bubonic plague, cholera, yellow fever, and typhus.

We know, for example, that in Panama there is danger of yellow fever; in India of cholera; in many areas of typhus.

FLIES, found everywhere, carry dysentery and typhoid fever, which caused more deaths than bullets in our Spanish-American War. So on all fronts there is a continuous drive against filth—food for this winged pest. In North Africa a big flytrap devised by entomologists has been found most effective. Baited with refuse, a line of these flytraps lure flies away from mess halls and barracks, and literally tons of dead insects are carried away daily. DDT applied to the walls also does a wholesale slaughtering job.

Certain fleas, carriers of bubonic plague and typhus, live on rats; so the war must be waged on these unpleasant animals. When we occupied North Africa we obtained most of the rare plant called red squill—unavailable in Germany. It is the best rat poison and can be used freely without hazard, for if eaten by most animals, including man, it is promptly disgorged. The rat alone cannot vomit; he returns to his burrow and slowly dies.

In the Middle East the Phlebotomus sand fly carries a fever that puts a man out for about a week; but the disease is not a fatal one. Ticks, mites, fleas, midges, and other little pests carry certain fevers; so they must be fought, as well as other more common insects.

The usual measures of insect control, such as drainage of stagnant areas and sanitation precautions, are of course taken in every camp and battle station.

Improved mechanical aids in the insect war are now G. I. on all fronts. When Len fought on Guadalcanal his anti-mosquito equipment was scanty compared with what is in service today.

Our jungle fighters have strong head nets, like those of beekeepers, which fasten to their blouses or tropical zoot suits. Gloves are G. I. Soldiers are taught to fasten their pants legs around their boots to protect their ankles.

At night, when not in foxholes, the jungle soldiers sleep in hammocks roofed with waterproof canvas and having a mosquito net along the sides closed tightly with a zipper. (Len had to build his own "hammock" out of branches, with a sheet of netting for insect protection.

Today's American soldier can close his zipper door, squirt his aerosol bomb, and be safe from insects, snug as a bug in a—well, safer than any bug that may sneak inside.

The story of the development of these weapons is a record of co-operation, ingenuity, self-sacrifice, and toil under the most trying conditions.

Some time before Pearl Harbor the Office of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, asked the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine for help on insect repellents for use against mosquitoes, lice, fleas, ticks, dog flies (or stable flies), and sand flies. The call was given the green light by the Army and the Navy, and passed on to the Office of Scientific Research and Development of the National Research Council, and to the laboratories of commercial organizations. All the resources of American science were mobilized to do a rush job.

In January, 1942, entomologists Lyle D. Goodhue and W. N. Sullivan began work on new methods of applying insecticides by the aerosol or "cold smoke" device. They found the right combination of chemicals at the start, and soon a large electrical firm devised the bomb, or container.

Early in 1942 entomologist W. E. Dove organized a research station at Orlando, Florida, and established colonies of insects for tests. Dr. Dove was later transferred to Washington and the work carried out by E. F. Knipling and his associates.

Experts from the Food and Drug Administration and the National Institute of Health co-operated.

Human beings were used as guinea pigs in trying out repellents and louse killers. They rolled up their sleeves and let the mosquitoes have a field day; they bared their backs as food for colonies of lice. Human blood is the only thing the fussy louse will touch, and he has to be handled on a piece of cloth next to the flesh while he eats. He'll die if things are not the way he wants them. One man might be tested for four repellents at a time.

An unusually effective job was done by the Bureau of Entomology and the U. S. Public Health Service on the dog flies along Florida's West Coast. Cutting down this pest made it possible for military camps to carry on training without annoyance from the hungry hordes, and this should prove a blessing to resorts when vacation days return.

Entomologists with H. H. Stage of the Bureau of Entomology also tested materials on tundra mosquitoes, salt-marsh mosquitoes, and other types along the Columbia River near Portland, Oregon; a group from the Army co-operated with the Gorgas Memorial Institute in Panama; and the Public Health Service conducted a program for control of malaria near military camps.

In these outdoor research stations and indoor laboratories hundreds of chemicals were tested. Some were discarded, others improved, finally resulting in the very effective devices now in the hands of our forces in every corner of the world. The fight against insects has been a global war in every sense of the word, and, according to Colonel Arnold L. Ahnfeldt of the Surgeon General's Office, "There are many other things coming up to make the American soldier in this war far better protected against insect war and disease than any other soldier in history."

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

An English justice once observed that the greater part of his judicial time was spent in looking into collisions between motorcars, each on its own side of the road, each sounding its horn, and each stationary.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Like mother-like daughter

BOTH SAY: "GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

CHILDREN and grown-ups alike are bothered with ugly, unsightly dandruff. Don't let this dandruff spoil your appearance! Fitch Shampoo is an antiseptic. Leaves your hair shining with natural life and color, and COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. Effective in the hardest water! Good for all colors and textures of hair! Economical enough for the whole family! Fitch Shampoo reconditions as it cleanses!

The Truth about Soap Shampoos

Soap Shampoo—1. Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo—2. Bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter effectively destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa - Bayonne, N. J. - Los Angeles 21, Calif. - Toronto 2, Can.

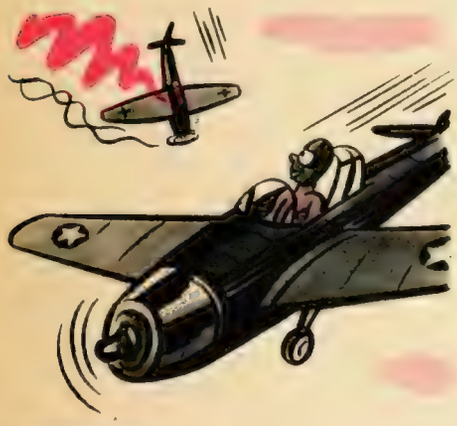
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

IN addition to fighting a war, the Army of the United States has to keep several million men welded together in an orderly, well disciplined group. To do this, it must have its own laws, courts, and punishments.

The Army's body of law is the Articles of War. When a soldier runs afoul of these articles, it is like breaking a law of the state or federal government, and he is brought to trial much as he would be in civilian life.

The trial is called a court-martial, which simply means a military court. There are three kinds: the General Court-Martial, the Special Court-Martial, and the Summary Court-Martial. The first of these handles the most serious cases and can order a death penalty in cases of high crimes against the national welfare.



Participating!

As stated in the Articles of War, a General Court-Martial may consist of any number of officers, not less than five. A Special Court-Martial may consist of any number, not less than three. A Summary Court-Martial consists of one officer only.

"When appointing courts-martial the appointing authority shall detail as members thereof those officers of the command who, in his opinion, are best qualified for the duty by reason of age, training, experience, and judicial temperament," the Articles of War state. The object is to get a fair-minded group who will exercise every care to protect the rights of the individual on trial.

The appointing authority, usually a commanding general, is advised to choose officers who have been in the Army more than two years, and never—if it can possibly be avoided—to constitute a court-martial with a majority of new officers in it. The senior officer of a court-martial acts as president.

The appointing authority may decide whether to try a case before a General, Special, or Summary Court-Martial. However, only a General Court-Martial may try cases where the offense is punishable by death. Also, the Summary, or one-man, Court-Martial cannot try officers, members of the Army Nurse Corps, warrant officers, Army field clerks or Quartermaster Corps field clerks, cadets, or soldiers holding the privileges of a certificate of eligibility for promotion. Noncommissioned officers, if they object to Summary Court-Martial, may not be so tried without the authority of an officer competent to bring them before a General Court-Martial.

Though the General Court-Martial may exact penalties up to death, the other courts are greatly restricted. A Special Court-Martial cannot send a man to prison for more than six months, nor can it demand the forfeiture of more than two thirds of his pay for a six-month period. A Summary Court-Martial cannot send a man to prison for more than one month, nor restrict him to limits for more than three months, nor demand forfeiture of more than two thirds of one month's pay.

A man brought before a Court-Martial is entitled to a lawyer to defend him (he may choose either civilian or military counsel) and every effort is made to give him a fair break all around.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I have some one extra-special "somewhere in the Pacific." Is it permissible to send pictures to him, other than the V-mail pictures?

(Miss) R. E. G., Ventura, Calif.

It is perfectly O. K. to send family and sweetheart photos to servicemen. Just make sure that the photos show nothing in the background that might be objectionable from a security point of view, such as views of war plants or military installations. In no case exceed the top limit of eight ounces for first-class mail.

* * *

I was given a medical discharge from the Army last June and was lucky enough to get in the Merchant Marine shortly thereafter. So far, I've made two trips to the South Pacific. Is there any ribbon, medal, or other recognition so that a merchant seaman can show where he's been and what he's done?

J. E., Seattle, Wash.

Yes, the Merchant Marine has its own way of honoring its members. To find out what awards or decorations you are entitled to, write to the Seamen's Award Committee, War Shipping Administration, Washington 25, D. C. State your name, rank, your vessel or vessels, dates of service, and number of voyages.

* * *

A young friend of mine was divorced four years ago. She obtained the decree and did not ask for, nor receive, alimony. Some one has told her she can get compensation from her ex-husband, now in the service. Is this correct?

Mrs. W. M., Crisfield, Md.

No: she cannot get any family allowance unless there is a court decree entitling her to alimony, in which case she could receive a maximum of forty-two dollars a month. In the absence of an alimony decree, she gets nothing. After all, if this young woman was divorced four years ago and has gotten along since then without alimony, why expect a windfall now—just because he has gone to war?

* * *

Are aviation cadets entitled to the family allowances granted for enlisted men?

R. C., Massillon, Ohio.

Yes. Prior to last November 1 aviation cadets were not entitled to family allowances. The new dependency allowance act includes them and they are now entitled to the same break as enlisted men. These allowances are granted only until they are commissioned, of course, after which time they are on officer pay and get no family allowances other than the regular pay supplements for quarters and subsistence.

* * *

I served in a Negro regiment prior to being discharged for disability. What I would like to know is why so little is said about the participation of Negroes in this war. We are proud of this, our country, and would like to know what our brothers, fathers, cousins, etc., are doing to help defeat the Axis.

J. M. F., Denver, Colo.

To mention just a few of the many contributions of Negro servicemen to the nation's war effort: Negro paratroop units are now being trained. The Army has many all-Negro antiaircraft regiments and infantry regiments. An all-Negro air squadron fought valiantly over Sicily and Italy. This squadron was headed by Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin O. Davis, son of Brigadier General Benjamin O. Davis.

* * *

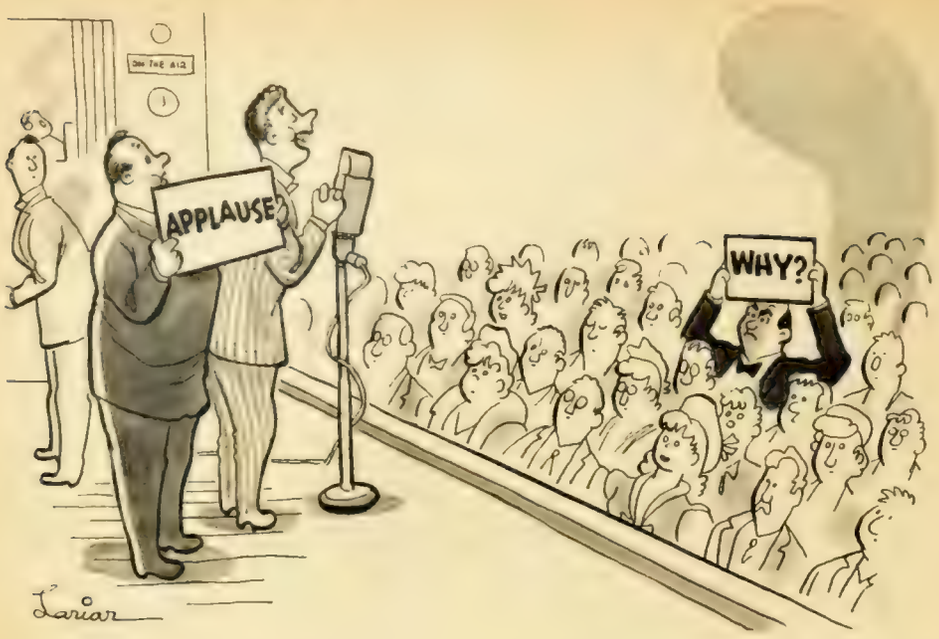
Why is it that General MacArthur has special gold braid on his cap? I have never seen any other American officer or commander wear it.

T/Sgt. O. M.,
Somewhere in New Guinea.

Gold braid

MacArthur was Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army before he went to the Philippines and became field marshal of the Philippine Army. As a former chief of staff he is permitted to prescribe his own uniform. He thus chooses to continue wearing the cap adornment that he wore as field marshal in the Philippines.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



CAJUN LOVE STORY

Continued from Page 25

would not care for so much attention. . . . But the guardsmen were already summoning him, "Hey, Dolan. Come get flowers. Oh, Dolan—yoohoo!"

He came, at first with his face red, then also smiling. "All right, you got me," he said to her. "Jeepers, flowers and a cat! Come on, sis—we'll get away from this mob."

Seeing him smile 'Tite Suzette understood why her steps had been guided here, why she had endured much to see him again. Now weren't they walking to the gate with his manner almost unbelievably changed? He was a boy happy at having found a new friend.

"Look. I'm glad you came," he said. "I haven't talked to a girl since I left home. That's in the Red River Valley, Minnesota—on a farm. I used to be a 4-H boy. One time at the County 4-H Fair I won a blue ribbon for sow-and-litter entries. I raised thirty-six hogs."

Just listen! she thought. Is it not like a dream?

So then she invited him to the dance.

"I'll come for you," he said. "I only have that early watch every other night. How come they call you 'Tite Suzette? What's that mean?"

"It means I am little," she said.

"Not too little. You're all right for me," he said. "Look. You understand about last night. I can't be sociable, not when I'm on duty. But I've been watching you for three weeks. I've had you on my mind. Sure I'll take you to the dance. I'd like to go."

She departed, thinking that perhaps tonight it would come in his arms—the love for which you can wait so long where there are none but the birds to love.

HE came with the blue geese who were returning from their feeding ground in the marshes, filling the evening sky as they settled down. She walked to meet him, taking his hand, watching the Cajun moon climb, inching up through banana trees and palms. She showed him the little sandpipers, running at the water's edge.

"Listen how they say 'peet-weet,'" she said. "That means 'Look. 'Tite Suzette is going to the dance.' You like it here?" she asked, "You want to stay a long time? You love all the birds? Say you like it here, Bricky," and waited for his answer.

"I only know one place better," he said. "That's in the Red River Valley. You ought to see our farm. You want to see a wheat field at harvesttime. Look down our valley and see ten combines all going at once. I can't wait till I'm back there again. No, sir." Then they walked along the shell road to the dance.

She was proud to arrive with him, this man who was her first and chosen one, observing the stares of the young girls from Bayou Chapeau and even the mothers who had deposited their babies in baskets in another room. "Look 'Tite Suzette with that big giant," Tante Zizi said. "Those quiet ones, they get the men."

Then the orchestra, special for the occasion—violin, triangle, accordion and harmonica—commenced. Bricky held open his arms and they danced—with him sweeping her this way and that, so powerful it was like being tossed in a boat by a squall. All others were watching. Nothing like this, 'Tite Suzette realized, ever had been seen on any dance floor. Dizziness seized her; the decorated pillars spun past. She held on. When one shoe came off, she lost it proudly. No girl tonight had a partner with this ardor and passion for the dance.

The music stopped and there was applause. "Bravo! 'Tite Suzette is the best!" She heard them, flushed and triumphant.

"Was I pretty rough?" Bricky asked. "I forget you aren't my size," and brought her the shoe and put it on.

He went to get black coffee where Tante Zizi was ladling it out of a galvanized washtub, and 'Tite Suzette stood alone by the door, unable to keep back her smiles. When some one approached, she raised her head happily. Then she saw that it wasn't Bricky. It was Hippolyte Bizet. He grinned lazily.

"What I told you, 'Tite Suzette? The medicine work fine, huh? Look how quickly you got you a man."

She stared, sickened by the sight of him and the worried thoughts that came with him. Now the danger was back again.

"You pay a little more now?" he asked. "Six bits—that's too little for a man like you got now. Maybe you pay Hippolyte a little something more—for lagniappe. Yes? Be a big sport, mamselle."

Before she could answer, the remedy-man went on quietly, "I'm your friend, 'Tite Suzette. I ain't like the Sabines. For you, I don't touch the birds—no. And look how I come and give you good medicine for love. But I'm a poor man. I need money bad."

Again she understood his meaning and the threat to the birds in his words. Trembling, she undid the knot in the handkerchief. She looked up, the indignant tears brimming her eyes . . . and saw Bricky standing there.

Towering, he gazed silently at her, then at Hippolyte. Then he spoke. "What's this man want?" he asked. "Is he bothering anybody around here?" and frowned.

Her tears choked her and must have been all the explanation that he needed. Next instant, bodily, she beheld Hippolyte rise from the floor with his feet swinging freely. There was a shriek and awesomely Hippolyte disappeared from her sight—then came a thumping crash. Tante Zizi's shrill wailing filled the air.

"A-ya! He's thrown him in the shrimp gumbo!"

'Tite Suzette stood there, unable to move but with her thoughts racing. Now it will be worse. Alone now, for revenge, he will come and attack the birds. . . .

THROUGH the moonlight they went home, with Bricky's arm around her, and she knew that when he had protected her, something else also had happened. . . . Now this enormous one loved her. He was saying it, when they sat on a log by the shell road.

"I'll be going off somewhere soon," he said. "The Coast Guard doesn't stand still. But I've got four hundred and thirty dollars in the bank—I made it as a 4-H kid and what pop paid me. Will you come out to Minnesota when the war is over? You'd like to live in Minnesota, wouldn't you, Suzette?"

Last night, she thought, he should have asked her then. Now it had come too late. She put her arm tightly around him.

"I can't go to Minnesota," she said. "I can't leave here," and tried to think how she would explain it to him. "All my life I've been here with the birds, Bricky—ever since a small child," she said. "In the fall I hear them coming, thousands of them, crying in the night—telling me, 'Suzette, we are here.' So I guard them and have to stay."

He was silent, stirring the shells with his foot.

"All the time I was in Minnesota I would be thinking of the birds unprotected here, and be a bad wife," she said. "See, every spring, from South America, the birds come home. Here is the first place that they can feed and rest after that long trip. If I'm not here, then men come and kill them. Men like Hippolyte, who club them while they sleep. He is the worst," and she clenched her fists.

"Well," he said, and moved, "I couldn't give up living on a farm. I'm saying that right now. I feel just like you do about this place. I've got to be there."

She pressed closer, but his body was rigid. "Bricky, try and understand about the birds. How could I go away?"

Slowly he stood up. "Look. I've got to get back to the station. Don't think I'm

mad or anything. It's only that I have to go. Sis, that's war."

She tried to hold him close, whispering in his ear, but he kept his head turned, saying, "Sure. Me, too. But I want to stay on the farm, and you have to watch the birds, so . . . Hey," he said, "honest, I've got to get along. It's late now."

She followed him, and he turned, waving. "Bricky," she said, but the night was already empty.

For help she talked quickly with St. Theresa! "Keep Bricky and me together. When we are married I will pay for a notice in the newspaper, 'Thanks to Little Theresa for special favor granted.'"

In the morning more of the birds were leaving, filling earth and sky with their wings and cries; and soon they would be gone as Bricky would be gone. But still she saw, in her mind's eye, every minute now, the threat of Hippolyte Bizet, and fear fought with her sorrow. When would he come?

"I hate that man. He is hanging around here like a buzzard," she told her uncle.

"If you be Miss Always Worry, bad luck come," Uncle Tootoo answered.

She remembered his birthday tomorrow and the frame she had to get for his portrait. After supper, when he lay down on the sofa, she would take the picture to town for René Caillou to work on. Afternoon came, and the wind changed, warm, with wet mists sweeping in from the Gulf, grayly floating among the salt-water-stunted oaks. Wet birds fluttered showers from their wings as she passed.

For one minute she saw Bricky walking along the beach in an oilskin slicker, accompanied by two other guardsmen. She waited to see if he would come. But he simply called, "Minnesota beats this any time!" and went on.

After supper Uncle Tootoo said, "You know what I do? I lie down on the sofa, me—maybe only for a minute," exactly as if he had not said it nightly for eighteen years. When he was sleeping she took the portrait. René Caillou would put a glass and frame on it and tomorrow it would be ready for the birthday.

SHE walked through the night, with Minou a black shadow scampering ahead. She thought, At sunset the little jeep came and left him on the sands just like before, reflecting upon that first exciting evening when he had playfully tossed sedge clods at Minou. Then she ceased thinking, a wood duck's *whoo-eek, whoo-eek* making her listen. Walking on, she still heard it, the insistent whistling. She came to a standstill, then realized the truth, stiffening. It was no duck that was calling. It was . . .

She heard the dull muffled blow.

She began running. This was the night. Hippolyte had come with his club. The thud sounded again, and she scrambled through the rushes, tripping over a live-oak trunk, treading upon Minou, who fled squalling. Around her, loons rose everywhere, mournfully crying in the mist; an eight-foot spread of pelican wings clattered past her; the kingfishers were screaming. All the wild-fowl refuge was in motion, the night alive with alarm.

She saw him—that outline tall in the night. The club was swinging like a scythe. Feathers flew blindingly.

"*Cocodri!*"

She sprang at him—with no weapon save her fury. Then feeling the portrait in her hands, she swung that at him. She beat at Hippolyte with it, in his face, over his head, beating and screaming, following him deeper into the marsh. He dropped the club.

A flashlight sprang in her eyes. There were men's voices. Bricky shouted, "Here he is, Tom! Get the son of a—" the night swelling with struggle and commotion.

Then Bricky held her while the other guardsman collared Hippolyte, and still she fought. "I will scratch out his eyes!" she cried. "That monster—" Then, when Bricky quieted her, she cried in his arms. Dully she heard Hippolyte answering the guardsman's questions.

"Yes, sir. No, sir," he was chattering . . . terrified for the rest of his life, now finding himself in the custody of one in a uniform.

Bricky was soothing her, "He won't bother birds any more. You can't monkey around the Coast Guard—not and get away with it."

Then her thought came. Now would Bricky love the birds, understand why she must remain and guard them? Tonight had they not saved them together? Perhaps he would see now.

But all he said was, "In Minnesota this couldn't have happened." So the miracle had not come. "I'm leaving tomorrow," he was saying. "I'll come and say good-by." Then he was gone with the other one and Hippolyte, and she was alone—with Uncle Tootoo's portrait, his great treasure, broken into bits on the head of Hippolyte Bizet. Surely a night, she thought, long to mourn. . . .

At daybreak she waited. Not crying, because tears are no good when the end has come. She stood under a green-

"Don't be a rumor-hound!"—says HI to HATT

There's somethin' big afoot..sniff, sniff-that dope I heard was true!
Don't never trail war rumors, if your blood's red, white an' blue!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S
Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
ONE PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

leafed banana tree, not thinking of what she would say to Uncle Tootoo when he found his picture gone, or what arguments might have been made to Bricky. You belong where you are born, and you can make none happy, even a loved one, when you are unhappy yourself.

He came as that other time, with the birds rising above him—the ducks in the long, undulating lines, sketched like a dark careless tracing in the sky; others going up in scattered flocks on the fine morning air. She heard the cries of the old guides. Good weather was sending them north at last.

Bricky took her hand. "Well, look at those birds go," he said. "Boy, they really are flying!

"You know where they're going, don't you?" he asked. "They're heading out my way. They'll be out in my neck of the woods this summer—plenty of them will be. I've seen those ducks faking a broken wing, just to lead you away from their nests. You never thought I had seen all of that. Did you, Suzette?"

She looked at him, not understanding his excitement.

"Why, they're only down here in the winter," he said. "When summertime comes—you can see yourself they're gone. Last night I was thinking. Summertime is farming time, and that's when I'd be back home," and he smiled. "We'd be there when your birds are there too. The Red River Valley's a real duck country. But in the wintertime there's not much to do on a farm. Then we could come back here when the birds come. What do you say?"

She regarded him in astonishment.

"But your cows?" she asked. "The hog and the horse? What of them in the winter, when you are gone?"

"My folks aren't dairy farmers—they're wheat farmers," he said. "Plant in the spring, harvest in August, then plow—then not much to do till next year. After the war we'll buy a busted-down jeep—and just follow the birds around. How about that, Suzette?" His large arm went around her shoulder, holding her.

She thought of the notice she would put in the paper . . . to the Little Flower Theresa, St. Jude, St. Anthony, signed "'Tite Suzette Dolan."

"Can you get ready in an hour? That's when I leave for New Orleans," he said. "We could buy a ring. Then you'd have something to keep till I get back."

"And Minou?" she asked. "Minou will go also?"

"Sure," he said. "You can always use a cat on a farm."

SHE thought of Uncle Tootoo. She could take him to New Orleans too—take him if they had to carry him. They would find an artist to do a new picture. If an artist could make a picture, having seen him but once, what a marvelous thing might he not do with Uncle Tootoo posing in person? One could only wonder.

"Go on," he said. "Hurry, sis." And she knew that she must hurry to do it all. Looking up, she saw the birds. Flight after flight leaving the water, a rush of wings filling the air with thunder that was soft overhead. Slowly they circled the island, heading north where she knew waited the nests of the cool summer. Now she would see that beautiful place too.

"Hurry, Suzette!" he said.

She ran, tripped, sending Minou flying, picked herself up, ran on, crying, "Look! I'm running, Bricky *cher!*"

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

ADVANCE SPRING FASHIONS: A report from the South Pacific warns the home folks that American sailors are affecting gold earrings. Ear lobes are pierced to accommodate, though the boys lean to the mode of wearing only one. Tough as pirates, bigger and better-looking, they, too, can doubtless carry them off with a swagger. . . . The War Department decrees that the WAC must adhere to the same rules concerning uniforms that apply to their soldier brothers. They may wear sports clothes only when playing games, and civilian dress only when dining at home with not more than two guests.

CRICKETS ON THE HEARTH

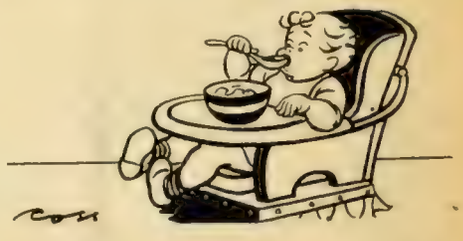
No honeyed words are needed to
Proclaim that I'm in love with you.
Apparently I'm growing older,
For though I'm partial to your shoulder,
And to it I'm disposed to leap,
Once there, I'm apt to go to sleep.
Nor do you seem averse to this
Expression of connubial bliss.

FISH STORY: Dr. Richard Hoffmann tells the story of a lady who was taken to dinner. She wanted imported caviar, and said to the waiter in ringing, imperious tones, "Now you be sure it's imported, because I don't know the difference."

CUTE STORY: James Millard Cute, the thirty-six-year-old father of nine youngsters, was inducted into the Army after his job in Rumford, Rhode Island, was declared nonessential. The children range from four to fourteen, and Mrs. Cute thinks she will have a far from cute time trying to cope with a forty-dollar-a-week grocery bill and buying shoes practically every day for one of the children. Cute's total Army allotment for himself and family comes to $268 a month, whereas he has been earning from seventy-five to eighty dollars a week.

CRACKPOT COOKBOOKS: I have always been indignant at the recipes perpetrated by some of the "best" cookbooks. The merciless authors appear bent on confusing the wistful housewife with fractions and figures that would repel an Einstein. They dearly love to distress their readers with cereal recipes designed for *six* people which involve *five* cups of milk and *three quarters* of a cup of farina. To make enough for *one* baby, does momma take one sixth of three quarters of a cup, and one sixth of five cups of milk, and if so, how? . . . And who under the shining sun has the time or patience to figure out and follow directions for curry of lamb which demands one pound five ounces of meat cut in squares, three quarters of a gallon of stock, two and a half ounces of chopped onions, two and a half ounces of "celery scraps," a few sprigs of parsley, an ounce of coconut, two ounces of butter, one and a half ounces of shortening, one ounce of flour, two tablespoons of chutney, one teaspoon of salt, half a cup of cream, one chopped apple, one chopped banana, one ounce of curry powder, and one and a quarter pounds of cooked rice? That is a genuine recipe from The Congressional Club Cook Book. Even the famous Fannie Farmer gives the hungry seeker after knowledge astronomical figures that scare her right out of her kitchen. And at the same time she omits many of the elementary directions the neophyte needs. Her fried-chicken recipe, for example, orders our Nell to "Cut chicken in pieces for serving and fry in pork fat or butter." She doesn't say whether the fat should be hot or cold, shallow or deep. She gives no hint about whether the chicken should be decently peppered and salted and floured, or left unabashedly naked. In her recipe for "Fried Chicken, Southern Style," she does go a step farther. She advises coating with flour, but amplifies thus: "Try out pork, add chicken, and cook until tender and well browned." What, I ask you, does she mean by "Try out pork"? Maybe *you* know, but not the beginner, and who needs a cookbook more?

NUGGETS FROM THE LIPS OF EXPERIENCED MOTHERS: A mother of four observes: Babies are like all young, small animals—if comfortable, well fed, and rested, they're happy and



healthy. . . . Learning to feed a baby is like learning to ski or swim. Granted a normal, healthy infant, it's largely a matter of confidence. Once you feel sure he's going to take his bottle, he senses it and stops being temperamental. . . . If the baby is bent on driving you nuts by crying to be picked up, and you're sure he's comfortable, turn the radio on so you won't hear him. . . . Don't try to teach him to eat cereal from a spoon twice the size of his mouth. Jewelers, understandably eager to sell heavyweight silver, make oversize spoons, and innocent uncles buy them. The half-teaspoon-size measuring spoon is about right for a starter.

GOLDWYN'S GOLDEN TOUCH

Continued from Page 30

As a matter of fact, Sam started in the motion-picture industry as a salesman. Born Sam Goldfish in Warsaw, Poland, in 1884, his parents died when he was still a child. When he was fourteen Sam came to America, headed for Gloversville, New York, and a three-dollar-a-week job in the glove factories there. First as a cutter, then head of a department, and finally as a traveling salesman, he prospered. He managed to crowd in only one year of night school, but at twenty-seven he was a partner in his firm, making $15,000 a year.

One day in 1910, however, Sam stopped in at the Herald Square Theater in New York to see some of the new "moving pictures." The show was hardly over before he had made up his mind to quit the glove business. He didn't know anything about making movies, but he knew it wouldn't be hard to make better ones than the crude two-reel Westerns he'd seen. He hounded his brother-in-law Jesse Lasky, who was in the vaudeville business, until finally, in 1913, the two men each put up about $10,000 and formed the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co.

The Lasky Co. hired an unsuccessful young playwright named Cecil B. De Mille as director and a rising young actor named Dustin Farnum as star, and started to make a film version of the popular stage play The Squaw Man in an old livery stable in Los Angeles.

One of the first feature-length films to be made in this country, The Squaw Man ate up the Lasky Co.'s $20,000 in no time. It might never have been completed if Sam, the supersalesman, hadn't taken to the road and collected enough money in advance from theater operators to keep going. The Squaw Man cost $47,000—a staggering sum for the time—but the five-reel picture was a spectacular success and the Lasky Co. was launched on a profitable career.

THE Lasky Co.'s great rival was Adolph Zukor's Famous Players Co., and the competition between the two companies for stars and screen material was feverish and expensive until, in 1916, a merger was arranged.

Famous Players-Lasky was a $25,000,000 corporation with Zukor as president and Sam chairman of the board. Sam was to be the business man, Zukor and Lasky in charge of production. But all three men were accustomed to being boss. They began to scrap over the division of executive control immediately. Then Zukor delivered an ultimatum to the board of directors. Unless Sam got out, he would resign. So Sam's stock interest of almost $1,000,000 was bought up and he left the company just a few short months after he joined it.

In the same year he was back in business again, as president and chief owner of Goldwyn Pictures Corp.—in association with the Broadway producers Arch and Edgar Selwyn. The name of this new corporation was evolved by combining the first syllable of Sam's last name and the last syllable of the Selwyn name. In 1919 Sam Goldfish had his name legally changed to Goldwyn.

Famous Players-Lasky had by this time built up a tremendous stable of stars. Goldwyn promptly followed suit, and not only signed up movie personalities like Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh, but went to the legitimate theater for Madge Kennedy and Maxine Elliott and to the Metropolitan Opera for Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar. If their pictures were not always successful, at least the publicity these great ladies brought Goldwyn was well worth the expense.

Eventually exhausted by the "artistic temperment" of his stars and the bitter competition of Famous Players-Lasky, Goldwyn decided to shift his sights and concentrate on stories rather than on stars. In 1919 he astonished the industry by organizing a League of Eminent Authors—consisting of Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Basil King, Gouverneur Morris and LeRoy Scott—to write pictures for him.

The Eminent Authors brought Goldwyn another great burst of publicity—and about twice as much temperament. Will Rogers, working for Sam at the time, sighed with relief when he was

MISUNDERSTOOD! (because your hair is gray?)

Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully

The world doesn't understand how a woman with gray hair can still *feel* young. To the world, gray hair means "old," and many a sparkling personality is buried beneath this dull, drab color.

The pity of it is that you can't change the world's opinion. But you *can* change the color of your hair! You can make it young-looking . . . alive . . . a glorious tribute to your beauty. You can actually build a whole new, exciting life for yourself . . . "naturally, with Clairol."

CLAIROL IS DELIGHTFUL — Your hair luxuriates in a froth of iridescent bubbles. And quickly — almost before you know it — it's clean, silky soft and permanently colored. Every trace of gray hair has vanished!

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE — You don't have to be afraid when you use Clairol. It is made from the purest, most expensive ingredients obtainable. Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory controlled under skilled specialists.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET — It completely avoids that brassy look of old fashioned dyes. Clairol shades are uniform . . . assuring a perfect match. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

FREE.. "*11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair.*" This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Just write.

CLAIROL, INC., DEPT. B-5, P.O. BOX 1455
STAMFORD, CONN.

*Caution: Use only as directed on the label

CLAIROL
Original Oil Shampoo Tint

COPYRIGHT 1944, CLAIROL, INC.

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 21 days."
Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches, now 43 inches. I feel like a new person, I like the taste also. My doctor says it was O. K."
Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."
Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U.S. military hospital and a state public health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: For lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure.

Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food and drug stores.

- NO EXERCISE!
- NO REDUCING DRUGS!
- ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special introductory can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you direct, post-paid, FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out the coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. It tells important facts you should know about weight tables and charts of food values.

CAL-PAR Dept. HD
685 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders accepted)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

signed up to do Washington Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow rather than one of the Eminent Authors' productions. "I am off all living authors' works," he drawled. "Me for the dead ones."

Goldwyn Pictures prospered until 1922, when Sam became involved in another battle for executive control. When the row reached a deadlock he retired to write his memoirs (Behind the Screen, a book of chatty gossip on picture personalities) and subsequently settled the dispute by selling his stock interest in Goldwyn Pictures to the Metro Co. The next year the firm was merged to form the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Co. In ten years Sam had helped create two of the industry's greatest companies—Famous Players-Lasky, which later became Paramount Pictures, and M-G-M.

In 1923 Goldwyn made another fresh start—this time as an independent producer in Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., Ltd. Unfortunately, he did not stay completely independent for long. In 1926 he allied his organization with United Artists—which had been set up in 1919 to distribute the pictures of independent producers. In 1927 he was elected an owner-member of the company.

Inevitably Sam's battle for control of the organization started again. By 1936, when there were five owner-members left in United Artists—Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Alexander Korda, and Sam—their wrangling had reached such a pitch that they were all sending their lawyers to represent them at stockholders' meetings.

IN 1937 Goldwyn and Korda, being the most active producers in the organization, tried to buy up the interests of the other three owner-members but were stalled by unsurmountable legal obstacles.

Still chafing under what he considered an unfair distribution of profits—since Mary Pickford and Fairbanks were inactive and Chaplin had made only one picture in five years—Goldwyn sued to break his contract with United Artists in 1939, claiming that both Korda and Doug Fairbanks had set up separate producing companies over his objections. While he waited for the suit to be settled, he quit producing pictures entirely for a year and a half. In February of 1941 the suit was finally withdrawn when United Artists released him from his distribution contract and bought up his stock. Goldwyn arranged to have future pictures released through RKO and went back into production with The Little Foxes.

Since then Goldwyn's business career has been comparatively calm. Today he has no partners, no stockholders, and is sole owner of his studio. Of all the independent producers in Hollywood he is the most independent. He makes the pictures he wants to make when he wants to make them—which usually means three or four a year as against the fifty or more turned out by the big studios. He rarely makes more than one picture at a time, because he is so completely in charge of each production that it is physically impossible for him to handle more.

He is as close as you can come to a one-man movie industry. He personally selects his stories. He personally supervises the writing of the screen play. He personally supervises casting. He personally passes on sets and costumes. He personally works out the musical score with the composer. He personally follows the progress of production day by day. When the picture is completed he personally cuts it—which may mean reducing 250,000 feet of film to anywhere from 9,000 to 12,000 feet. And after the picture is cut he often personally takes to the road and launches the publicity. So far, he has not tried selling tickets at the box office.

The result of this complete supervision is something Hollywood has come to call the Goldwyn Touch—an elusive phrase that stands most of all for quality but also for honest acting, handsome "mounting," and a literate story.

Goldwyn is one of a small handful of men in the industry who stamp a definite personality on their pictures. Invariably Goldwyn productions are in good taste, adult, dignified, with unmistakable "class." They have everything the young Polish glove cutter could ever have wished for when he came to America at the turn of the century. Goldwyn pictures also make money.

With a fierce pride in his name and his product, Goldwyn will go to any lengths to maintain his standards of quality. When he made Wuthering Heights he not only selected an all-British cast but built an English manor house that would have put most of the manor houses in England to shame. Its most extravagant feature—and one that could not possibly have been important to the average movie customer—was 1,000 windowpanes of genuine hand-blown English glass.

Even when he saw The North Star running into $3,000,000 he kept spending money to get exactly the effects he wanted. He had studio workmen slave for weeks to build a Russian village that was authentic down to the last mud puddle. That job cost something like $260,000, and not long after it was finished even more time and money were spent burning it down for the climax of the picture.

Money is no object when Goldwyn gets excited about a picture. And Goldwyn gets excited about every picture he makes. He won't start a movie unless he's enthusiastic about the story. Ever since the days of the Eminent Authors he has been sold on the theory that the story is the most important ingredient in making a picture—and once you have a good one the background, the actors, and all other considerations become secondary.

He's proved that theory innumerable times. It was a Hollywood legend, for example, that there was no such thing as a successful baseball picture, but The Pride of the Yankees was the greatest financial success Goldwyn ever had. Every studio in town turned down Wuthering Heights because it was too morbid, but it became another of Goldwyn's great triumphs. Every one thought The Little Foxes had too many disagreeable characters in it to make a popular film. They said Dodsworth wouldn't have any appeal because it was about middle-aged people. The Children's Hour (These Three on the screen) had a theme that was too hot for Hollywood to handle. Dead End was too sordid. Arrowsmith was about a doctor—and therefore too dull. Even Whoopee, Eddie Cantor's first movie, looked like a bad bet when Goldwyn was making it because the public was so fed up with musicals at the time that theaters were advertising "This picture has no music" to get customers up to the box office. And though Russian pictures were ticklish box-office risks when Goldwyn started work on The North Star in 1942, he spent a year and a half making it, and didn't even bolster his investment with big box-office names.

GOLDWYN tries to launch at least one new face in each of his pictures. His current film, Up in Arms, stars Danny Kaye—who may have had a healthy following in Manhattan but was still an unknown quantity everywhere else when Goldwyn signed him up. Though every one agreed Kaye was a sure bet, and though every studio in town would have been glad to sign him and let him work his way up through the B pictures—or give him a four-minute spot in a grab-bag musical—Goldwyn shot the works and built a whole picture around him as though he were an established favorite like Bob Hope.

Up in Arms also gives Dinah Shore her first sizable movie role, introduces a young woman named Constance Dowling and a whole personally hand-picked chorus of Goldwyn Girls. Like everything else he does, Sam's system for picking chorines is strictly unorthodox—but effective. He sent out the first chorus call for Up in Arms when he was in New York last fall. Several hundred young ladies showed up at the Goldwyn suite in the Waldorf Towers, dressed to the teeth.

"All I'm looking for is fresh faces," Sam said bluntly. "Will you please wipe off your make-up so I can see you?"

● Equally popular for use in the kitchen or at the table, Heinz 57 Sauce is the condiment all America is asking for! Rare tropical and domestic fruits and vegetables—richly spiced—give this patiently aged sauce matchless zest and man-appeal. You'll like it in gravies, stews—on eggs or chops!

Heinz
57-SAUCE
17 flavors blended into one

"Would you mind removing your hat and earrings?" he asked some of the young ladies. And, "How tall are you with your hair down?" he asked those who had obviously spent the morning sweeping their hair up.

Goldwyn has a passion for simplicity. Young actresses who work for him are forever getting personal beauty hints from the boss on how to use make-up, do their hair, and dress simply.

In his personal life Sam practically makes a fetish of simplicity. His home in Beverly Hills is fairly simple by Hollywood standards even if it is outfitted with all the required fixtures of a movie executive's estate—swimming pool, tennis court, and a wall that swings out to form a motion-picture screen. He lives quietly, doesn't smoke or drink. Almost every evening after dinner he runs off a movie and—though he is Hollywood's greatest crusader against double bills—sometimes two.

He goes to bed early, and sleeps outdoors whenever he can. He is up by 7 A. M. and drinks hot milk and sugar for breakfast instead of coffee. One way or another, he manages to walk for at least an hour a day. It's his chief exercise (though he occasionally plays golf with Mrs. Goldwyn) and the way he does it *is* exercise. Other people have to run to keep up with him.

HE is careful about his diet and eats sparingly. As a result he is still trim as a stripling. Ice-cream sodas are his one weakness, and he's the kind of man who likes to drink two at a sitting. After the première of one of his pictures several years ago, he took his whole staff to a soda fountain to celebrate. He is fastidious and has his suits made, by one of Hollywood's expensive tailors, to fit like the paper on the wall. He never carries anything in his pockets—no handkerchief, watch, or wallet. He never wears jewelry.

He's never learned to drive a car, so his pretty young wife—the former Frances Howard, whom he married in 1925, some ten years after his divorce from Blanche Lasky—sometimes drives him to work. She usually stays at the studio all morning, reading scripts and otherwise helping out.

Goldwyn's private office at the studio looks like a typical Park Avenue living room. It is richly furnished and includes a grand piano and numerous cabinet photographs of Mrs. Goldwyn and Sam, Jr., their seventeen-year-old son who has just left the University of Virginia to enlist in the Army.

Sam lunches almost every day with his staff in the executive dining room at the studio. He likes to have young men working for him, and most of his executives are men under forty. He is as shrewd about picking competent assistants as he is at developing stars. (Will Rogers, Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon, David Niven, and Teresa Wright were some of Goldwyn's.) A lot of the industry's top directors, producers, publicity men, etc., have been on Goldwyn's staff—men like Hunt Stromberg, Arthur Hornblow, Kenneth Macgowan, Howard Dietz, Jock Lawrence.

But Goldwyn is head man of the Goldwyn Studios—the last word, the court of final appeals, the boss. Inevitably he has built up a kind of superego, so that he occasionally even refers to himself in the third person—as "Goldwyn thinks it ought to be done this way." He is an exacting boss and a highly volatile one, as quick to make up his mind as he is to change it. The people who work with him usually come to respect him greatly; at the same time they keep a weather eye out to try to predict which way he's going to turn next. He is always most anxious to get every one's opinion on any vexing problem, though he usually knows the answer he wants. He doesn't insist on yes men around him; sometimes the answer that he wants to hear is no.

Away from work—though he never gets far from it—Goldwyn can relax and be a charming and even a humorous conversationalist. Consciously humorous, that is. Not long ago he gave a luncheon at the studio for one of his writers who was going into the Army.

The high point of the occasion was a short but touching speech by Sam himself, in which he told the writer how much every one was going to miss him, and how—when it was all over—he could come back and find his old job waiting for him as always. It was a heartfelt speech, and there was hardly a dry eye in the house as Sam sat down. In the moment of hushed silence just before some one remembered to applaud, Sam looked across the table at the writer he'd been addressing. "Of course," he said dryly, "you have a contract to that effect."

The laugh is no longer always on Sam. After all, there isn't anything funny about turning out successful motion pictures for thirty-one years. Ten years ago Will Rogers, addressing the Academy Award banquet, had the hot shots of the industry rolling in the aisles with Goldwyn jokes when he stopped short.

"Well," he drawled, "we all joke about Sam, but I'll say this—if a lot of you birds knew anywhere near as much about the motion-picture business as Sam, you'd be sitting a lot prettier than you are now."

And that still goes.

THE END

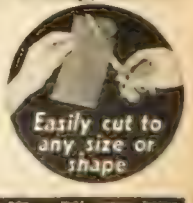
New FOOT RELIEF!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.



Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

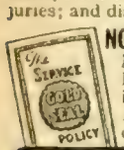
PAYS accumulated **ACCIDENT BENEFITS** for Accidental Loss of Life, Limb, or Sight up to **$6000.00**

For LOSS OF TIME! Accident Disability Benefits up to $100 a month for as long as 24 months, or **$2400.00**

SICKNESS BENEFITS For Loss of Time due to Sickness, a maximum Monthly Income of ..... **$100.00 PER MO.**

HOSPITAL EXPENSES for Sickness or Accident, including $5.00 a day for hospital room, up to **$650.00**

***all around* PROTECTION!...** Accidents happen to 20 persons every minute of every day, and sickness strikes when least expected. So why take chances? NOW you can have all-around insurance protection, backed by an old-line LEGAL RESERVE Company for less than $1 a month. Policy pays for ALL accidents, ALL the common sicknesses, even for minor injuries; and disability benefits start from very first day



NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION required! No red tape! Policy issued BY MAIL at BIG SAVINGS. Ages 15 to 69. Actual Policy sent for 10 Days' FREE Examination. ACT NOW! Write for it today. No cost. No obligation. No salesman will call.

FREE 10-Day Inspection Coupon

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
468A Service Life Bldg. Omaha, Nebr.
Without cost or obligation, send your GOLD SEAL $1-A-MONTH Policy for 10 DAYS' FREE INSPECTION

Name_____
Address_____ Age____
City_____ State____
Beneficiary_____

HANDY WAY TO SUBSCRIBE

LIBERTY, Dept. 4-8
205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me Liberty for		Check which
1 year	$3.50	☐
2 years	6.00	☐

I enclose .....$____ ☐

Send me a Bill..... ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ZONE STATE

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The American flyers listen to trumped-up Jap charges in stunned silence.

THE PURPLE HEART *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Farley Granger, Sam Levene

THE PURPLE HEART is the story of the eight American flyers who were captured by the Japs after the bombing of Tokyo, tried as war criminals, and executed. Those are the plain, unadorned facts. But the facts alone—brutal and tragic as they are—aren't what make The Purple Heart such a moving, dynamic film. It's the steel-willed determination of the eight flyers not to reveal one shred of information about how the raid was carried out.

Most of the movie takes place in a Japanese civil court and in the prisoners' cell. One by one, the flyers are led off to be tortured. The minutes drag by. There's no music, no talk. Each man wonders if the flyer will crack under the fiendish torture, but every one returns—broken but loyal.

There are no big names in the cast, but the acting is practically flawless. Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, and Sam Levene are especially fine. And for once the Japs are flesh-and-blood villains—not just monkeylike demons snarling between their teeth. The Purple Heart will be too strong for some people; some mothers and wives won't want to see it. But those who do will never forget it.

The Japs mangle Lt. Bayforth's hands, but they can't break his spirit.

The lovers try to tell Oakie that three's a crowd, but he won't take a hint.

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW

(United Artists)
Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, Jack Oakie

ABOUT the only man who knows for sure on Monday what's going to happen on Tuesday is the weatherman. But in the movies anything is possible. It Happened Tomorrow is a swell Technicolor fantasy, set in the 1890s, about a reporter (Dick Powell) who gets his hands on a copy of tomorrow's paper. Overnight he becomes famous as the reporter who knows what's going to happen before it does happen. He writes front-page stories on tomorrow's crimes, bets on the horses and wins every time. But he gets his come-uppance when he finds his own death notice is in tomorrow's paper too. During the excitement, Powell loses his heart to Linda Darnell, the prettier half of a clairvoyant vaudeville team. The other half is moon-faced Jack Oakie, in one of the funniest parts he's had in years. Seeing It Happened Tomorrow is a swell way to forget your troubles.

Powell hits the jackpot at the races and astounds even magician Jack Oakie.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix. Drama.
NONE SHALL ESCAPE (Columbia). Marsha Hunt, Henry Travers. Drama.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
TENDER COMRADE (RKO). Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey, Robert Ryan. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.
VOICE IN THE WIND (United Artists). Francis Lederer, Sigrid Gurie. Drama.

Unbelievable
The mysteries of life and love—bared for a fleeting instant in the eyes of a beautiful woman! A truly unusual drama!
VERA HRUBA RALSTON
RICHARD ARLEN
ERICH VON STROHEIM
in
THE Lady AND THE Monster
with
HELEN VINSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
GEORGE SHERMAN Director
Based on the novel
"DONOVAN'S BRAIN" by CURT SIODMAK
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

WORKERS! WHO SUFFER
'FACTORY' ITCH
SKIN RASHES

Famous Liquid Promptly Relieves Torture!

First applications of wonderful soothing, highly medicated *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula—promptly relieve intense itch and burning of simple skin rashes, Eczema, Psoriasis, blemishes and similar skin and scalp irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Amazingly successful for over 35 years!

Clean, stainless—invisible Zemo won't show on skin. First trial convinces! Keep a bottle at your work, too. 3 sizes. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases.

ZEMO

USE ASTHMADOR

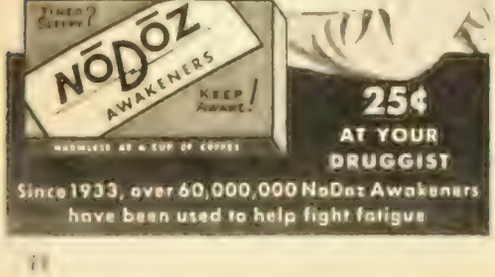
The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic attacks—helps make breathing easier. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform—its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore—try ASTHMADOR today!

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER. IT IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR PACKING FOOD, AMMUNITION, MEDICAL SUPPLIES

Is it worth 2¢
to keep awake on your job?

One NoDoz Awakeners tablet costs less than 2c. Use NoDoz Awakeners to help keep awake . . . alert . . . to think better, work better. Harmless as coffee.

For trial-size package, send 10c to NoDoz Awakeners, Dep't L-10 Tribune Tower, Oakland 12, California. Offer expires Apr. 29, '44



WE'LL STILL USE SHIPS

Continued from Page 19

as strongly as we do about a private bath with every bedroom. Even before the war, European ship designers were yielding to what they considered ridiculous American notions and installing numerous baths in their new ships. American designers, whose recent ships are by common consent the best ever built anywhere in the world, long ago accepted as axiomatic the doctrine of a private bath with every cabin.

Another demand the American traveler makes is for an outside cabin. You might think it a physical impossibility to build a ship which consists almost entirely of such rooms, but this is not the case. A genius named Bibby had the bright idea of dividing a rectangle into two rooms, one an outside room and the other, fitted beside it, an inside room having a corridor which leads to a porthole overlooking the deck. This ingenious little plan has been worth millions to the shipping companies.

The latest wrinkle in modernized design is the small private deck shared by the occupants of only four or five cabins. In the old days, on the average European boat, there was a royal suite which had a tiny private deck. Trust the American passenger to demand treatment equal to the best. He wanted a private deck, too, and in some ships he got it, through an idea roughly similar to a Hollywood bungalow court, with four or five cabins grouped around three sides of a small open space.

SUGGESTIONS are always being made to cut the cost of ocean travel so that more and more Americans can enjoy its pleasures. One suggestion is to cut out the elaborate meals served on board ship—to pay a fixed price for your room on a liner, perhaps, and then buy your meals in restaurants and cafeterias on the ship, with menus scaled to meet all kinds of pocketbooks.

The shipping industry is very doubtful as to whether such ideas would work. In the first place, they say that most people who can afford a European vacation at all can afford the few dollars more required for the type of comforts that are now offered on American cabin ships. And experience has shown that most passengers *like* reading over those elaborate menus: it makes them feel holidayish and luxurious. And the total cost of all food served on shipboard is an insignificant item compared with the really heavy expense of operating a ship.

Shipping men look forward to an enormous increase in cruise business after the war. During the twenty years between the two wars this type of travel gained great popularity. It began in prohibition days, when ships went outside the twelve-mile limit and then served liquor. It continued after repeal and showed remarkable strength even during the worst days of the depression. Indeed, at the height of the winter season shipping men were hard pressed to find enough vessels for Caribbean cruises.

Now, they believe, cruises will go all over the world on a large scale. Basil Harris, president of the United States Lines, points out that Americans who are fighting in Europe, Africa, India, and the Southwest Pacific will want to revisit the scenes of their military life in the calm of the postwar era. Some of them will have married girls from the antipodes and will buy passage back to show the children to grandpa and grandma. The travel statisticians are already soberly plotting the size of this business between the United States and Australia, where the marriage rate is certain to be heavy.

Even these cruises in the future will be partly conducted with combination freight-and-passenger ships. The experts believe there will be an enormous increase in trade between the United States and Latin America after the war. Cruise passengers will be encouraged to travel one way on one ship and change to another vessel for the return voyage.

THE war has brought about one important improvement in operation from the point of view of the shipping men. For two generations it had been very difficult to get American boys to go to sea. Ships were mostly foreign-owned, pay to common sailors was miserably low, and crew quarters and food were wretched. To become an officer was virtually impossible, because such places were reserved for the countrymen of the ships' owners.

Today that is all changed. Even before the war, government aids to shipping, and strict laws requiring satisfactory living conditions and food for sailors, had brought many American boys back to the sea. The war has, of course, increased this movement. With government aid, Merchant Marine officers are being turned out in large numbers. Many thousands of American boys have shipped as able-bodied seamen. The shipping men believe that the sea has come back into the American consciousness and will stay there.

As for postwar cargo shipping, every one I spoke to assumed that some of it will go by air, especially small, highly valued, and perishable freight. But no one had any other idea than that ships will continue to carry things like coal, automobiles, iron, wheat, cotton, and other bulky commodities which are the backbone of transportation.

The American Merchant Marine Institute has drawn up a program to put American shipping on what it considers a sound basis. It would transfer all government-owned merchant ships to private hands. The bulk of American trade should be carried in American vessels. If there is excess tonnage at the end of the war, large numbers of the least efficient units should be laid up by the government but not allowed to deteriorate, so that they could be called back into service if another emergency arose.

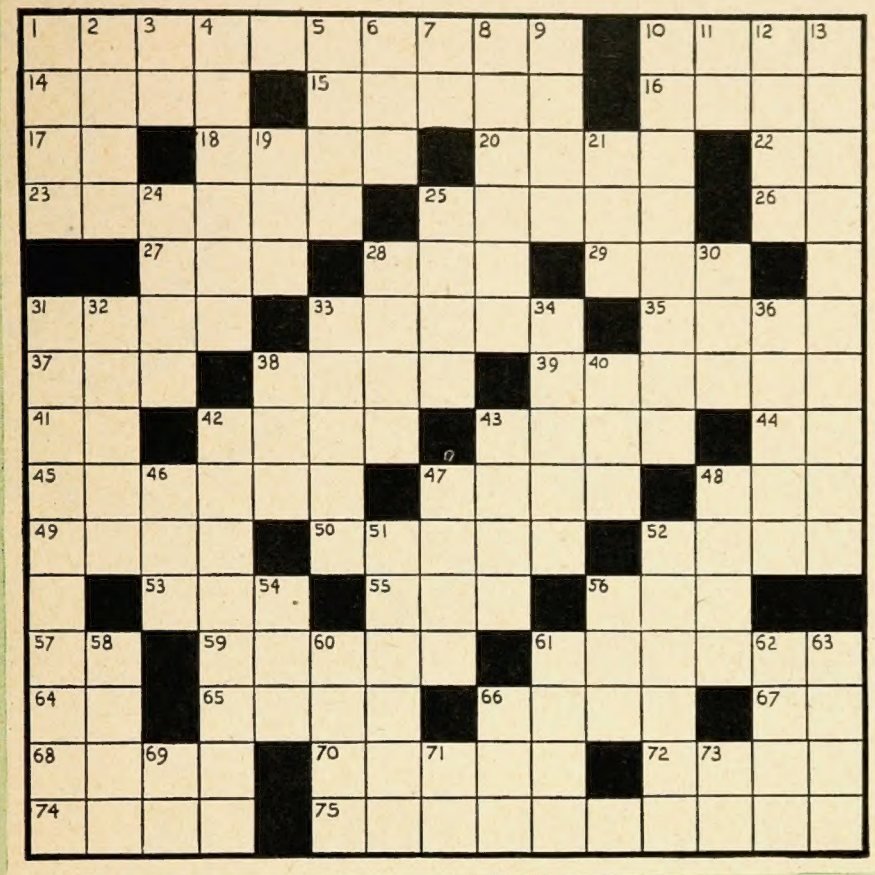
There has also just been formed the National Federation of American Shipping, headed by Almon E. Roth of San Francisco. The new Federation includes the Institute just referred to, also four large regional groups, and permits the industry to speak and act with unity and vigor on maritime affairs. It hopes to secure a substantial and nation-wide support for an adequate Merchant Marine.

The shipping men with whom I talked—and I saw spokesmen for a majority of the important American lines—are optimistic about the future of the United States. They look forward with confidence to a postwar period of high prosperity and a rich and full life for the average American citizen. They propose to see to it that that rich and full life includes sea voyages in comfortable, fast, well equipped, inexpensive ships—plenty of ships and plenty of voyages!

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Counter irritants
10 The booze shortage's so bad, they're highjacking St. Bernards
14 It takes brains to get this
15 Handy thing you can play with the feet
16 Where the Japs were caught off base
17 Luscious Amazons (abbr.)
18 Factory many an old nag winds up in
20 Chief that's second in command
22 Bagdad-on-the-Subway, O. Henry called it (abbr.)
23 A mixup in the breakfast orders
25 Fuddy-duddy (var. sp.)
26 Sex appeal in reverse (abbr.)
27 Scram
28 Popular French cent
29 One person who never announces his profession
31 Canine WACS
33 Goose, straw or razz
35 King with the gangrenous glamour girls
37 They're on the outs with the outs
38 There's nothing to this
39 What the big shot calls his list of appointments
41 Squealing Zanies (abbr.)
42 It's colder than it's warm
43 ---- and twos
44 Odorous Propaganda (abbr.)
45 Rundown heel
47 Good spare to carry for when the gas coupons run out
48 Kind of fix
49 Word for old-timers
50 Gits around a lot
52 Look like a wolf
53 The sweetest of the Murphies
55 Acorny thing
56 Preposition

P	A	R	S	I	F	A	L	■	P	U	M	P		
A	P	E	R	T	U	R	E	■	O	R	A	L		
P	P	S	■	A	E	F	■	C	L	A	R	A		
E	L	■	E	L	L	■	H	A	L	T	S			
R	E	P	A	Y	■	T	R	A	N	S	I	T		
■	■	E	T	■	B	R	A	N	D	■	N	I		
B	A	N	■	P	A	I	N	T	■	H	I	C		
U	S	■	P	A	R	E	D	■	P	O	■	■		
S	T	A	L	I	N	S	■	C	H	E	S	S		
H	O	G	A	N	■	■	A	L	I	■	I	T		
I	R	E	N	E	■	O	R	O	■	I	N	E		
D	I	N	E	■	B	R	E	W	S	T	E	R		
O	A	T	S	■	B	E	A	N	T	O	W	N		

Last week's answer

57 Aggravating Sniffle-snuffers (abbr.)
59 Nids to you
61 Fish-scented buckshot
64 Aw, clam up!
65 Cain (anagram)
66 What we love to do to the Japs
67 Numb Annies (abbr.)
68 Would you call Durante's the this of Plenty?
70 He holds a world's record for carrying the Ball
72 Nazis, reverted to all fours
74 Amateur Nazi
75 Buck Rogers' Lunar Transportation System

VERTICAL

1 Where the farmer's dotter made fodder
2 They say he was this kind of good man
3 That little article from France
4 Baldheaded flighty things
5 Union League Club rheumatism
6 The squire comes to an angry end
7 Rudderless Girdles (abbr.)
8 There's nothing sarong with this pinup gal (*cf* --- ----, the merrier!)
9 Nags (anagram)
10 They're the tops in the religious world
11 Handy connection
12 Chicken of the sea
13 This has more stories than Liberty
19 This calls for another service in the tennis racket
21 It is, jammed up
24 Original sources of chicken soup
25 Duck call
28 Give for money
30 Jap chicken feed
31 Namby pamby
32 It's a short drive from here to Rome
33 Lunkheads; guys with two left mental feet
34 Jerks
36 To superlove
38 Farmer's mashie
40 Wonder word
42 This kind of woman is practically extinct
43 Porcine love cry
46 Get on the nerves of
47 Prejudice
48 He Shah could persian you with bad spirits
51 Often halfbaked
52 They sit around in the dark and tell lies
54 Will they ration them for the women?
56 Human plush
58 Dog house, rationed
60 "I was wounded in Italy." "Have a ---- ?" "No, thanks, I don't smoke!"
61 The emptiest thing in the liquor store
62 Vs.
63 File, as the nerve ends
66 Horsefaced Angry Kuties (abbr.)
69 Center's conservative bodyguard (abbr.)
71 A prominent lactress, in two letters
73 What the Ted Shane fan club will say when I address it

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

a few timely drops

Help Prevent Many Colds from Developing!

At the first sniffle, sneeze, or sign of a cold, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Va-tro-nol —used in time—works right where trouble starts—aids your natural defenses against colds—helps prevent many colds from developing. Follow directions in folder.

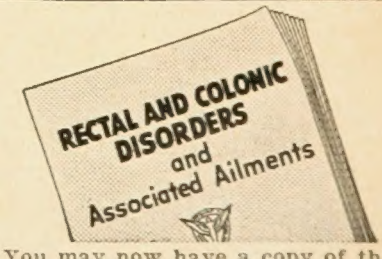
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILD'S COLDS To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Good for adults. **VICKS** VAPORUB

New All Purpose Magic for HANDS—ARMS—FACE—BODY. Helps you to a lovelier, softer, smoother skin all over.

★ 60¢ *at Drug, Department and 10¢ Stores. Also 10¢ size at 10¢ Stores.* ★

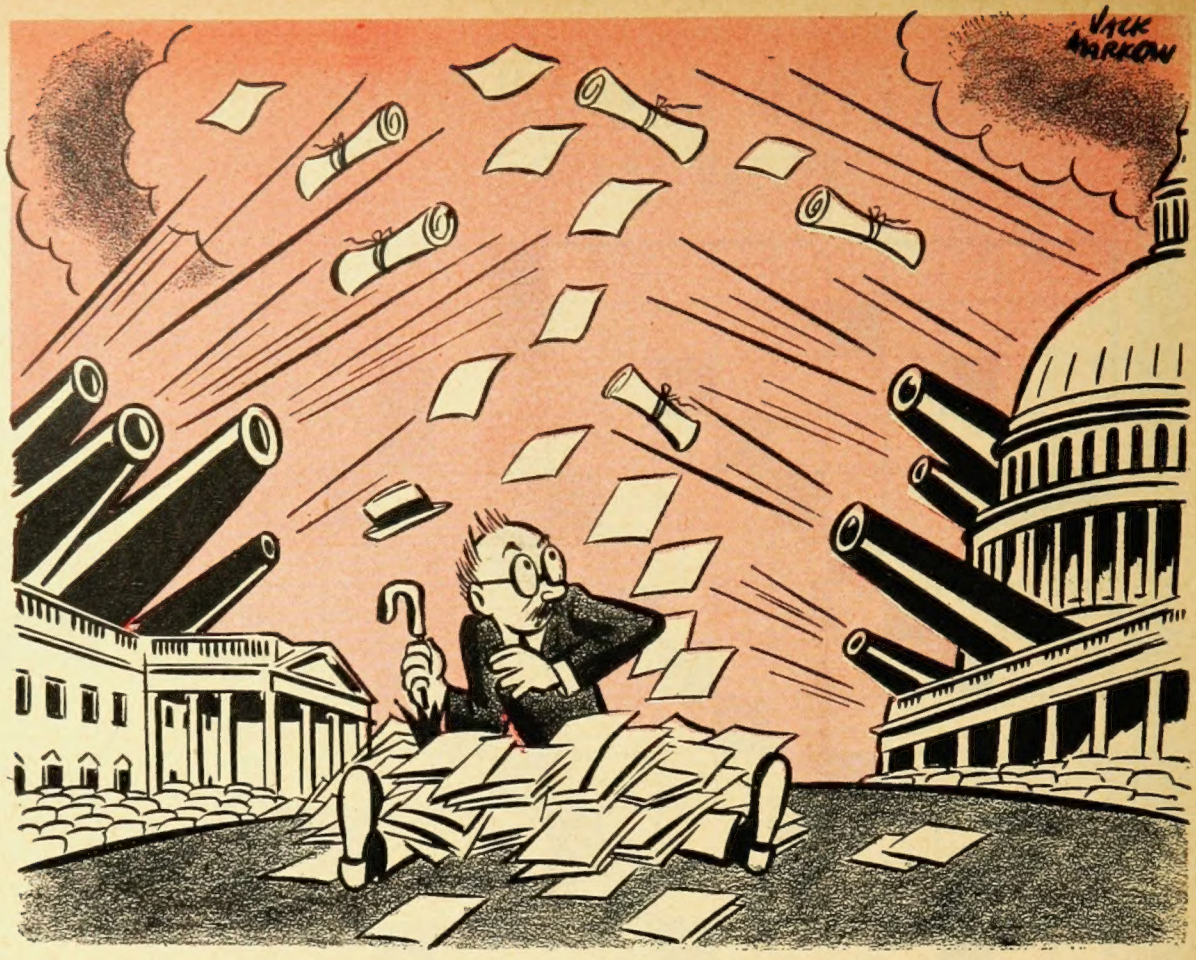
GOOD NEWS
For Rectal - Colon Sufferers



You may now have a copy of this 122-page FREE BOOK by asking for it with a postcard or letter. No obligation so write today. The McCleary Clinic, 436 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

APRIL 8, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



UNQUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

IN the midst of a war no patriotic citizen can do other than deplore the recent blow-up between the President and Congress. It's one of those things that just shouldn't happen in a country supposed to be united for victory. While Congress has its faults and doesn't always act promptly or wisely, most of the blame for the bust-up must be laid at the door of F. D. R.

The President is supposed to possess almost infallible political astuteness. If so, he must have put it away somewhere in moth balls in recent months. Otherwise it would have told him he was heading into a row with Congress and that in any all-out fight he was bound to lose.

An important aspect of the President's job is to keep Congress on his side. He is charged by the Constitution with the duty of leadership—with reporting the country's needs and recommending how best to satisfy them. Eventual repudiation of his leadership is certain when he makes peremptory demands or sends ill-tempered messages which, whether so calculated or not, infer that Congress is either a bunch of venal souls or a pack of nitwits. Naturally, this weakens the confidence Congress must have in the President if we are to get anything done under our form of government.

Another result of such messages is to place the argument, if argument does develop, on the basis of who called what which and what did he mean by it. F. D. R. on too many occasions recently has put himself in a position where the arguments involve him personally rather than the facts of the situation.

In certain self-styled liberal circles it is the fashion to belittle Congress and cast doubt not only on its wisdom but on its integrity. There are too many people who believe blindly the President can do no wrong and Congress, unless watched, will put something over on the poor struggling masses who toil for a living. It is, of course, these same struggling masses who elect the members of Congress and have much more control over them than the President ever can have. In some instances methods may be employed which nullify the electoral processes but by and large the people elect the Congressmen they want. These in turn are quite responsive to the wishes of their constituents.

So, while we think Congress in the midst of war might well be less sensitive and so promote the welfare of the country, we nevertheless back Congress as a whole in any controversy with the Executive. Although the Legislative branch and the Executive are both elected by the people in whom the sovereign power of this country resides, we think it more healthy to have Congress come out on top in any fight which might develop.

Paul Hunter

Parade in High Street, Philadelphia . . . from an old print circa 1800*

PHILADELPHIA
Heritage of Hospitality

86.8 proof
65% Grain
Neutral Spirits

Remarked Benjamin Franklin of the occupation of Philadelphia during the Revolution: "Howe has not captured Philadelphia . . Philadelphia has captured General Howe!"

Such was the luxury and generous entertainment of this first city of the Colonies, that its reputation for expansive hospitality spread even to the Old World. Little wonder, then, that the name "Philadelphia" has stood since Colonial Days as a symbol for the good things of life. A "heritage of hospitality" today proudly upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a whisky you might ordinarily reserve for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

It's thanks a Million—

WHEN THEY GET CHESTERFIELDS

On fighting fronts the world around and from smokers all over America you hear... *Chesterfields are Milder, they sure Taste Better.* Yes, join the big swing to Chesterfield and make the most of your Smoking Pleasure.

It's Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos that makes the difference.

They Satisfy NOT A SLOGAN —BUT A FACT

BUY MORE BONDS

CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1944, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.